Cricket First Test England v India

England rediscover their winning ways

Mike Selvey at Edgbaston

AFTER the disappointments of the winter, England completed the first stage of their Test match rehabilitation on Sunday, Graham Thorpe's single tucked away behind square securing an eight-wicket win.

By the close on Saturday they had knocked off all but 48 of the 121 runs necessary to take the first Test, and although Nasser Hussain was out in Venkatesh Prasad's first over on Sunday, Mike Atherton, 53 not out, and Thorpe, 17 not out, completed the job.

By Sunday, India had very few throws of the dice left. Mohammad Azharuddin had bowled Javagal Srinath and Prasad into the ground in the first innings and there was little left in reserve when all-out attack was needed in the second. Prasad had removed Knight on Saturday and will probably take his case for leg-before against the England captain, then 13, to The Hague. But in truth India had little chance once they failed to mop up the England first innings and then collectively — but with the obvious exception of the genius Tendulkar — batted poorly the second time round.

It had been, Atherton said afterwards, a good start to the summer, although he was right not to hyperbolise: a Test win is good but represents the start rather than the end of the journey.

The game brought good things for what is a new direction to the team under *David Lloyd's* keen eye. The return of Hussain was a triumph, of course, and for England surpassed all; his hunger was there for all to see, as was his joy in his maiden century. The No 3 position is his for a while at least, and to be given the Man of the Match award when facing competition from Tendulkar's century makes the accolade doubly special.

But there were positive aspects also in a resurgent Chris Lewis, with ball anyway, and in the fielding, which was just sensational.

However, although it will be harsh if things change at all for the second Test, the jury must remain out for the moment on Irani, Mullally and Patel. Irani's uncomplicated innings was the right thing at the right time, but his bowling looks woefully short of the required class.

Although Mullally showed some pace, he too disappointed, with no evidence of the inswing to the right-hander that is fundamental to the successful left-arm pace bowler. In a seamers' match Patel had little to do other than bottle up an end for half an hour by fizzing into the rough.

It will need contributions from other than Tendulkar, Srinath and Prasad if India are to compete strongly in this series. Enough has already been said about their sorry lack of Test match cricket, although Azharuddin was not prepared to use that as an excuse, saying only that the batting had let his bowlers down.

India have had problems, ranging from the sudden retirement of their experienced opener Sidhu and injuries to Manjrekar and Joshi. Neither did the umpiring balance out. Only Tendulkar's ninth Test hundred held the show together.

Unquestionably this one was a masterpiece, the finest piece of right-hand technology seen in England since Martin Crowe's swan-song tour three years ago. Sachin Tendulkar is still only 23, younger by 18 months than any member of the England side. It rather puts things into perspective.



Stroke of genius: Tendulkar at Edgbaston PHOTO: LAURENCE GRIFFITHS

Scoreboard

INDIA: first innings

V Rathore c Knight b Cork	20
A D Jadeja c Atherton b Lewis	0
S V Manjrekar c Atherton b Lewis	23
S R Tendulkar b Cork	24
*M Azharuddin c Knight b Irani	13
N R Mongia b Mullally	20
S Joshi c Thorpe b Mullally	12
A Kumble c Knight b Cork	5
J Srinath c Russell b Mullally	52
P Mhambrey c Thorpe b Cork	28
B K V Prasad not out	0
Extras (b3, lb10, nb4)	17
Total (60.1 overs)	214

Bowling: Lewis 18-2-44-2; Cork 20.1-5-61-4; Mullally 22-7-60-3; Irani 7-4-22-1; Patel 2-0-14-0

ENGLAND: first innings

N V Knight c Mongia b Srinath	27
*M A Atherton c Rathore b Mhambrey	30
N Hussain c Sub b Srinath	128
G P Thorpe b Srinath	21
G A Hick c Mhambrey b Prasad	8
R C Irani c Mongia b Srinath	34
R C Russell b Prasad	0
C C Lewis c Rathore b Prasad	0
D G Cork c Jadeja b Prasad	4
M M Patel lbw b Kumble	10
A D Mullally not out	14
Extras (b16, lb3, nb7)	26
Total (90.2 overs)	313

Bowling: Srinath 28.2-5-103-4; Prasad 28-4-71-4; Kumble 24-4-77-1; Mhambrey 10-0-43-1

INDIA: second innings

V Rathore c Hick b Cork	7
A D Jadeja c Russell b Lewis	6
N R Mongia c Hussain b Cork	1
S R Tendulkar c Thorpe b Lewis	122
*M Azharuddin b Mullally	0
S Joshi c Russell b Mullally	12
S V Manjrekar c Knight b Lewis	18
A Kumble run out	15
J Srinath lbw b Lewis	1
P Mhambrey b Lewis	15
B K V Prasad not out	1
Extras (b4, lb9, nb1)	14
Total (70.4 overs)	219

Bowling: Lewis 22.4-6-72-5; Cork 19-5-40-2; Mullally 15-4-43-2; Irani 2-0-21-0; Patel 8-3-18-0; Hick 4-1-12-0.

ENGLAND: second innings

N V Knight lbw b Prasad	14
*M A Atherton not out	53
N Hussain c Srinath b Prasad	1
G P Thorpe not out	17
Extras (b8, lb7, w1, nb2)	18
Total (for 2, 33.5 overs)	121

Bowling: Srinath 14.5-3-47-0; Prasad 14-0-50-2; Kumble 5-3-9-0

England won by eight wickets.

Cryptic crossword by Janus

Across

1 Lawyers clean out account of sailor (8,4)
8 Ancient Egyptian poet upset him (7)
9 Teacher rejecting fragrant oil on rice-dish (7)
11 Return of letter about apostle's shoulder ornament (7)
12 Dance of short duration apparently (3-4)
13 King objects to splits (5)
14 Putting together an essay on fictional doctor (9)
16 Infernal cacophony! (6,3)
19 Sailors holding one river-town in Yorkshire (5)
21 He won't thank you for tearing letters (7)
23 Bans unfashionable rules . . . (7)
24 . . . and wanders round with messages (7)
25 Amiable radical relations (7)
26 King to study first English author (7,5)

Down

1 Prohibition involving hair-style in Gulf state (7)
2 Disturbs the baby's toys (7)
3 Paper ties the hungry don't need? (9)
4 Leading long-boat is broad and slow (5)
5 Ask for second-class cheese-spread (7)
6 Understatement in untruths about child (7)
7 Invariable procedure arranged by tour operator in Orient (5,7)
10 Adversaries not in favour of pretentiousness (8,4)
15 Unprecedented delivery of a magazine (3,6)
17 Artist who has to take all paintings home first (7)
18 Pupil finding paid work after school ends (7)
19 Mystery tour and trip round hall (7)
20 Plain pie that has the right appearance (7)
22 Measure girl has to follow (5)

Last week's solution

Tennis French Open

It's super-tsar Kafelnikov

Stephen Bierley in Paris

YEVGENY KAFELNIKOV, with a French Open victory of exceptional quality and *élan*, accentuated his status as Russia's tennis super-tsar with a 7-6, 7-5, 7-6 victory over Germany's former Wimbledon champion Michael Stich at Roland Garros on Sunday

This was the first Grand Slam victory for the supremely gifted 22-year-old from the Black Sea resort of Sochi, where the old communist leaders used to tan their toes. The win was obviously the high ceiling of his young career, but it may now become a solid floor to the future.

Kafelnikov, currently ranked No 7 in the world, is a player for all seasons and all courts. His speed is an electric glide and his ground shots, notably off the forehand, can produce winners of startling pace and accuracy, even on red clay.

After his semi-final victory over the world No 1 Pete Sampras, Kafelnikov had *stressed that the first set against* Stich would be crucial for him. In the past he has often seemed temperamentally frail, and as early as the second game he had to save a break point.

Stich, who needed surgery on his left ankle in March, had so very nearly stayed away from Paris. But once here the 1991 Wimbledon champion played some wonderfully aggressive and intelligent tennis, knocking out Austria's Thomas Muster, the reigning champion, on the way. It is a mystery, given this sort of form, why the 27-year-old German had previously reached only two Grand Slam finals, losing to Andre Agassi two years ago in the US Open.

Roland Garros had gulped down the astonishment of witnessing the fall of the top five seeds in Sampras, Muster, *Agassi, Michael Chang* and Goran Ivanisevic. Those on the centre court were understandably unsure whether Kafelnikov, seeded No 6, would stand up to the final test. But he did.

Both players continued to look vulnerable on their serves. The tension in the first-set tie-break was almost unbearable; Kafelnikov won it, with Stich, on a couple of occasions, striving for the deftest of winners and perhaps losing out by trying just a little too much finesse. Kafel*nikov's delight* was transparent even though the self-effacing Russian normally displays very little emotion.

● In the women's final, Germany's Steffi Graf beat Arantxa Sanchez Vicario of Spain 6-3, 6-7, 10-8 in a match of fluctuating fortunes.

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The Washington Post Le Monde

General holds key to power in Russia

David Hearst and James Meek in Moscow, and Reuter

PRESIDENT Boris Yeltsin, battling to stay in power, sacrificed Pavel Grachev, his hawkish defence minister, and appointed to a top security post Alexander Lebed, the charismatic retired general who came third in last weekend's Russian election.

Mr Lebed, aged 46, won a surprising 14.7 per cent of a vote that saw Mr Yeltsin edge only 3 per cent ahead of his Communist rival, Gennady Zyuganov, in the first round of the presidential poll. By moving so swiftly to give Mr Lebed a cabinet post, the president sought to clinch victory in the second round of voting, expected to be held on July 3.

Appointing Mr Lebed secretary of Russia's Security Council and national security adviser, Mr Yeltsin took the unusual step of signing his decree in front of television cameras for maximum publicity, and made clear he expected the retired general to deliver his votes to him.

"This is the union of two politicians, two different programmes. The programme of Lebed enriches my programme," the president said. Giving him a further boost, Mr Yeltsin said he saw Mr Lebed as his likely successor in 2000.

With 99 per cent of the ballot papers cast in Sunday's poll counted, Mr Yeltsin leads with 35 per cent of the votes, followed by Mr Zyuganov on 32 per cent. A runoff is required since neither man won an overall majority.

A low second-round turnout could make the race a close one, particularly as many of Mr Lebed's supporters will vote for Mr Zyuganov, even though the general has joined Mr Yeltsin's team.

A former paratroop general, Mr Lebed shot to fame as the commander of the 14th army protecting a Slav minority in Moldova, and lacerating Mr Grachev with his criticisms of army reform. He enjoys widespread support in the army and captured the nationalist vote that formerly went to Vladimir Zhirinovsky. Many of his supporters are anti-*communists and first-time voters.*

On Monday Mr Zyuganov had called on the general to unite with his "national-patriotic" bloc, saying they shared the same ideal of a strong united Russia, but Mr Lebed made it clear he had turned his back on the communists.

He said: "I was facing two ideas — an old one that has shed lots of blood and the new one which is being implemented very badly at the moment but has a future. I have chosen the new idea.

"Eleven million voters believed that I could secure the safety of citizens. I am an officer and have to justify their trust," he said.

Mr Lebed said up to 80 per cent of his voters were likely now to move over to Mr Yeltsin, though it remains to be seen whether he can deliver on this.



Alexander Lebed: power broker

First round voting	(%)
Boris Yeltsin	35.06
Gennady Zyuganov	31.96
Alexander Lebed	14.70
Grigory Yavlinsky	7.41
Vladimir Zhirinovsky	5.76
Svyatoslav Fyodorov	0.93
Mikhail Gorbachev	0.50
Martin Shakkum	0.37
Yuri Vlasov	0.20
Vladimir Bryntsalov	0.16

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A shopper cut by flying glass in the Manchester explosion gets a helping hand PHOTOGRAPH: MALCOLM CROFT

Bomb blasts hole in peace talks

Guardian Reporters

SINN Fein faces political isolation after London and Dublin demanded an immediate and irrevocable end to IRA violence in the wake of a bomb in Manchester last Saturday, which injured more than 200 people and left a square mile of the city centre devastated.

The bomb, using between one and one and a half tons of fertiliser-based explosive, was the biggest to go off on the mainland, police said, with wreckage from the van blown half a mile into the air.

A handful of the 200 people injured in the blast are still in hospital, including a woman who needed almost 300 stitches in her face. "These injuries will have a life-long effect," said her surgeon.

Scores of buildings were destroyed in the blast and it is feared that the damage bill could reach £200 million.

Police and anti-terrorist squad detectives disclosed that the 7½-ton white cargo van used to carry the bomb into the heart of Manchester was seen parked in Peterborough, Cambridgeshire, 15 hours before the blast. They are quizzing a taxi driver who delivered £2,000 in cash to buy the lorry.

With a gaping hole now opening up at the heart of the Northern Ireland peace process, the Irish government demanded to know whether it had been conned over the republican movement's commitment to finding a peaceful settlement.

The Irish foreign minister, Dick Spring, for the first time publicly questioned the merit of further relations with Sinn Fein. "We had always felt we were dealing with people who were trying to bring the IRA into democratic politics, but now . . . we don't know who we're dealing with," he said.

John Major said that he utterly condemned those responsible for the blast. The Home Secretary, Michael Howard, said it raised questions about how seriously a fresh offer of a ceasefire could be taken. "No one is going to be taken in. You can't have a situation in which there's a bomb in Manchester on Saturday and the announcement of a ceasefire on Monday and people allowed back into talks on Tuesday. The real world isn't like that."

The Irish prime minister, John Bruton, already enraged by the recent IRA murder of an Irish police *officer which Sinn Fein had refused* to condemn, signalled that he is toughening up his conditions for allowing Sinn Fein a role in the peace talks. "What is needed now is an unconditional and irrevocable IRA ceasefire," he said. "There can be no going back this time, no looking over the shoulder to the option of violence."

Loyalist paramilitaries in Northern Ireland claimed on Monday that the IRA is about to resume fully its campaign of violence and warned that they were "prepared for all eventualities".

The Sinn Fein president, Gerry Adams, said on Monday that his party should not be "scapegoated" for the Manchester bombing. He expressed his "shock", "regret" and "sadness" at the bomb but he did not condemn the attack. He added: "We are not the IRA and the IRA is not Sinn Fein."

Ministers scoff at the suggestion that Sinn Fein is distinguishable from the IRA. The Sinn Fein and IRA leadership is "broadly interchangeable", said a British security source.

Peace forum at war, page 10
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Austria	AS30	Malta	45c
Belgium	BF75	Netherlands	G 4.75
Denmark	DK16	Norway	NK 16
Finland	FM 10	Portugal	E300
France	FF 13	Saudi Arabia	SR 6.50
Germany	DM 4	Spain	P 300
Greece	DR 400	Sweden	SK 19
Italy	L 3,000	Switzerland	SF 3.30

Canada to retaliate against US trade law

Clyde H. Farnsworth in Toronto

CANADA proposed retaliatory measures on Monday against a United States law that penalises Canadian and other foreign companies doing business in Cuba.

The trade minister, Art Eggleton, said he planned to introduce legislation to counter Washington's Helms-Burton law, though he didn't say when the legislation would take effect.

The new measures would enable Canadian companies to use the Canadian judicial system to try to claw back, money they are forced to pay in fines by US courts, Mr Eggleton said.

They would also boost current penalties from the present $7,300 to as much as $750,000 to Canadian companies, or US subsidiaries operating in Canada, that refuse to trade with Cuba for fear of US sanctions.

The foreign minister, Lloyd Axworthy, called his government's action "the beginning of a chain reaction among other countries in developing a collective response" to Helms-Burton, which has been sharply criticized by other nations since President Bill Clinton signed it in March.

The move comes as Canada and Mexico, the United States' closest trading partners, have stepped up their opposition to the law, which, among other things, requires foreign companies to report any property they have in Cuba that had been confiscated from American owners by the government of Fidel Castro.

Canada and Mexico also announced that they would file a complaint against the Helms-Burton Act under Nafta, the North American Free Trade Agreement. They discussed the possibility of joint action when Mexico's president, Ernesto Zedillo, met Prime Minister Jean Chrétien last week.

European and other Latin American nations have also stated their unhappiness with the American law. — *New York Times*

Stop protecting the paedophiles in power

JON SNOW'S column about child abuse (True scandal of the child abusers, June 16) raises the accountability of the press and the behaviour of rich, influential and powerful men able to call upon others in positions of authority to protect them — or, in the case of the Church, provide "sanctuary".

Those working in the field who make mistakes resulting in the demise of children, or cause them to suffer at the hands of abusers, need to be publicly criticised. As a profession, we must not be overly defensive when taken to task. I was a member of the inquiry panel which looked into the circumstances surrounding the untimely death of Jasmine Beckford. In such a case, public criticism of individual professionals was, in my view, justifiable.

But in these, as well as more recent cases such as Orkney and Cleveland, we have seen an increasingly disturbing tendency to criticise not only the individual, but also the whole of the social-work profession along with the entire practice of child protection.

Jon Snow, by putting the emphasis on people in high places, is confirming what many of us in the field know and has been confirmed in, for example, Kincora: that paedophiles are able to walk away from justice because of their power and influence. Why is the press unwilling to tell what it knows about successful people in politics and business? And how does it justify dealing with child abuse as a series of separate disasters caused by blundering, low-paid social workers?
Ben Brown,
Ilford, Essex

JON SNOW is right to protest about a system in which "low-waged, ill-motivated people" work long hours with unloved and troubled youngsters. Even parents find problems in understanding and helping them during their more troubled and difficult years. How then can anyone, however dedicated but without this special bond, be expected to understand and care for the most seriously troubled children in our society?

Until Caldecott College opened in 1993 there were no nationally recognised courses for staff who desperately want to be trained, to be recognised as specialist practitioners and to give some hope back to their young people. The 1992 Warner report identified lack of funding as the major obstacle to increased and improved training. Local authorities simply do not have the money. Therefore, the Baroness Faithfull Memorial Scholarship Fund has been established to provide social workers with the specialist training needed if Jon Snow's agenda is to be addressed.
Andrew Hardwick,
Caldecott College,
Ashford, Kent

WE ARE solicitors co-ordinating the claims of some 93 complainants of child abuse suffered while in care in the North-west, and we read Jon Snow's column with considerable interest. The complaints date from 1965 through to 1994, and involve four children's homes in Cheshire and Merseyside. To this extent, there is some similarity with the North Wales cases.

However, Stephen Dorrell, the Health Secretary, is currently refusing to call a public inquiry into what is believed to be the largest paedophile ring in Britain. It is our belief that a public inquiry would be the quickest way to flesh out the evidence and, from the victims' point of view, would be the best way to treat these extremely sensitive matters.
Peter W A Garsden,
Cheadle, Cheshire



Does mother know best?

CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER has failed to find the culprit in the sad case of Nancy Miner (A lack of maternal instinct, June 2). Natural childbirth is still, in most cases, a natural process. Modern medicine has given us good pre-natal care and the ability to anticipate trouble with the birth itself. If all is well the birth could take place at home but modern medicine has not supported the system of midwifery, which is even illegal in many states of America. If we had qualified midwives who were trained to deal with emergencies, who were in fact as good as obstetricians, but better at delivery management and who were at ease in home situations, we should be able to enjoy home delivery.
Susan Buckles,
Seattle, Washington, USA

CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER states that it is a "parent's duty" to have her child delivered in a hospital (to avoid pain for the mother and death for the child) and that natural childbirth is "an astonishing triumph of ideology over experience". One wonders how many babies Mr Krauthammer gave birth to, in or out of a hospital, or even perhaps in England, where home deliveries are routine rather than exceptional and where medical assistance comes to the home if needed. Such experiences could help him decide for himself where and how he wants to undergo childbirth. It would also help him realise that childbirth is a very intimate, emotional maternal experience with lasting effects on the mother-child relationship.
Erna Furman,
Cleveland, Ohio, USA

CONGRATULATIONS on Krauthammer's article. I am a retired general medical practitioner and heartily agree that the parents should be charged with criminal negligence and that the case is not "all about the rights of parents".

I do suggest, though, on the facts as presented by Krauthammer, that he should spare some of his sympathy for the midwife. It seems an appalling condemnation of the way lawyers are taking over the world that she should be charged with manslaughter, or with anything.
John Struthers,
Southampton

Understanding the Japanese

WHILE I am glad to find that nearly every issue of the Guardian Weekly contains articles about Japan, I am often dismayed to find that they present skewed, stereotyped images of Japanese society and people. In this regard, the title of Kevin Sullivan's Washington Post article (Too little knowledge a dangerous thing, April 28) was ironic to say the least.

Mr Sullivan makes the point that whereas there are more than 45,000 Japanese studying at American colleges, only 1,700 American students can be found studying at Japanese colleges, and that this gap is "at the root of the astounding lack of understanding between the people of the world's two largest economies [ie, the US and Japan]".

He has a point, though one wonders how many young Americans are sufficiently fluent in any number of other foreign languages to enable them to study at German, Korean, or Italian universities. But what I want to point out is that much of the reporting in such respected newspapers as the Washington Post, the New York Times, or the Guardian, all too often serves to perpetuate myths and stereotypes about the Japanese, and that this kind of journalism must bear an equally large, if not larger, share of the responsibility for the persistence of such misunderstanding.

I look forward to the emergence of correspondents with the kind of knowledge, sophistication, and balance in perspective who will offer the kind of reporting that is truly informative and enlightening, and that goes beyond merely reinforcing stereotypes.
Kumiko Fujimura-Fanselow,
Professor of Education and Women's Studies, Tokyo, Japan

Howard knows only the half of it

BRITONS should be at least wary, if not appalled, at Michael Howard's designs for the British prison system (June 2). He states that his measures "learn from the experience of the United States". However, it is only a lesson half learnt. As noted in many Guardian Weekly articles, the rise in incarceration rates in the US have done nothing to curb crime. In fact, it is arguable that the increased burdens on taxpayers have stripped money from other social programmes which might have led to a decrease in crime. It is also probable that the increased burdens placed upon the families of those in prison (families losing an income provider) lead to living conditions which promote both crime and poverty. About the only two benefits to come from the US-style penal system are that politicians like Howard can sell themselves to the voting public by playing on fear and misunderstanding.

What we have created in the US is a "correctional industrial complex" to replace the now struggling military industrial complex which almost bankrupted the US in the sixties and seventies. Rarely have there been such glaring examples of the rich getting richer from the misfortunes of the already disadvantaged. If there are any lessons to be learnt from the US experience, it is how to win support by selling the public false hopes and create corporate wealth in the process.

As I have learned the hard way, this approach will inevitably lead to a cycle of political one-upmanship in an attempt to compete for support and will eventually lead to the "final solution" mentality of the hangman's noose. Look carefully at the current state of US affairs before deciding if we're the country you want to emulate.
James Beathard,
Texas Department of Corrections.
Huntsville, Texas

Briefly

OXFAM'S Clothes Code Campaign shows that it is not enough to supply food to Third World countries (Oxfam presses retailers, May 26). It seems possible to help people in those countries, for instance, through retailers of highly industrialised countries who could impose a code of conduct whereby their suppliers guarantee decent working conditions. But development is not a problem of altruism. If it is possible to show that the improvement of workers' living condition is profitable for retailers and factory owners, Oxfam may find more followers of the clothes code.
Carlos Lopez,
Maputo, Mozambique

HOW in the world can a newspaper as seemingly intelligent, humane, and enlightened as yours cover the story of a female Spanish bullfighter with such adoration (Taking the bull by the horns, June 9)? I am deeply disappointed not only about the coverage given to the topic as such but even more so by the complete lack of any critical distance to one of Europe's most deplorable, cruel, and blood-drenched traditions.
(Dr) W A Schmidt,
Mequon, Wisconson, USA

WHAT good news about the Mafia (The Mafia faces a struggle to survive, June 2). It reminds one of another famous institution: the British monarchy — "cut off from its underworld roots [it] would turn into something else: a progressively more innocuous vehicle for the re-investment of ill-gotten gains".
Alan Metcalfe,
St Blasien, Germany

IN HIS article on genetic testing (Gene tests raise spectre of DNA discrimination, June 9), Rick Weiss noted the discriminatory factors associated with genetic testing. He observed that insurance companies and others would weight their premiums according to which "bad" genes an individual has inherited. What many fail to realise is that discriminatory aspects of gene research will eventually disappear when it is discovered that we all have some "bad" genes. What is more disturbing is that patent rights are eagerly sought by biotech companies so that they can charge hundreds of dollars for genetic tests that cost practically nothing.
Ainsley Weston,
New York, USA

WHAT does Luxembourg's fisheries minister do all day, and what level of cuts are being proposed to his fleet?
William Barrett,
London

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Awami League prepares to take power

Anis Ahmed in Dhaka

HEADS OF Bangladesh's victorious Awami League led by Sheikh Hasina this week discussed forming the party's first government in 21 years, confident of taking power while awaiting the final results of incomplete elections.

"Our leader is busy . . . talking to party policy-makers about the next government," one of Sheikh Hasina's close aides said. "She is preparing for the next move after re-polling completes," he said.

New polls have been ordered in 27 constituencies because of irregularities during parliamentary elections on June 12, the second such vote in four months.

Sheikh Hasina's hopes for power were boosted on Monday when the party that came third on June 12, the Jatiya Party led from jail by the former president, Lieutenant General Hussain Muhammad Ershad, reassured her of its support in parliament.

Gen Ershad, who is serving a 13-year sentence for corruption, wrote to President Abdur Rahman Biswas urging him to invite the Awami League to form a government.

Sheikh Hasina welcomed the Jatiya Party decision but made no formal commitment on Gen Ershad. "The law will take its own course," she said.

With results of 273 out of 300 parliament seats known, the Awami League has 134, followed by 104 for the Bangladesh Nationalist party (BNP) of the former prime minister, Begum Khaleda Zia.

The Jatiya Party has won 29 seats, the Jamaat-e-Islami three and two smaller parties have one each.

An independent member of parliament joined Sheikh Hasina's party at the weekend, raising the Awami League's strength to 135.

The Awami League needs 151 of 300 elected deputies to be able to govern by itself, but even if it gets fewer, Sheikh Hasina has no problem forming the new government with Jatiya's support.

Sheikh Hasina, daughter of Bangladesh's slain independence leader Sheikh Mujibur Rahman, said on Monday there was a conspiracy to keep her from power.

International monitors who certified that last week's elections were free and peaceful fanned out across the country again for the new polls.

Habibur Rahman, head of Bangladesh's caretaker government, said he expected the new polls to be fair.

The caretaker government took over on March 30 following the resignation of Mrs Zia, two weeks after her BNP had won a general election marred by an opposition boycott and widespread violence. Khaleda has alleged that the June 12 polls were rigged but monitors and officials have dismissed the charge. — *Reuter*



Uplifted . . . Supporters of the United National coalition celebrate in Bombay after their movement, led by H D Deve Gowda, won a vote of confidence in the Indian parliament last week PHOTO: SHERWIN CRASTO

New ally secures power for Likud

Derek Brown in Jerusalem

A NEW Israeli government was due to be be sworn in on Tuesday after the former Soviet dissident, Natan Sharansky, agreed to add his Russian immigrants party to prime minister-elect Binyamin Netanyahu's coalition.

Mr Sharansky will become industry and trade minister in a cabinet that should have been sworn in on Monday, along with the new members of Israel's Knesset (parliament), but was delayed by haggling over cabinet portfolios.

"We're in the government," Mr Sharansky announced after emerging from Mr Netanyahu's parliamentary office. Earlier, Mr Sharansky insisted he would join the government only if his party were given the housing portfolio. He said his party, which won seven seats in the 120-member Knesset, had promised supporters it would solve the housing crisis. Russian immigrants face some of the worst housing problems in the country.

Mr Sharansky is the last coalition partner to sign an agreement with Mr Netanyahu. The new Israeli prime minister had already reached similar agreements with two religious parties — Shas and the National Religious Party — as well as the centrist and secular Third Way, which opposes the return of the occupied Golan Heights to Syria.

It was unclear on Tuesday whether Mr Netanyahu had solved the crisis within his own party after four senior members of Likud claimed they had been humiliated by offers of junior portfolios in his new government. The best known is the retired general Ariel Sharon, who continues to demand the finance or defence ministry.

A compromise seemed likely when a spokesman for Gen Sharon said he had agreed to accept the housing ministry after pressure from friends; but by Monday evening Mr Netanyahu was reported to have offered the job to one of the religious parties. There was speculation that Gen Sharon would still join Mr Netanyahu's cabinet, as minister without portfolio.

If Gen Sharon were given the housing job, it would be a blow for the Palestinians, who remember him as the driving force behind Jewish settlement in the West Bank and Gaza under the last Likud government in the early 1990s.

His reappearance would also unnerve the Palestinian president, Yasser Arafat, who has staked his political future on the self-rule accords signed with the outgoing Labour government that froze most settlements.

Another last-minute cabinet change affects the governor of the Bank of Israel, Yaakov Frenkel, who was tipped to become the new finance minister. Sources close to Mr Netanyahu say the ministry may now go to one of the four Likud party rebels, Dan Meridor, a former minister of justice. Mr Meridor is widely seen as a challenger for the party leadership before the next election.

Likud published its policy guidelines at the weekend, promising to reinforce settlements in the West Bank and Gaza Strip and maintain Israel's self-proclaimed sovereignty over the Golan Heights.

One of the most urgent issues that Mr Netanyahu will have to confront is the escalating violence in Gaza and the West Bank. At the weekend an Israeli policeman was shot and killed in the West Bank village of Bidya.

Witnesses say Aryeh Alush, aged 40, from the West Bank settlement of Ariel, died after a Palestinian gunman opened fire as he walked into a Palestinian-owned toy shop with his wife and baby son.

Unions fight Kohl's cuts

Ian Traynor in Bonn

HUNDREDS OF thousands of Germans took to the streets and parks of Bonn at the weekend to vent their anger at Chancellor Helmut Kohl's austerity drive in one of the biggest protests witnessed by the post-war republic.

As trade union leaders warn of strike waves and industrial unrest surpassing the riots in France last winter, Mr Kohl's dilemmas in forcing through budget cuts to meet the criteria for joining a single European currency are made worse by opposition moves to wreck the package in the upper house.

Mr Kohl is bent on saving more than $45 billion this year and next, by cutting unemployment and social security benefits and sick pay, raising the retirement age, freezing child benefit and imposing a two-year pay freeze in the huge public sector. The aim is to avert a worsening public finance crisis and, above all, come in below the public debt and budget deficit ceilings required for entry to the proposed single European currency.

But the Kohl scheme faces increasing problems on all fronts. Last week unions and employers agreed an arbitration deal in the months-long public sector pay dispute, awarding the 3.2 million employees a 1.3 per cent pay rise next year.

The government's insistence on a two-year public sector pay freeze was an integral element of the cuts plan, which will now need revision.

Abiola relatives held 'to help inquiry'

David Pallister

A DOZEN members of the family of Moshood Abiola, the detained Nigerian politician, were arrested in Nigeria last week, ostensibly to help police with their investigation into the murder of his wife earlier this month.

Newspapers said they included his brother Mubashiru, who had been the family spokesman since Kudirat Abiola was murdered by unidentified gunmen on the streets of Lagos. His son Kola, aged 33, was also detained.

The policeman leading the investigation, Archibong Nkana, said: "We are going to interrogate every family member who might be able to shed light on the killing of Kudirat Abiola. I cannot mention names or say that any of them are suspects, but it is an avenue we have to follow."

Mr Nkana's innuendoes — dismissed as a smokescreen by opponents of the regime who believe she was assassinated — have coincided with reports about feuding within the Abiola family.

The arrests bring the number of people detained without charge in Nigeria to more than 150, according to Anthony Enahoro, co-chairman of the leading opposition group, the National Democratic Coalition. Chief Enahoro, aged 73, who fled Nigeria because he feared for his life, was speaking in London last week.

In February, two groups of civilians carrying guns called to see him while he was staying at the Sheraton hotel in Lagos. "I decided that I had better take evasive action," he said. He went into hiding for six weeks before leaving for Canada and the United States.

Chief Enahoro has little faith in the promises of the military ruler, General Sani Abacha, to return the country to democratic rule in the next two years. "There is only one word for the situation in Nigeria and that is grim. Besides those in detention there have been two or three political assassinations and so many of us are in exile in fear of our lives," he said.

"The military have no mandate to tell us when we shall have democracy. We have had nearly 36 years of military rule and we say enough is enough. We've got to make the soldiers go back to their barracks to do the job they are paid to do. We are prepared for a dialogue but Abacha has no case to bring to the conference table."

Chief Enahoro came to prominence as the first politician to call for Nigeria's independence. In 1963 he was deported from Britain and jailed for treasonable felony. Last week he painted a picture of Gen Abacha as a paranoid man, out of touch with reality and fearful of the machinations of his officers whom he regularly retires.

"If the transition programme does go through, he will surely exclude any candidates and parties who are opposed to the military. And then I can see the assembly passing a resolution saying what a wonderful fellow he is and asking him to stay," he said.

At a meeting with the Nigerian secretary general of the Commonwealth, Emeka Anyaoku, he reiterated the call for a widening of modest sanctions to include oil.

Although the Commonwealth Ministerial Action Group is planning to meet a Nigerian delegation this month, he has little faith that anything positive will emerge.

In what the junta described as a concession last week, decree number two dealing with detention without charge was reformed. Instead of people being held for successive six-month periods, their imprisonment will be reviewed every three months.

France joins nuclear club

Martin Walker in Washington

FRANCE has formally joined Britain in the inner circle of the United States-led nuclear club, signing an agreement to share test and other research data. The deal is intended to ensure the survival of the three countries' warheads long after a comprehensive test-ban treaty (CTB) comes into force.

For France, it represents another crucial step away from the Gaullist tradition of an independent nuclear deterrent, towards the British pattern of retaining nuclear status through almost complete dependence upon the US.

The agreement — like President Jacques Chirac's decision to rejoin Nato's inner councils and military consultancy committees — is of symbolic importance for France, which for 30 years tried to steer an independent nuclear and strategic course.

The US made the agreement to ensure French adherence to President Bill Clinton's plan for the CTB. The deal foreshadows more modest US research agreements with Russia, China and Israel to bring them into the CTB regime.

The Week

AT LEAST 70 Hutu civilians were massacred by Burundian troops in the northwest part of Gitega province, community workers said. An estimated 175 soldiers armed with automatic weapons and bayonets were responsible for the five-hour slaughter, locals said.

AT LEAST 110 people were killed and thousands driven from their homes after a tropical cyclone and heavy rainfall hit southern India. Nearly 200 people, mostly fishermen, were also reported missing.

AN EXPLOSION killed at least 24 people in a shopping centre at Osasco, near São Paulo, Brazil. Rescue workers said they expected to find "perhaps another 20" bodies.

TWO Blackhawk army helicopters collided and burst into flames near Townsville, 700 miles from Brisbane, during training, killing 18 commandos and critically injuring three in Australia's worst peacetime military accident in 30 years.

MOLTEN rock, glowing ash and flames visible 100 miles away erupted from New Zealand's Mount Ruapehu on North Island, forcing officials to evacuate skiers and close nearby airports because of falling ash.

THE US and Britain have urged the UN security council to declare Iraq in violation of the Gulf war ceasefire after Baghdad barred UN inspectors from bases believed to conceal banned weapons.

ONE of Britain's top police officers, Peter Ryan, has been appointed commissioner of New South Wales police in Australia. He has the task of reforming one of the largest police forces in the world, after a royal commission's revelation of corruption.

THE airline ValuJet has voluntarily agreed to suspend flights after a review found serious deficiencies in its operations following the crash in the Florida Everglades last month which killed all 110 people on board.

SCIENTISTS in California have discovered the gene behind basal cell carcinoma, a skin cancer which strikes millions of fair-skinned people worldwide every year.

PRESIDENT CLINTON has welcomed an agreement with China that ends a lengthy dispute over copyright theft. The US had earlier threatened punitive sanctions against Beijing.

FRANCOIS MITTERRAND'S former doctor has gone on trial, accused of violating his oath of secrecy by revealing that the late French president had had cancer since 1982.



One way forward . . . Demonstrating Japanese students snake along a Tokyo street last week. More than 500 protested against a nuclear test by China
PHOTOGRAPH: ITSUO INOUYE

Bosnia election talks fail

John Hooper in Florence

A FIRM commitment to hold elections in Bosnia eluded an international conference last week which had been widely expected to set a date for polls.

At the end of the two-day meeting, the 45 countries and 15 international organisations present also failed to take any decision that would make possible the arrest of the Bosnian Serb leader, Radovan Karadzic, who has been indicted for war crimes.

A final statement said the Bosnian Serbs' representatives had been told that the "continuation in public authority of Mr Karadzic was unacceptable" and that "he should remove himself from the political scene".

But the statement gave no indication of what would happen if Mr Karadzic held on to his position. The conference rejected an appeal by the United Nations war crimes tribunal in The Hague for the imposition of sanctions on the Serbs for failing to hand over separatist leaders.

As if to mock them, the Bosnian Serb prime minister, Gojko Klickovic, suggested Mr Karadzic might be a candidate if the ballot went ahead, calling him "a democrat in his soul".

An arms control pact, which is crucial to the implementation of last year's Dayton peace agreement, did emerge from the meeting.

The Dayton accords call for elections in Bosnia by September 14, but make the Organisation for Security and Co-operation in Europe (OSCE) responsible for deciding if conditions are suitable. Clearly, many are not. There are restrictions on the media and on freedom of movement and association. But the United States and its allies are determined to keep up the momentum, and the US president, Bill Clinton, is keen to avoid any delay that might suggest failure.

Mr Clinton's chief security aide, Anthony Lake, said last week that Bosnia's polls must be held on schedule by September 14 to avoid putting the Dayton deal at risk. The US was said by delegates in Florence to have applied considerable pressure for a date to be set. But it was not enough to shift the current OSCE chairman, Flavio Cotti, who told the conference he would consult the OSCE's permanent council on June 20 before a final "inspection" in Sarajevo. He promised a decision before the end of the month.

In a move that is bound to make matters worse, Bosnian Croat hardliners announced the formation of a new separatist government at the weekend, in defiance of international efforts to unite Croats and Muslims under a single federation.

The announcement, broadcast from Mostar, equalled an assertion of independence by "Herzeg-Bosna", an unrecognised "statelet" within Bosnia formed by Croat nationalists during a 1993 revolt against the Muslim-led government.

● The Yugoslav war crimes tribunal in The Hague dropped all charges against Goran Lajic, a Bosnian Serb accused of murder and torture after admitting a case of mistaken identity.

Witness to a crime, page 14
Washington Post, page 19

Colombia drops Samper impeachment

Mary Matheson in Bogotá

THE United States plans to revoke visas from senior Colombian officials unless the country agrees to step up co-operation in fighting drug traffickers, US officials said last week. The decision came after the Colombian congress voted to halt impeachment proceedings against President Ernesto Samper over accusations that he accepted money from drug traffickers.

In a vote of more than two to one, the 154 representatives judged there was insufficient evidence formally to accuse Mr Samper of taking $6 million from the Cali drug cartel for his 1994 election campaign.

The decision came as no surprise in Colombia, where the congressional investigation was largely viewed as a farce. "Those who absolved the president are politicians who received money from the cartels and committed the same crimes as the president," said Ingrid Betancourt, a member of congress and a fierce critic of Mr Samper within his own Liberal party.

Twenty-four members of congress are under investigation over ties to drug trafficking, and seven are already behind bars. In addition, several received money from the Liberal party central campaign funds. To condemn the president would be to condemn themselves.

Mr Samper, who said he was "satisfied" with the vote, must now try to regain political legitimacy. "It doesn't matter what the congress decides, the political crisis will continue," said Andres Franco Vasco, a lecturer in politics at the Javeriana University in the capital, Bogotá.

Opposition to Mr Samper has grown since January, when his former campaign manager accused him of taking drug money. Business leaders, some conservative congress members and the Church have stepped up pressure for him to resign.

● Juan Carlos Gaviria, brother of former president César Gaviria, was freed last week after being held for more than two months by a shadowy group of kidnappers.

Swedes set to stay nuclear

Jon Henley in Helsinki

SWEDEN is getting ready to break its grandest environmental promise — an historic commitment to be rid of nuclear power by 2010 — as its lofty green ambitions collide with economic reality.

"I don't think that date is holy any more," said Hakan Heden, a senior civil servant at the energy ministry. "It hurts them to say it, but most parties see that it's impossible. Now they need to find a politically acceptable compromise."

Swedes voted overwhelmingly in favour of phasing out their nuclear industry in a landmark referendum held after the 1979 radiation scare at Three Mile Island in the United States. But the 12 reactors it has provide nearly half the country's electricity.

Fears were compounded by the Chernobyl disaster of 1986, when radioactive clouds inflicted long-term damage on Sweden's lakes and forests. Some 200,000 people in a recent poll said worries about the fallout still affected their lifestyle and diet.

"People are very concerned about our reactors," said Marianne Samuelson of the opposition Green party. "Many think the deadline is important, and we believe it's a pledge that has to be adhered to. It's perfectly feasible."

But the minority Social Democrat government, while in principle committed to the deadline, faces almost insurmountable obstacles to a full phase-out by 2010.

Despite opposition from environmentalists, the prime minister, Goran Persson, recently began talks with political leaders aimed at finding cross-party support for postponing or staggering the operation — and preventing it becoming an election issue next year.

The astronomical cost of meeting a pledge made in the prosperous 1980s has frightened a government committed to slashing spending by $30 billion over the next few years.

Free ride to beat pollution

Alex Duval Smith in Paris

PUBLIC transport in French cities will be free on days when pollution reaches danger levels, under a proposal accepted by the National Assembly last week. The mayor of Paris, Jean Tiberi, said he would bring the measure into effect immediately.

The government, which initially opposed the measure on grounds of cost, has yet to decide what constitutes a dangerous pollution level. It is not clear how the measure will be financed, although one proposal is for a new levy on tobacco.

Environmental experts want the measure to be triggered when ozone readings reach 180 micrograms per cubic metre — a level which was exceeded on six occasions in Paris last summer.

Mr Tiberi said he was considering other measures, such as free parking on the outskirts of the capital during hot, still days when ozone accumulates. He came under pressure to improve the air in Paris after a public transport strike in December caused huge traffic jams and many people used bicycles and rollerblades.

In March, Mr Tiberi announced a $6 million plan for 56km of bicycle tracks and new pedestrianised zones. His most popular measure since becoming mayor last May has been to ban traffic from several streets on Sundays. He has also announced a new tram line for southern Paris and subsidies to encourage commuter traffic on the Seine.

Every year, summer air conditions are at their worst in Paris during holiday weekends and *les grands départs* — the traditional July exodus when everyone leaves, by car, for their summer holidays at the same time. Air conditions deteriorate again when everyone returns at the end of August.

The free transport measure is part of a new environment bill stipulating that local authorities must guarantee safe air.

Malaysia puts up wall to halt flow of aliens

Nick Cumming Bruce on the Thai Border

TO HALT the hordes of intruding aliens he says are pouring across Malaysia's northern border, the prime minister, Mahathir Mohamad, is doing what the Chinese and Berliners did before. But the wall Malaysia is building along its 300-mile border with Thailand is hardly in the same class.

The thin grey concrete barrier stands little more than 6ft tall, with iron brackets that will add a few strands of barbed wire on top. Yet even this puny structure has created a diplomatic spat with Thailand.

From the Thai border point of Wangprachang it snakes west for some 20 miles to the Andaman sea. East of the border it runs about 30 yards, slap into a thickly forested hillside rising almost sheer by the road. But by the end of the year it is meant to stretch from coast to coast.

"We didn't want a wall akin to the Great Wall of China, just to cover some strategic areas of the border," said Malaysia's ambassador in Bangkok, Syed Ariff Fadzillah.

Malaysia insists that the £15 million wall stands on its own territory, but Bangkok has been angered by what it feels was a unilateral decision.

Thai politicians say it may prejudice negotiation on disputed border points, in particular the base line for defining the sea boundary that runs between Malaysia's Lankawi resort island and Thailand's Tarutao island.

But Thai sensitivities do not deter Dr Mahathir. He said: "The wall must be built because we have a very long common border which passes through thick jungle. It is impossible to have constant patrols all along the border."

Malaysia's main concern is the effect of its booming economy and labour shortages in attracting illegal workers. Flying from India, Bangladesh, China or Burma, many go to southern Thailand before making their way over the border.

Malaysia estimates that it has more than a million illegal intruders, draining close to $1 billion a year in remittances home from the host economy.

A signpost on the Malaysian side of the Wangprachang border depicts a man with a noose round his neck, a manacled hand clutching a syringe, beneath a caption proclaiming: "Fight *dada* (drugs) to abolish crime." Malaysia, like Singapore, hangs those convicted of drug possession but has made little headway in stemming the flow of narcotics from the Golden Triangle to the north.

Can the wall make much difference? Scrutiny at the main crossing points hardly rivals Checkpoint Charlie, and customs checks on the Bangkok-Kuala Lumpur railway line are no deterrent to the hardened smuggler.

The pick-up trucks that locals near the border can easily spot as equipped for a fast crossing will lose business to the wall, but smuggling by boat will continue.

Kurdish prisoners near death

Owen Bowcott in Diyarbakir

AT LEAST four Kurdish prisoners in Turkey have lapsed into a coma and scores more are said to be close to death after 50 days on hunger strike.

More than 200 inmates, mostly members of the separatist Kurdistan Workers Party (PKK), have refused food for up to seven weeks in protest at conditions in Turkish jails. Hundreds of others have gone on token hunger strikes at up to 30 prisons.

The culmination of the action has coincided with a sharp escalation in the army's campaign against the PKK. All last week Turkish troops bombarded villages in northern Iraq alleged to be PKK training camps and dropped paratroopers across the border in "hot pursuit" operations. Iraq has condemned the Turkish incursion and demanded that Ankara withdraw its forces immediately.

In Turkey, troops killed 28 rebels near the Iraqi border at the weekend.

Turkey's powerful security council, chaired by President Suleyman Demirel, decided at the weekend to extend the mandate for the United Nations-sanctioned Operation Provide Comfort. Two Turkish air force bases, Incirlik and Pirinclik, in the south, are being used by US, British, French and Turkish aircraft to enforce the no-fly zone that is keeping President Saddam Hussein's army at bay.

A decision is due by the end of the month, but Turkey is becoming increasingly anxious about the humanitarian operation, fearing the creation of a permanent Kurdish state on its border.

The PKK has, along with leftwing paramilitary groups, supported the growing hunger strike. The prisoners' list of demands include the resignation of Mehmet Agar, the justice minister and a former chief of police; talks between the government and the PKK; an end to torture during interrogation; and the banning of attacks by informers on detained suspects.

Last week a delegation of lawyers met the government in the hope of ending the protest but, although they were told some demands could be met, there would be no ministerial resignations.

The hunger strikers, both men and women, have been taking water and some sugar. Last week two men tried to set their clothes alight in jail in Diyarbakir, eastern Turkey, and 19 of the most seriously ill were transferred to Antep prison.

Sympathy hunger strikes have also been staged by mothers of prisoners, who are afraid their sons and daughters may die. However, the government insists it has offered the prisoners full medical treatment.

Le Monde, page 17

Clinton shrugs off brewing scandals



The US this week

Martin Walker

BOB DOLE stepped down from the US Senate last week to take up his full-time job of running for the presidency, only to find the current incumbent stealing the headlines — and looking and acting presidential. It is all dreadfully frustrating for the Republican contender. He gives up the job he loves, and sees new threats and scandals emerging from Whitewater, and none of it seems to stick to Bill Clinton, who continues his commanding lead in most polls.

Nobody is yet using the term that was applied to Ronald Reagan, of the Teflon president. Nor has anybody yet drawn too closely the parallel with the election of 1972, when the Democratic candidate, George McGovern, was appealing in vain for the voters to take the Watergate burglary seriously. Nixon won by a landslide. But there is now a distinctly Nixonian echo to Clinton's situation, a sense of something very nasty in the woodwork.

For some months now it has become increasingly clear that if the petty and squalid property mess over Whitewater was unlikely to sink the Clintons, the Travelgate affair might do serious damage to the First Lady. Travelgate began in the first weeks of the Clinton presidency, when it was decided to clear out the old White House travel office staff to make way for Clinton nominees.

This could have been done as an act of administrative fiat. But one woman, Cathy Cornelius, a distant cousin of Clinton who had worked in the campaign travel office, wanted the job. She began by joining the incumbent staff, who had been there through the Bush and Reagan years. However, she started to suspect that laxity in handling the accounts concealed something more sinister.

Cornelius related her complaints up the chain of command, and eventually accountants were brought in. They reported that there were "irregularities" in the book-keeping of Billy Dale and his staff. Then the FBI was brought in, to see if there had been any criminal intent. Finally, Dale was charged with embezzlement and keeping false records. But he was triumphantly acquitted by a jury last year.

The press made a great fuss of all this at the time, because Dale was something of a favourite. He organised our White House press planes, took care of us, ensured there were always hot meals, even at 3am in the wilds of Siberia, and lent us money when we ran out. His accounts were chaotic because ours were too.

This fuss by the press led to inquiries into exactly how and why the staff had been dismissed. Mrs Clinton told investigators from the General Accounting Office that she was not involved. But, according to the White House administrator David Watkins, an old Arkansas friend who has since retired under something of a cloud, Mrs Clinton had been deeply involved. "We want those slots for our own people," he quoted her as saying in some notes that have been obtained by the House committee on government operations, which has been investigating the matter. Watkins wrote in another memo that Mrs Clinton was so involved that there would be "hell to pay" if the travel office staff were not removed.

It is plain that Mrs Clinton did not act nobly in the matter but she was within her rights to check whether financial irregularity was taking place, and to fire the staff. A new presidency is entitled to have staff it can trust. The question is whether Mrs Clinton lied when she denied, on oath, having engineered the staff's dismissal. The felony charges that could conceivably be at stake here are obstruction of justice, misleading Congress, and perjury. And Republicans who are close to Congressman William Clinger, chairman of the government operations committee, say that felony charges are exactly what he has in mind.

But that threat has been overtaken by something new. In the course of his inquiry, Clinger subpoenaed all White House documents relating to Dale. There were long delays and arguments, and finally, under threat of being charged with contempt of Congress, the White House counsel, Jack Quinn, surrendered more than 1,000 documents. One of them was Dale's name on a list of some 341 people, arranged alphabetically from A to G, which had been sent to the FBI from the White House security office, with a request for their background files.

The names on that list included Reagan's former chief of staff, Ken Duberstein, Bush's old secretary of state, James Baker, and his press secretary, Marlin Fitzwater, together with a host of other Republicans. The justification cited in the request for the files was "access", which meant that the standard security check was to be performed so that these people could have access cards to come and go from the White House. The request was made in November 1993, when Republicans were not entirely welcome in the White House, and some five months after Dale had been dismissed with a threat of criminal charges.



FBI files contain raw data, unconfirmed gossip and rumour, and unsubstantiated allegations from disgruntled former employees and spouses. In the wrong hands, they can be dynamite. The FBI handed over the files, even though there was no signature from any responsible White House official on the request form. And the files stayed in the White House security office for a year.

"It stinks to high heaven," said Bob Dole, adding that it reminded him of Watergate, Nixon's lists of enemies and his attempt to suborn the FBI. Clinton says that this is all a big mistake, "a bureaucratic snafu". His chief of staff, Leon Panetta, says it was "inexcusable".

According to the White House, an army clerk brought in to help clear the backlog of applications for security passes was mistakenly given an old list of people with access passes. The clerk agrees, saying that he passed on "derogatory" information to his superior, a Clinton appointee, on only three people, all low-ranking maintenance staff.

This, too, will be the subject of congressional hearings and an inquiry. And it may be that this time the mud will finally stick to the Clintons. Secret FBI files on political opponents being improperly obtained by the White House is something that appals many Democrats. The Republicans are hoping this potential scandal is instantly comprehensible to the public — in a way the arcane stuff of Whitewater was not.

While all this was unfolding in Washington, Clinton was reminding voters how good a president he can sometimes be. It began two weeks ago, when he devoted his weekly radio address to the dreadful wave of burnings of black churches across the South. He referred to the matter in speech after speech, and last week flew to the remote hamlet of Greeleyville in South Carolina, where one of the churches burnt down a year ago had been rebuilt. Every black leader of note instantly scrambled to get there too.

Standing before the rebuilt Mount Zion African Methodist Episcopal church, Clinton rejected the pleas of angry black leaders that he blame the church burnings on the "coded racist messages" of the Republicans. Instead, he appealed to all Americans to unite against extremists. "We must keep this out of politics," Clinton said, just down the road from the charred ruins of the old church that was burned by white supremacists a year ago. "We must come together as one America to rebuild our churches, restore hope and show the forces of hatred they cannot win."

ON THE podium beside him, Jesse Jackson visibly fumed. The cheers were still ringing in Jackson's ears for his own speech, which had condemned "the blue suits in Congress and the black robes in the courts" for creating the climate of retreat from civil rights that had bred the new racism. "This land is our land — we bled for it. We will not allow fascist terrorists to sabotage our democracy," Jackson had said, before the president arrived. "There is a kind of anti-black mania, a kind of white riot, a kind of cultural conspiracy that sows the seeds of racial propaganda, and those who burn churches are the last stages of this propaganda."

Citing the likely Republican presidential candidate, Dole, and the Speaker, Newt Gingrich, Jackson had condemned "those who use thinly coded race symbols of welfare and crime and affirmative action, so that blacks are vilified and made scapegoats. We are used as objects of hatred, as objects of race-baiting to win elections."

Jackson's impassioned speech, echoed by other black leaders, such as Joseph Lowry of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, stood in extraordinary contrast to Clinton's emollient message. He arrived by helicopter too late to hear the furious black rhetoric, a reaction to the burnings of more than 30 churches in the past 18 months, so reminiscent of the worst days of the civil rights struggles.

The whole issue is now shot through with politics. The black churches and their white sympathisers have been deluging the Justice Department and the White House for more than a year with letters complaining about the new spate of attacks. Now, as Clinton gets into campaign mode and seeks to secure the black vote, the plight of black churches gets extraordinary presidential attention.

It became another occasion for Clinton to show his mastery of the role of Empathy-in-Chief, his almost sacerdotal skill in officiating at great national events. He learnt its power at the memorial ceremony for the victims of the Oklahoma City bombing, when he acted as the focus for America's grief, and saw his reward in the opinion polls. He has perfected the role at major public funerals, like the service for his commerce secretary, Ron Brown, and his chief of naval operations, Admiral Mike Boorda.

In an election year, this bestows an extraordinary advantage on any incumbent president who can play the part convincingly, and Clinton was a most persuasive healer in South Carolina. He turned from the righteous anger at the burning of the church, to the way the black congregation had rebuilt it and the need for reconciliation. "They could burn this church down, but they couldn't burn the faith out. We celebrate those who have walked from the fire unharmed, girded by God's faith," he said.

A classic example of the way the presidency can be "a bully pulpit" to impose an issue on the national agenda, Clinton spoke with the November presidential election in mind. He has no chance of carrying the state of South Carolina, but he could energise the black electorate enough to vote out the 93-year-old Republican senator, Strom Thurmond, and solidify his own strong following among black voters.

The failure of Republican party leaders to join Clinton in denouncing the burnings is perhaps explained by their irritation at what they see as his political opportunism. But they have some oddly callous ways of saying it. "I can't help but thinking of Bill Clinton running down South to have his picture taken next door to a burnt out church, humming George Strait's great country hit They Call Me The Fireman," said the Republican majority leader in the House, Congressman Dick Armey.

The intensely partisan Armey, who makes a point of telling Democrats that Clinton is "your president", rather than his, might claim that outrage over the FBI files made him speak intemperately. He didn't, a failure that says almost as much about the poisoned state of political and racial attitudes as the stench of gasoline and charred crosses that is drifting acridly across the old South once again.

New Labor Party forms to take left field

FOR the first time in its history, the United States has a Labor Party — and it is already bigger than the Greens or Ross Perot's Reform party, *writes Christopher Reed.*

Exultant delegates finished a four-day conference in Cleveland last week at which the party was formally created and a manifesto issued. "It was the most important event in the labour movement in 40 years," said the co-chairman, Robert Wages, head of the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers' Union.

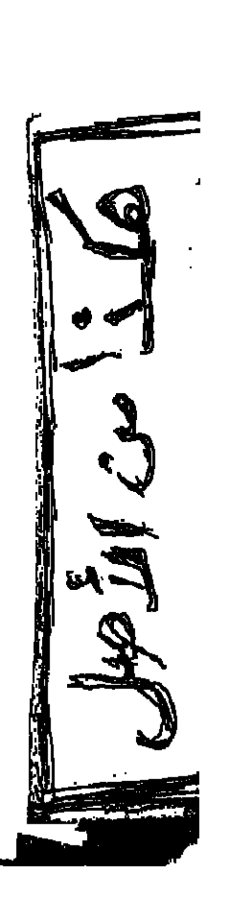
The new party is another sign of the political resurgence among working Americans, who have suffered a long decline or stagnation of wages. The AFL-CIO trade union movement is being rejuvenated as increasing numbers of voters reject the two major parties.

Unlike the Greens and Mr Perot's party, Labor will not field candidates in November's presidential election. It also declines to endorse President Clinton, although the AFL-CIO has done so.

After six years of preparation, the party is moving forward cautiously, waiting to build up funds before taking to the hustings.

"If we had as much money as Ross Perot, of course we would have candidates everywhere," said Mr Wages. "But it is important not to be marginalised."

At the conference were 1,400 representatives of nine large unions, 40 regional chapters and 300 local labour branches. They represent the left wing of the AFL-CIO, but the party is encouraging non-union minorities and women to join.



Russia's arms order book grows

Jon Henley in Helsinki

AS UNITED STATES arms output wanes, post-Soviet Russia is stepping into the breach to become the fastest growing supplier of conventional weapons to the world market, the Stockholm International Peace Research Institute said in its annual survey published last week.

The authoritative Swedish research centre said in its report on the international arms business that Russian weapons last year accounted for 17 per cent of all deliveries — more than four times as much as in 1994.

"Moreover, Russia reached new agreements in 1995 with China, India and South Korea, suggesting it is likely to retain a significant share of the global arms trade in the future," the institute said.

The big customers of the reorganised and revitalised Russian arms industry in 1995 were China, Malaysia, India, Vietnam and Kazakhstan. Only India and Vietnam were customers during the cold war, the institute said.

The US last year remained the world's largest supplier of conventional arms, which include aircraft, tanks and armoured vehicles, warships, naval artillery and guided missiles. But the institute said the US's 43 per cent market share was "significantly lower" than the 56 per cent recorded in 1994.

The institute said six big international arms suppliers — the US, Russia, Germany, Britain, France and China — continue to dominate the global conventional weapons market, accounting for 80 per cent of total deliveries. It ranked Britain as the fourth-largest arms supplier and the 21st-largest buyer.

On average, world military spending continued to decline in 1995, mainly because Nato — the biggest customer for weapons — cut spending by just over 5 per cent. "The present trend of falling military spending in real terms will undoubtedly continue into the next few years, as many Nato countries have indicated that military spending will be cut further," the survey said.

Although arms sales to the Middle East fell to 23 per cent from 31 per cent of total deliveries last year, mainly due to reduced spending by Iraq, the institute warned that arms budgets were rising in several countries. It noted a sharp increase in deliveries to Asia, which last year accounted for 46 per cent of arms purchases compared with 26 per cent five years ago.

China bought nine times as many big conventional weapons in the past five years as it did in 1986-90, while Taiwan's imports doubled over the same period and Malaysia's arms spending rose 6.5 per cent last year.

In Algeria, the government's fight against Islamic fundamentalists led to a huge 144 per increase in defence spending last year, while Russia's battle with Chechen rebels was crippling its defence budget, the institute said.

"Official estimates appear to be based on fragile assumptions that the conflict will soon be over," the survey warned. "It is apparent, however, that Moscow faces the prospect of open-ended expenditure in Chechenia."

More hearteningly, the institute recorded 30 wars in 25 locations in 1995, compared with 32 wars in 28 places in 1994.

● Greece is planning a multi-billion-pound arms purchase to face any threat from Turkey in the Aegean. Senior government officials said the purchase could reach $10 billion in the next five years.

Brazil's poor pay bloody price in battle for land

A bid to halt unchecked commercial development has cost landless peasants their lives, writes **Gavin O'Toole**

WITH HIS last breath, Oziel Alves Pereira mouthed "MST" — the initials of Brazil's Sem Terra (Landless) Movement — before he became yet another victim in a low-intensity war racking Brazil.

The killing of Pereira and at least 18 other MST demonstrators who were staging a protest near Maraba in the north-eastern state of Para has become emblematic of a broader struggle over land in Latin America.

Forensic reports suggest the 17-year-old was shot execution-style, at point-blank range, after state police dispersed the protesters.

A local priest denounced the killings as premeditated — a claim strengthened when a man identifying himself as a local farmer alleged on Globo television that landowners had paid police to help rid them of squatters.

The massacre in late April has dramatically exposed the contradiction between President Fernando Henrique Cardoso's commitment to social reform — including land distribution — and to modernising the economy. The process of rural modernisation is land-intensive — and excludes the rural poor.

Founded 12 years ago, MST is the most well-organised of groups throughout Latin America that have long advocated the occupation of unproductive or idle land as a solution to rural poverty. Its leaders say there are 5 million landless peasants and labourers in Brazil.

The concentration of land in Brazil is staggering: 1 per cent of landowners control 44 per cent of productive farmland, while 53 per cent of farmers eke out a living on 2.6 per cent of the land.

Inequality, epitomised by entrenched landowning élites, has been exacerbated by the emergence of vast estates, spurred by federal incentives, which ostensibly seek to exploit economies of scale for export production. Many, however, serve as a simple hedge against inflation.

The Para massacre occurred in an area dominated by vast mining and livestock projects, laying bare the issue at the heart of the debate over land use — that unchecked commercial development fuels social conflict.

This debate can be seen as a struggle for the soul of agrarian reform between market prescriptions aiming to maximise the productivity of extractive land use, and the social needs of Latin America's 150 million rural dwellers.

MST's rightwing critics deride its efforts as a futile attempt to recreate inefficient subsistence farming.

Outside Brazil, nowhere has the market outlook prevailed more than in Mexico, where deregulation of tenure was one of the sparks that ignited the Chiapas rebellion.

Tension over land has been heightened by the region's broader economic transformation, in particular the removal of import barriers. Indigenous Mexicans face the prospect of eating tortillas made from United States maize. Highland Peruvians already eat potatoes from Europe.

The most dramatic symbol in Brazil of the clash between market and social agendas came in January in the form of decree 1775, which exposes previously demarcated indigenous lands to legal claims by rapacious corporations.

Mr Cardoso gave an unequivocal electoral commitment in 1994 to tackle inequality. But the Para massacre has fuelled suspicions that his commitment to social reform was merely a footnote to his macro-economic imperatives.

While the snail's pace of social reform may say more about the scale of inequality in Brazil and its political system, the outcry over the massacre has confirmed that the high hopes that accompanied Mr Cardoso's accession have evaporated.

Stung by criticisms, he has doubled the budget for an existing land reform project, dusted off land reform legislation languishing in congress, moved to tackle police impunity and unveiled a social spending package. But while Mr Cardoso's rediscovery of a social agenda may be the most fitting tribute to Pereira's sacrifice, it is a gesture unlikely to address the irreconcilable clash between market and social demands.

● Ten people died in a shootout after hundreds of landless peasants invaded a ranch in north Brazil last week, authorities said. Security officials said the peasants had killed farmhands. Landless people's leaders said ranch gunmen had killed peasants.

Peace games spur Angolan collapse

The end of hostilities is proving more brutal for Angolans than the long war between the MPLA government and Unita rebels. **Victoria Brittain** reports from Luanda

NEGAGE, in the northern highlands of Angola, was once the government's main air base. Now, under the nose of United Nations personnel supervising the peace process, its airstrip is key to Unita's diamonds-for-arms trade, worth $1 million a day, which threatens the future of President Eduardo dos Santos and the United Nations process.

Dozens of teenage lads — some of Unita's many child soldiers — sit outside their UN tents playing cards and waiting for orders. They are among the 40,000 men and boys, and their families, whom Unita is assembling in a dozen such quartering areas around the country under the UN blueprint for normalisation.

Unita discipline in all the camps is harsh, with casual brutality, corporal punishment and summary executions reported by UN personnel.

Asked what they would like to do next, the boys give the same answer as the Unita colonel in charge of Negage: "If I am ordered to demobilise I will do it, if I am ordered to go to the countryside or to Luanda I will do it, if I am ordered to remain in the army I will do it."

Unita's primitive fascism, which holds Angola in thrall, is one legacy of the Reagan Doctrine, and of the apartheid regime in South Africa.

For years, the United States withheld diplomatic recognition from Angola's MPLA government because it was socialist and had Cuban troops to defend it from South Africa. At the same time, Washington transformed the army of the Unita leader, Jonas Savimbi, into a formidable military machine because he was billed as a democrat. The doctrine distorted the society, destroyed the infrastructure, and impoverished people beyond imagination.

For the US — the main player in Angolan politics during 20 years of military and diplomatic support for Mr Savimbi — the timing of the UN peace process, with the Unita leader installed as vice-president in Luanda, was intended to secure a foreign policy triumph ahead of the November presidential election.

Coca-Cola and Citibank, top US diplomats, military officials, Kennedys, teachers of journalism and experts on every subject from democracy to agriculture are highly visible in the dilapidated capital. The energetic US ambassador is a personal friend of President Bill Clinton, previously his White House adviser on Africa and his partner in marathon card games.

But no amount of US dynamism and optimism can knit together the catastrophic unravelling of this society. In Luanda, small beggar boys cling to car windows at traffic lights, huddling at night in shelters made of broken car parts, plastic bags and cardboard. By the roadside, people wash in broken sewers and puddles. In the best areas of town the water supply comes on once or twice a week, and electricity cuts are routine. Car hijacking and robbery are an everyday occurrence.

In the shanty towns that ring the capital and have swollen it to about 3 million people — a quarter of Angola's population — the conditions are, as one Angolan put it, "subhuman, worse than anything you could see in Latin America".

Many Angolans make a parallel with Brazil. The ostentatious luxury of the cars, houses, foreign healthcare and education of the families of the nomenclatura has never been so evident and so bitterly discussed.

The president's dismissal of the government two weeks ago removes some incompetent and corrupt people. But Franca van Dunen, the incoming prime minister, faces institutionalised corruption and weighty vested interests. In addition, he is bereft of real support from the MPLA as a party. The party's country-wide framework of educated cadres to support the state administration is gone. Angola has been transformed from a party-run state to a state run from the presidency.

Oil, the main foreign exchange resource, earns $10 million a day, though much of this never appears in the national budget, going straight into foreign bank accounts.

A two-tier foreign exchange rate — with 80,000 kwanzas to the dollar for the favoured, or an unofficial rate of 240,000 kwanzas to the dollar for everyone else — has been one motor of corruption. Fortunes are made buying at one rate and selling at another.

The president recently promised reform on this front, which will be "central" to Mr Van Dunen's ability to check the economic catastrophe. The unofficial dollar rate has been rising by the day as businessmen pay above it for dollar cheques banked outside the country.

Inflation is so rapid that in two weeks last month the kwanza went from 150,000 to 240,000 to the dollar. The annual inflation rate is more than 3,000 per cent.

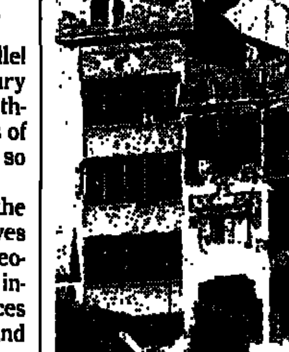
So desperate is the struggle to survive that morality has been eroded. A nurse will let a child with meningitis die, keeping the prescribed drug to sell in the market. A child sent for a blood transfusion by a doctor may be turned away by the nurse when he cannot pay her.



Government salaries for nurses, doctors, teachers, professors and top civil servants are so absurdly low that no one can live by these jobs. The flight to leave them has brought the administration to the verge of collapse.

"This is the most sombre phase of our economic history. Never have we seen such brutal problems: between the 5 to 10 per cent of the very rich, and the rest who have nothing at all, there is an accelerating gap — it's unsustainable," the former planning minister, Pedro de Morais, said.

One banker described the chaotic scramble for wealth as the end of an era: "Everyone sees this can't continue."


Ruined city. . . Cuito, in the central highlands, was destroyed by a 15-month Unita siege PHOTOGRAPH: VICTORIA BRITTAIN

Last month, an unusual rash of leaflets appeared in Luanda denouncing the government's inability to provide a living wage, water, electricity, education or health care, and calling for peaceful demonstrations.

The call in this tightly controlled society was denounced on the radio, and no one turned out. The author of one of the pamphlets, a German priest called Konrad Liebsher, "the Beard" (referring to his John the Baptist-style appearance), was arrested.

The social tension — with its clear message to Unita to keep delaying the peace process — triggered the government sacking and the president's cancellation of a trip to Japan. A meeting of all government financial officers was called, and the media was saturated with appeals for belt-tightening, more competent administrators, and an understanding that the root cause of the economic crisis was the long war.

But the uneasy peace since the ceasefire at the beginning of the year has brought a new dynamic to the economic crisis. Unita remains in control of well over half the country's territory — though much less in population terms. Anibal Rocha, the former minister of territorial administration, estimates that 74 of 163 municipalities are occupied by Unita — including one provincial capital in the north, M'Banza Congo — and it controls 264 of 398 communes.

Peasant trading between one zone and the other remains marginal, except in the central province of Huambo, where Unita trades food for goods including cars for its nearby headquarters in Bailundo and Andulo. Food production is paralysed by the government's lack of access — compounded in many areas by an estimated 15 million landmines.

The ceasefire's *de facto* partition of the country has also left Unita in control of much of the diamond-rich areas of the Lunda provinces of the north-east. One main source of national wealth is being flown out daily from there through Zaire, with the government controlling only an estimated $150 million worth, or less than one-eighth of annual sales.

The Lundas have become an anarchic Wild West, where the sources of military control are shadowy. Aside from the Unita-controlled areas, other commercial interests linked to powers on the government side are mining diamonds, legally, at a furious rate.

Because of the ceasefire at the end of last year, the army is held back from retaking militarily the diamond areas or the coffee-rich Uige province from Unita. Every month's delay in completing the peace process and handing all territory back to the government is worth millions of dollars to Unita, allowing it to continue importing arms and to keep a military option in play in parallel with negotiations.

Mr Savimbi's strategy since 1992 has been to delay every step of the peace process, to weaken the government. In late 1992 and 1993, more infrastructure was destroyed, and government control became more tenuous than in even the worst years of South African participation on Unita's side.

The UN, with its limitless patience for Unita's delay in implementing the Lusaka agreement made 18 months ago — on disarmament of soldiers and freedom of movement — has allowed this strategy to unfold. Little by little, the government has lost sovereignty to other powers and pressures within the Joint Commission, where it sits with the UN, the US, Portugal, Russia and Unita.

Today, Unita's control of its airstrips, and hence its continuing arms supplies, is unchallenged by the UN. Its control of the population in its areas in the north, east and south remains total, with some 40,000 people living as hostages in Mr Savimbi's former headquarters of Jamba.

The parallels with 1992, when Unita's secret army destroyed months of UN work and hopes for peace, are inescapable.

Court hears last words of Selassie

Alice Martin reports from Addis Ababa on the war crimes trial of Colonel Mengistu and other former Ethiopian leaders

DRAMATIC new details about the mysterious death of Emperor Haile Selassie in 1975 emerged last week during a war crimes trial in the Ethiopian capital, Addis Ababa.

The trial, which is considering evidence of alleged atrocities committed during the country's communist period from 1974 to 1991, was told that Selassie, who ruled Ethiopia for more than 50 years, was driven away from his palace on September 12, 1974, in a Volkswagen Beetle — never to be seen in public again.

The first public account of the emperor's death came from two of the attendants who stayed with him in custody. They were brought in to see his dead body on the morning of August 26, 1975.

"There was a smell of ether in the air," one of the witnesses said. "And his majesty was not lying in his usual position. He only had one pillow. The shawl that he wrapped himself in when he went to sleep was lying in another part of the room. His face was ghastly and there was a bandage around his neck."

The witness described how he had been with the emperor until 9pm the previous evening, when soldiers came to take him away.

"His majesty came from his bed and when he saw what was happening tears came to his eyes and he cried out: 'Is it not true Ethiopia that I have strived for you?' He fell on his knees and prayed. Later I realised that these were his last words to me."

A third witness described how Colonel Haile Mariam Mengistu, who had assumed leadership of the country's new 120-member military council, the Dergue, ordered a number of graves to be dug in the grounds of the Grand Palace — where the military had its headquarters.

The emperor, he said, was buried under Col Mengistu's office window.

"I was worried he would kill me," the gravedigger told the court, "but he lit a cigarette for me and told me to fence the area. I did it in 15 minutes while he watched from the window. Then he ordered me to construct a building on the site. I did it in two weeks."

The discovery of thousands of bones in similar graves has given Ethiopia's special prosecutor's office ample evidence to bring charges against the Dergue, but these are the first eyewitness accounts incriminating the surviving members of the council.

A total of 46 members of the Dergue are in the dock, with some former leaders — including Col Mengistu, who fled to Zimbabwe in 1991 — being tried in their absence.

Police pay £150,000 after assault on Kurds

Baki Ates after being kicked and punched by police

Duncan Campbell

TWO Kurdish political refugees who fled Turkey to escape police violence and persecution won £150,000 damages last week from the Metropolitan police for assault and malicious prosecution.

Haci Bozkurt and Baki Ates, both 34 and from Stoke Newington, north London, were awarded £73,250 and £77,000 respectively by a jury at the Central London county court. Both said they were "very happy" with the award.

The court was told that in January 1991 the men had been part of a group outside a community centre in Stoke Newington. They had gone to the centre to get news of the general strike then taking place in Turkey. Police were dispersing the crowd when disorder broke out. Mr Bozkurt asked why a young man was being violently arrested, the court heard. He was then kicked and punched and dragged into a police van.

Mr Ates complained about Mr Bozkurt's treatment and he was grabbed and punched in the eye by PC Michael Fitzpatrick, the jury was told. "It felt like my eye exploded," he said. He too was put in the van, where he was assaulted again. Both were handcuffed.

Mr Bozkurt was also punched by PC Fitzpatrick, the court heard, and his nose was fractured. He received multiple injuries. Police said that he had fallen flat on the pavement during the fracas.

Both men were taken to Stoke Newington police station and were eventually seen by doctors. They were sent to hospital, where Mr Ates was found to have suffered a lacerated eyebrow and severe bruising to his eye, which was described by the doctor as a classic boxing injury.

The two men were charged with violent disorder. At Highbury Corner magistrates court in May 1991 no evidence was offered against Mr Bozkurt. Mr Ates was acquitted.

The jury found that the men had suffered false imprisonment, wrongful arrest and assault. Both were awarded £55,000 exemplary damages. Mr Ates received an additional £22,000 compensation and Mr Bozkurt £18,250.

A spokeswoman for the Metropolitan police said they strongly denied the allegations against the officers. She added that four police officers had been injured during the disturbance. An appeal against the size of the awards is being considered.

The awards are the latest in a series against the Metropolitan police. In April Daniel Goswell was awarded £302,000 for assault and false imprisonment. In March Kenneth Hsu won £220,000 for assault and wrongful arrest.

Fear drives refugees under cover

Alan Travis

GENUINE asylum seekers are being driven underground by the withdrawal of social security benefits and other asylum law changes, Herman Ouseley, the chairman of the Commission for Racial Equality said last week.

He was speaking at the launch of a Refugee Council report that documents cases of intense hardship faced by some of the 8,000 asylum seekers denied welfare benefits since February.

Nick Hardwick, the Refugee Council's chief executive and a former government adviser on homelessness, last week cited the case of Michelle, a 31-year-old Cameroon woman who fled to London after the murder of her husband, an opposition political activist. She was eight months pregnant when she contacted the Refugee Council: "Luckily she had somewhere to stay but she had no money and no food to eat. We were organising food parcels for her, but unfortunately she lost the baby," said Mr Hardwick.

The Refugee Council says it has seen 750 people and has evidence that other parts of the Asylum Bill which are not yet law have already been put into effect. These include denial of access to council housing and the introduction of employer passport checks.

Church leaders said last week that their provision of accommodation in church halls for asylum seekers was only a temporary solution.

The report says the "climate of fear" created by the new asylum measures has led to many would-be refugees "disappearing" because they are frightened of being deported. "They are even avoiding charitable assistance . . . At its worst, this can lead to a complete avoidance of officialdom."

The report cites the case of a 20-year-old man from Serbia. "He did not have any money. He had been sleeping rough and only eating intermittently. We sent him to a local hostel and gave him information about soup kitchens and medical care and gave him money."

Mr Ouseley said the report showed there was clear evidence "that genuine asylum seekers are going underground and making themselves invisible because of the climate of fear that they face as a result of the early effects of the asylum legislation".

The Week in Britain James Lewis

Major orders a judicial inquiry into child abuse

THE GOVERNMENT took some belated action to wipe out child abuse in local authority homes when it ordered a judicial tribunal of inquiry into a long-running scandal in Clwyd, North Wales, where up to 200 children in seven residential homes may have been abused by paedophiles over 20 years.

This will be the sixth inquiry into the Clwyd situation, but the full facts have never before been fully disclosed because secretive councillors, lawyers and insurance companies feared the consequences. The new tribunal, headed by a High Court judge, will have the power to insist on the full disclosure of evidence, and should help victims of abuse to receive compensation.

The Prime Minister, who ordered the inquiry, told MPs he had been "personally horrified" by some of the cases. But John Major disappointed campaigners when he failed to order a national inquiry into a problem that clearly extends far beyond Clwyd. In neighbouring Cheshire, up to 300 children are thought to have been abused over the past 30 years. Six care workers have been jailed, and further cases are pending.

It would perhaps have been difficult to conduct a national inquiry without prejudicing outstanding trials. So Mr Major ordered a review by the Government's former chief inspector of social services, Sir William Utting, into the effectiveness of safeguards to protect children in local authority homes.

Further action to crack down on paedophiles was announced by the Home Secretary, Michael Howard. He unveiled a package of powers, including electronic tagging and periods of house arrest, designed to restrict the activities of all convicted sex offenders and not just paedophiles. He wants sex offenders to be banned for life from working with children, and to be required to register with the police every time they move home. He also plans to establish a national register of convicted sex offenders.

THE FORMER prime minister, Lady Thatcher, delivered another blow to Tory party unity — and a calculated snub to her successor — when she made a "substantial" personal donation to the European Foundation, the main organisation for Eurosceptic Tory MPs.

The money was clearly intended to replace the cash previously given by the billionaire financier, Sir James Goldsmith, founder of the Referendum Party, who has £20 million to spend on fielding candidates against any Tory not in favour of a referendum on Europe. Bill Cash, a leading Eurosceptic Tory MP, had agreed not to accept any more Goldsmith gold after being told by Tory whips that it was tantamount to taking money from "the enemy".

Mr Cash pressed on with his ten-minute rule Bill calling for a plebiscite on whether Britain should retain its powers of government and not become part of a federal Europe or join a single currency. And he was backed by 74 rebel Tories, as well as 14 Labour MPs, a Liberal Democrat, and a handful of others.

It was a paper victory — the Bill will be denied parliamentary time and will go no further — but it demonstrated that one in three Tory MPs is now impervious to party discipline and hostile to the Prime Minister's stance on Europe.

THOUSANDS of rundown council homes on inner-city housing estates are to be transferred to private landlords, housing associations or new housing companies. Tenants will have the final say on whether the transfers go ahead but, in return for a "Yes" vote, the Government will make £174 million available in grants towards the costs of demolition, building, repairs and renovation on 29 estates. The new landlords will meet additional costs through commercial borrowing.

Mr Major last year attacked the "sullen, concrete wastelands" of Britain's run-down council estates but said the public sector could not afford the estimated £20 billion bill for putting things right. This scheme is seen as his solution, and also as a device to break the municipal housing monopoly in some of Labour's council heartlands.

Councils lost the power to build homes some years ago, but still control fourth-fifths of the five million homes in the social housing sector. Many authorities, especially those under Labour control, have been reluctant to transfer their estates to private landlords.

In another privatisation move, the Government has drawn up plans to sell off Channel 4, a public corporation television station charged with innovative programme-making and required to cater for tastes and interests not covered by the commercial channel, ITV.

The sale would raise at least £1.5 million to finance tax cuts but would outrage consumer groups and Channel 4's management, who say that pressure from shareholders would drive the channel away from costly one-off commissions and programmes for minority audiences.

DOCTORS began the job of tracing 650 former patients of a London hospital where there have been four confirmed cases of drug-resistant tuberculosis, including a patient who died. Specialists at St Thomas's Hospital said anyone who had been in contact with the four would be called in to be tested as a precaution.

Austin
PEACE
CLOSED DUE TO BOMB DAMAGE



An OBE for Van Morrison in the honours list PHOTO: HENRIETTA BUTLER

Entertainers win honours

JOHN MAJOR last week honoured two heroines of Middle England's taste in fiction when he gave a CBE to the crime writer Ruth Rendell and an OBE to Joanna Trollope, pioneer of the "Aga saga", *writes Rebecca Smithers*.

They are part of a clutch of awards to leading figures from the arts, media and entertainment world published in the Queen's birthday honours list, including a knighthood for George Martin — the musical driving force behind the Beatles — and an OBE for the Bangor-born rock singer Van Morrison.

Heading the lengthy list of media honours is former BBC chairman Marmaduke Hussey, who becomes a life peer. Former Channel 4 chief executive Jeremy Isaacs, now director general of the Royal Opera House, is knighted for his services to the arts and broadcasting.

Britain's oldest working journalist, 100-year-old George Fraser of the Aberdeen Press and Journal, becomes an MBE.

Sporting honours, page 3

War, not peace, at N Ireland forum

David Sharrock

WAR is hell, but at least somebody wins, may have been the thought flashing through the mind of John Gorman after the first day of the Northern Ireland forum last week.

War hero Mr Gorman, aged 73, is one of the Ulster Unionist Party's few Roman Catholic members. He was asked by Sir Patrick Mayhew, the Northern Ireland Secretary, to be interim chairman of the forum, intended to promote dialogue and understanding among the province's warring parties.

After four hours of procedural wrangling, Mr Gorman had alienated most of the 93 members present — Sinn Fein's 17 delegates stayed away because they believe it is a Unionist plot to return to the Stormont days, although it has no legislative powers.

At one stage Social Democratic and Labour Party leader John Hume walked out, at his wits' end over Mr Gorman's gentlemanly chairmanship. His colleague Eddie McGrady was trying to make a point of order. Mr Gorman invited him simply to address him from the floor. When Mr McGrady pointed out that a point of order was the correct method, Mr Gorman replied: "No you don't, Mr McGrady, I've been listening to you for 20 years." At another stage Mr Gorman could not recognise one speaker. "You've got the light behind you, which is a great policeman's trick when interrogating a suspect," he said.

Mr Gorman won the Military Cross for knocking out a German tank in Normandy; last week, though, he kept standing on mines — and there was little sympathy from those present.

Pettiness and bloodymindedness may be the hallmarks of Ulster politics, but last week should have been relatively simple. The main business was to elect a chairman and select members for rules and business committees. But it soon descended into a replay of what took place at Stormont earlier in the week, with Unionist infighting over which party was the most important.

Mr Gorman was piggy in the middle, unable to satisfy either side: points of order came thick and fast.

The exasperation from some of the other parties eventually boiled over. "It's make-your-mind-up time, daddy," cried Hugh Smyth, a streetwise Shankill Road loyalist, as Mr Gorman pondered whether to accept a Ulster Unionist proposal the Democratic Unionists said was illegal.

Mr Hume said impatiently: "Let's sign, set up the rules committee and get home."

Afterwards he refused to comment on Mr Gorman's performance. But others were less reticent. Ian Paisley, who had mercilessly hunted Mr Gorman throughout the afternoon, said: "The Ulster Unionists put him up as a puppet. Of course his appointment was just a little stunt — 'we want to have a Catholic who will be a nice man'."

The Progressive Unionist Party's Billy Hutchinson said: "He has to go; he was meant to be an interim chairman for 45 minutes — 45 seconds was too long."

The forum meets again this week.

BBC denies plans abuse royal charter

Andrew Culf

THE BBC's deputy director general, Bob Phillis, delivered a staunch defence of the corporation's radical reforms last week after it was accused of abusing its royal charter.

Mr Phillis, kept in the dark about the changes by director general John Birt until just days before the announcement, denied they would damage World Service radio.

Lord Thomson of Monifieth, former chairman of the Independent Broadcasting Authority, accused the BBC of abusing its privileges under its new charter. "It is sadly clear that the information given to the British public and to members of Parliament has been, in my judgment, totally inadequate . . . There was minimal consultation within the BBC even to senior staff."

Radio loses its separate directorate, and commissioning and scheduling of programmes is separated from production. World Service radio will have to commission its English language news programmes from the BBC News directorate's newsroom, rather than making them at Bush House.

Alan Yentob, controller of BBC1, has been promoted to the powerful new job of director of programmes for all of the BBC's television and radio production.

Over the past three years Mr Yentob, aged 49, has presided over BBC1's ratings revival. But he has little experience of radio and his move will increase fears the restructuring has downgraded the medium.

Changes at the BBC continued with the appointment of BBC2 controller Michael Jackson to the new post of director of television.

He will combine the role with the controllership of BBC1 in the newly created BBC Broadcast directorate.

Mr Jackson, aged 38, is regarded as one of the BBC's rising young stars. As director of television, Mr Jackson will develop programme strategy across BBC1, BBC2, and the planned new digital services.

In 1994 and 1995, BBC2 was the only terrestrial channel to increase its share of viewing, taking it ahead of Channel 4 in audience share for the first time in three years.

Mission to destroy, page 30

In Brief

THE first top-up fees in the state school system have been announced in Trafford, Greater Manchester, where Roman Catholic parents are being asked to pay £600 a year for a grammar school place if they want their children to continue receiving a denominational education.

THE Ministry of Defence has come under fire from members of a cross-party group of MPs for not providing British troops in Bosnia with the shelter, clothing and medical facilities they deserve.

APPLICATIONS from the brightest and best to join Whitehall's élite training programme have dropped by 35 per cent — the largest fall recorded in one year.

VETERAN sports commentator Alan Weeks, best known for his skating and ice hockey reporting, has died at the age of 72. He had worked for the BBC for 45 years.

THE 25-year jail sentence for drug trafficking handed down to the British woman Sandra Gregory by a court in Thailand has been cut by three years, under an amnesty celebrating Thai King Bhumipol's golden jubilee.

POSTAL workers will go on a 24-hour strike on Friday, the Communication Workers' Union announced after talks with Royal Mail management failed to produce a breakthrough in an 11-month dispute over hours, pay and working practices.

THE parliament of Guernsey has voted to legalise abortion — almost 30 years after it became legal in Britain. The move follows months of debate which has divided the island.

LEADERS of the National Lottery Charities Board have set out controversial plans to devote nearly 7 per cent of its yearly income to British-based agencies working on long-term development projects abroad.

ARTHUR GILBERT, a millionaire property developer who emigrated to America almost 50 years ago, returned to Britain with a spectacular gift for the nation: a fabulous collection of gold, silver and gems valued at £75 million.

LONDON City Ballet closed midway through a national tour, putting 32 dancers and 19 musicians out of work. The company ceased trading after it became clear that its financial future could not be guaranteed.

SIR Fitzroy Maclean, one of the great heroic figures of the wartime era and founder member of the SAS, died at the age of 85.

Britain opts for 'no-fault' divorce

Rebecca Smithers

AFTER 12 months of bitter opposition from the Tory moral majority, the rightwing press, religious leaders and lawyers, the most controversial piece of legislation since the poll tax was due to become law upon Royal Assent this week.

The deeply unpopular Family Law Bill was dramatically saved on Monday when Labour wrenched an 11th-hour concession to divide pensions between spouses on divorce, amid continued protests from rightwing Tory MPs and five cabinet ministers who voted against the Government on a series of free votes.

The vote on the bill's third reading was 427 to nine, a government majority of 418.

The Family Law Act, which is designed to stem the rising tide of marriage break-ups in England and Wales, will come into effect in 1998. It will introduce the most fundamental divorce reforms for nearly 30 years, but it has been amended beyond all recognition from the bill which was originally published last year.

The act will scrap "quickie" divorces and introduce "no-fault" divorce after an 18-month waiting period to allow "reflection and consideration" for couples to consider whether they really want to divorce. The Government believes this will reduce the acrimony of marriage break-up and make it easier to resolve issues such as the welfare of children.

Labour's decision not to scupper the bill averted the sinking of the flagship of the Government's legislative programme, in what would have been a serious blow for John Major in his attempts to put the family at the centre of his political agenda. It has also avoided the inevitable resignation of its chief architect, Lord Mackay, the Lord Chancellor.

Until the third reading, Labour was threatening to kill off the bill completely unless the Government agreed to its "total package" of fresh amendments. After the pension concession, the Government caved in to Labour's demands for a package of concessions, largely related to domestic violence and the improvement of rights for children.

Tory rightwing rebels opposed the changes from the start, fearing the bill would undermine the institution of marriage and push up divorce rates by making divorce too easy.

An unprecedented campaign orchestrated by senior rightwing Conservatives triggered wider unease about the reforms and was ensured maximum publicity through the backing of the Daily Mail, whose editor Paul Dacre was incensed by the "anti-family" bill.

Although the bill passed its third reading hurdle, disaffected Tories recorded their protest with sizeable rebellions on a number of "free" votes. The cabinet ministers — Health Secretary Stephen Dorrell, Welsh Secretary William Hague, Home Secretary Michael Howard, President of the Board of Trade Ian Lang and Scottish Secretary Michael Forsyth — all voted against the government-backed amendment to limit the waiting period for divorce to 18 months.

A carefully orchestrated campaign launched in the Lords by Baroness Young, former Leader of the Lords, was continued in the Commons by former minister Edward Leigh with help from former minister John Patten and Mr Major's leadership challenger John Redwood.

MPs were also given a free vote on rightwing rebels' amendments to introduce a new "conscience clause" allowing divorce to be blocked on religious grounds, and a six-month "litigation-free" zone — both of which the Government agreed to back.

In England and Wales, two out of five marriages end in divorce. The two countries now have the highest rate in Europe.



Major gets ultimatum in beef war

John Palmer in Rome and Michael White

BRITAIN and its European Union partners were edging warily towards a settlement in the beef war this week after the EU presented John Major with a stark choice — to abandon his tactic of non-co-operation and accept tougher measures to eradicate BSE or risk losing a deal on the phased lifting of the British beef ban at this weekend's Florence summit.

The package, which Whitehall officials were not dismissing out of hand, would include a bigger slaughter of suspect cattle — as many as 200,000 on top of the 80,000 under threat, according to some EU estimates — despite the warnings among Tory Eurosceptics that they will not sanction any more scientifically unwarranted culls.

EU foreign ministers meeting in Rome insisted that, as part of the price for an agreement in Florence on June 21 and 22, Britain must agree beforehand to extend its planned cattle cull, a move which could trigger a Commons defeat.

Unsurprisingly, Malcolm Rifkind, the Foreign Secretary, appeared distinctly less upbeat than before about the chances of an early compromise.

"It is in everyone's interests that an agreement is reached at Florence, for otherwise the policy of non-co-operation will continue. I am not entirely confident that it will happen. Things can still go in an adverse way," he said.

The outlines of Mr Major's tactics were visible when Downing Street officials stressed that the Prime Minister's non-co-operation strategy had succeeded in concentrating minds in Europe.

"There is no doubt we have made a damned sight more progress than we would have done without it," one official said.

Whether this will appease the Eurosceptics, who see the beef war as the start of a *jihad* to rescue British sovereignty from Brussels, is doubtful, especially since the likely Florence framework will not include a firm timetable or be legally binding.

Britain will also be prohibited from selling beef to third countries while the EU ban is in force, a wounding concession which will pain sceptics who believe the ban to be illegal.

To ram home the European Commission's determination that the British government win no political kudos from a Florence deal, Mr Major will also be asked to make an unambiguous declaration abandoning Britain's veto campaign at the start of the summit.

"The British must understand that it is not enough to declare war; they must also know when to terminate war," Jacques Santer, the Commission president, said on Monday.

"This is far too serious an issue to be dealt with by a purely political deal. We are responsible for our children and our children's children."

Meanwhile Tony Blair gave a warning in Germany on Monday that the Labour party may end its support for the Government's beef strategy next week.

After a 90-minute meeting with Chancellor Helmut Kohl, Mr Blair said he would continue to support the Government's attempts to reach a deal at Florence but would review the points of difference in the light of the EU summit outcome.

Road rage condemned by judges

A JUDGE condemned the "epidemic" of road rage attacks last week as he jailed a chauffeur who beat up a moped rider.

Tony Hart, aged 28, who drove for the London Limousine Company, told police he had been angry because the moped rider, Charles Jeffreys, was "piddling around and going too slow".

Sentencing Hart at Southwark crown court, south London, to nine months' imprisonment, Judge Gerald Butler said that "this kind of offence is now only too prevalent . . . There is an epidemic of it."

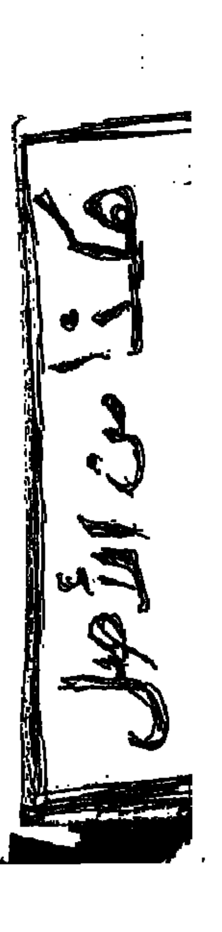
Mr Jeffreys described how he had been "cut up" by Hart in south London, and almost forced into a parked lorry. After an angry row, Hart used the door of his Daimler to knock Mr Jeffreys off his bike.

Mr Jeffreys said Hart grabbed him by his crash helmet and smashed his head repeatedly against the road, shattering his goggles, then set about throttling him. He was trapped under his bike and had lost consciousness when a bystander intervened.

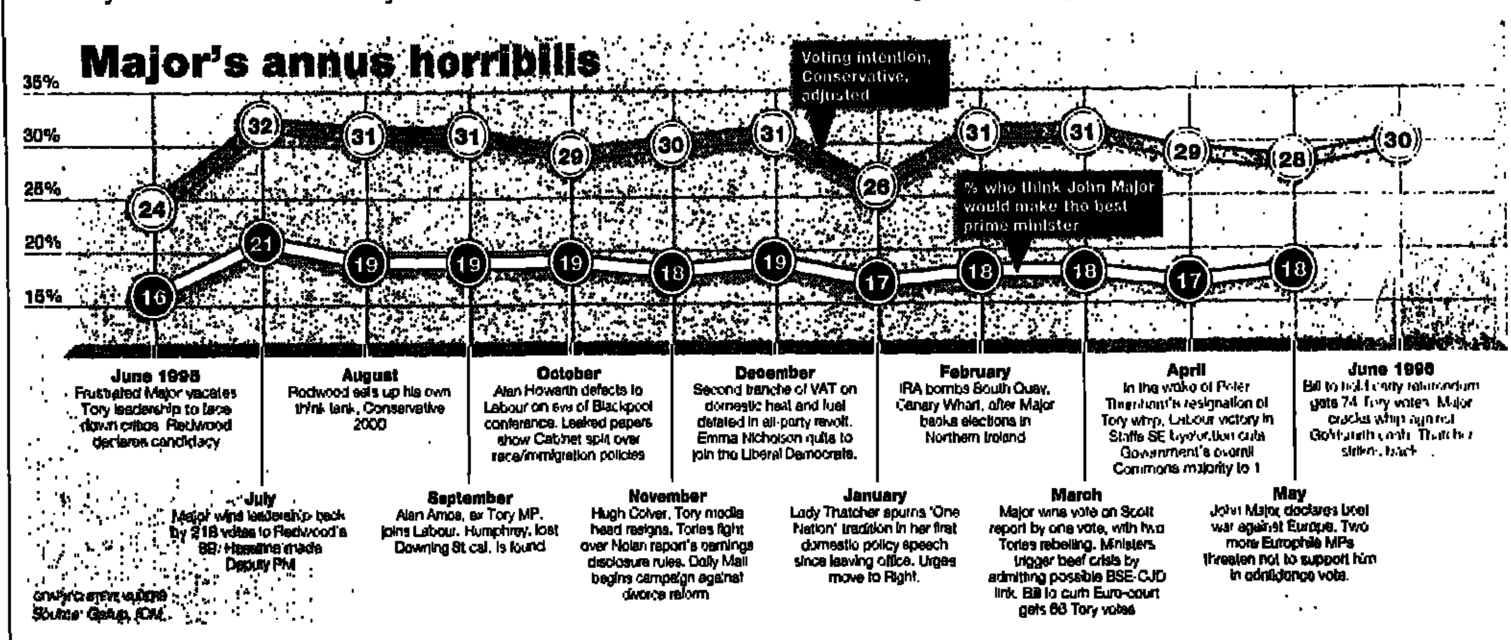
In a separate case, a man who beat up a female motorist in Bradford has been sentenced to six years in jail by a judge who said "punitive and deterrent" measures were needed to stop road rage.

David Robinson, aged 30, grabbed 52-year-old Kath Gatenby after she got out of her car in the city centre. Robinson threw her into a parked car and kicked her repeatedly before speeding off. Ms Gatenby suffered a collapsed lung and a fractured rib. Robinson was caught after another motorist took down his licence number.

The judge, Paul Hoffman, then told him why the sentence was so heavy. "The only way motorists may be deterred from acting as you did is by punitive and deterrent sentences being passed on those convicted."



It is a year since John Major defeated John Redwood in the Tory leadership battle. **Michael White** reflects on the past 12 months



Out of the blue and into the deep

POOR John Major. Almost exactly a year after he saw off John Redwood's leadership challenge, his premiership looks like Groundhog Day, the film in which Bill Murray plays a weatherman stuck in a time warp which brings him back to where he started the previous morning.

Groundhog Day crossed with Jaws. Every time Mr Major reasserts himself and tries to move his party forward, his mighty predecessor surfaces to reassert her right to guard the Thatcher myth from desecration and inconvenient facts. Jaws snap, the water swirls with blood and our hero is dragged to safety minus another limb. Next day he wakes to begin all over again.

It could have been such a good week for Downing Street. There was a smack of firm government in Mr Major's manoeuvres and, for once, the propaganda machine went on the offensive. On the day Bill Cash introduced his Referendum Bill, designed to break the fragile cabinet consensus over Europe, officials started a row over lesbians and lottery money — an irresistible tabloid combination.



Anyone less charismatic could be dismissed as an egotistical bag lady. Lady T remains the Great Blue Shark

But by the time Mr Major rose to address the Welsh Tory conference in Porthcawl on Friday last week the script was in tatters. Mr Cash had been successfully embarrassed by the scarcely-secret fact that his think tank took money from the predatory Jimmy Goldsmith. Even the two Tory MPs who had strong-armed Stephen Dorrell into gold-plating their local casualty unit had been disciplined. But then Lady Thatcher succumbed to a familiar impulse. For the first time since her anti-one nation speech in January, she reminded everyone that the Iron Lady is not for turning, never was. Passionately (if belatedly) committed to the anti-federalist cause, she sent a solidarity cheque to Mr Cash and — unforgivably — publicised the fact.

Any less charismatic figure could have been dismissed as an egotistical bag lady by now. She is 70 and has been out of office nearly six years. But Lady T remains the Great Blue Shark. Mr Major could not ignore her.

The result: another all-too-familiar bloodbath lovingly recorded for network news, with Tony Blair and Paddy Ashdown left to pronounce the Tories hopelessly divided and unfit for office. For the Labour leader in particular, it has been another consolidating year.

Yet some Conservatives see Mr Major less as the victim than the wily manipulator of the party's feuds. First he tilts one way, then the next. Europe is a prime example. On May 21 he declared the beef war and annoyed the party left. By June 21 he hopes to have declared victory and called a truce. The right will be furious. "Look at this, warring factions," he seems to be saying. "I am the only one who can keep this party together."

Seen in that light, his survival since beating Mr Redwood by 218 to 89 votes (and only 20 abstentions) looks more impressive. First, Michael Heseltine was bought off as Deputy Prime Minister in the reshuffle that dispatched Michael Portillo to defence, a largely opportunity-free department.

Malcolm Rifkind was given a chance to shine in Douglas Hurd's post, but only by doing the boss's bidding — trimming to the Eurosceptical right and offending his old friends. Stephen Dorrell embarked on a similar journey.

Only Kenneth Clarke held out against the trend, defying the right on taxes and spending as well as on Europe, and defying the Bank of England on inflation. It may be heroic, but — for the moment — it looks like finally ruining his leadership hopes, the Roy Jenkins of his party who delivers a sound economic legacy to the other side.

Gillian Shephard, briefly tipped as a potential leader, has been battered over education, not least from Mr Major's own policy unit. Even Michael Howard, riding law and order hard, currently looks a better bet.

The one Tory politician who has survived into the final year of the present Parliament in better shape than a year ago is the man Major beat: his erstwhile Welsh Secretary. Forty-five today, Mr Redwood behaves like a man who is having a good time.

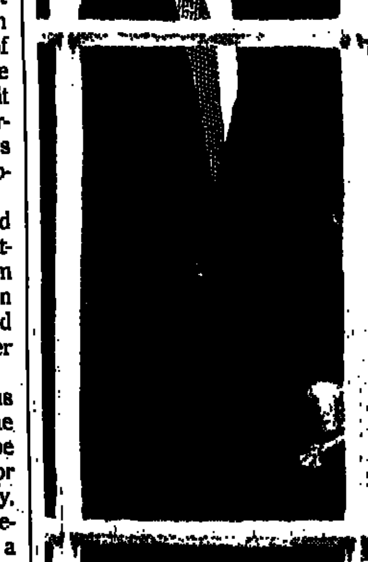
And so he is, scarcely off the airwaves, the public platform or the weekend rubber chicken circuit of Tory activists, who usually find him less of a Vulcan than they feared. He has become famous — and likes it. Gail Redwood insists that her husband looks years younger than he did that fateful morning, June 26, 1995.

Shortly after breakfast — a year ago next week — he sent a "Dear Prime Minister . . ." letter to John Major resigning from the Cabinet to run for the recently-vacated party leadership.

"The Tory party likes balls," one Thatcherite backbencher said last week. "Redwood showed he'd got them. He'll be the candidate of the right, not Portillo, when the time comes. But he'll lose, of course" — not least because his very success has split the right's vote, making more likely a centrist succession to Major, a Rifkind, a Lang or even a Dorrell.

Apart from making himself more of a polished performer and less of a policy wonk, Mr Redwood himself counts his policy achievements over the year as considerable. His conversation is peppered with "I got the Government to . . ." Thus he got them to squeeze £3.2 billion off the £5 billion they told him couldn't be cut from spending totals; he got them to squeeze 5 per cent off Whitehall running costs and to start talking about reining in the European Court of Justice and the European Union's common fisheries policy.





Major, a year on, still faces party feuding PHOTOGRAPH: DON McPHEE

He seeks to synthesise global free market economics with traditional Toryism; a nation which can cope with the unavoidable challenge of Asia because it is rooted in a stable and secure society; post-Thatcherism whose goals, not means, are not so different from New Labour's.

Not every Tory agrees either that he will be the right's candidate or that he will lose. Cabinet ministers are, unsurprisingly, grudging about their ex-colleague. "He's used the freedom he gained to make himself known. That's not very difficult," one said last week.

A former minister was more blunt. "Redwood? Yes, he's clever in a dessicated way and he's trying to make himself more human. He goes around grinning all the time. It reminds me of Malvolio."

Two points are indisputable. One is that Mr Redwood has avoided unduly antagonising his party. It is unlikely, but not impossible, that Mr Major could yet invite him back, unlikely, but not impossible, that he would accept.

The contrast with Norman Lamont, blundering in all directions in search of an issue, is instructive. Mr Redwood quietly backed Bill Cash's bill, while Sir James Goldsmith did it noisily. Mr Lamont addressed Jonathan Aitken's soirée on the option of leaving the European Union. Mr Redwood thought it wiser not to attend. Lady Thatcher and her Goldsmithite guru, Alan Walters, blundered into the Cash cash row. Mr Redwood lay low.

The other clear point is that Mr Portillo's star has dipped since Mr Redwood's challenge. Even the petty row over his "noisy" office party during the Beating of the Retreat offended some of the Defence Secretary's natural allies, in the same way his SAS speech did at the Blackpool conference.

Plenty of rightwing Tories believe Mr Portillo is still their man of destiny and will bounce back. For the moment, last summer's intrigue remains damaging. Both sides of the story are not fully known. But the Redwoodites say Peter Lilley, Mr Portillo and Mr Redwood all hovered on the brink in the days after Mr Major threw down the leadership gauntlet. Frantic telephone calls took place over the weekend before the challenge.

When the Welsh Secretary decided to make his move he made one final call to Mr Portillo, saying he was resigning, but that, if Mr Portillo did too, he would stand aside and support his rival's then-stronger claims. "Michael said 'I can't'," says an insider. Fair enough, except that three days later Portillo backers were found to have installed extra phone lines in a nearby house, just in case the contest went to a second round. Neither brave, nor loyal, was the snap conclusion, and it has stuck.

Not for the first time Mr Major, the supreme tactician, thus survives because there is no more widely acceptable alternative. Though Conservative Central Office is raising money and making plans for an October election, just in case, he probably has until May 1, 1997 to stave off election defeat.

Mr Major retains a few aces. As Messrs Clarke and Heseltine never tire of predicting, voters' rising disposable income may restore a little feelgoodery.

What last week illustrated was the danger which the supposedly unflappable Harold Macmillan highlighted when asked what kept him awake at night. "Events, dear boy, events."



Redwood behaves like a man having a good time. And so he is. He has become famous — and likes it

Who could have predicted that a television studio row over Goldsmith gold going to the European Foundation would blow up so dramatically that Lady Thatcher would intervene?

And then there was the row over Edgware Hospital. When the Europhile Hugh Dykes and the quixotic Sir John Gorst (having defended the right not to join a union at Grunwick, he later backed the right do so at GCHQ) twisted Mr Dorrell's arm for a proper casualty unit, they did their constituency duty.

Things only went wrong when they struck a deal and tried to withdraw the threatened non-co-operation story they thought they'd given to a local freesheet, not to the mighty Major-sceptic Daily Telegraph, which printed it anyway. Blackmail, cried loyalists. Cowardice, cried the Opposition.

By such slips do failing governments fall into the abyss. But the week's turmoil inadvertently served to assist Mr Major's survival in a more important respect. It distracted attention from a looming compromise over beef.

There is every sign that Euro-moderate ministers, Mr Rifkind to the fore, want a deal with Europe before this weekend's summit in Florence. The right do not want a deal. They have forced the Grand Old Duke of Brixton up to the top of the hill and they do not want him coming down again in a hurry. And they may get really angry if he tries.



A car torched by protesters during last December's Brixton clashes PHOTOGRAPH: TOM JENKINS

School ban on blacks 'caused Brixton riot'

Gary Younge

THE high number of young blacks being excluded from school was one of the prime causes of last year's riot in Brixton, according to the chairman of a leading race-relations think tank.

"One of the driving forces that led to the disturbances last year was undoubtedly school exclusions among young black men. There is a generation growing up in Brixton who believe that it does not matter what they do or how successful they are, they will still be condemned," said Trevor Phillips, chairman of the Runnymede Trust.

In a report compiled by the trust, one third of the 15- to 23-year-olds from Brixton, chosen for interview by random selection, had been permanently excluded from school.

In the wake of the riot in December, 22 people were arrested on theft, burglary, public order and criminal damages following almost six hours of fighting, missile throwing and looting. The rioting was sparked by the death of 26-year-old Wayne Douglas in police custody, but those involved in the study believe exclusion from school remains one of the most important underlying factors in the alienation young black men feel in Brixton.

The study, entitled "This is where I live; stories and pressures in Brixton", contains first person accounts by young black men in Brixton. It targets education, policing, a lack of role models and unemployment as key problems.

"Once you mention Brixton to somebody they automatically think, bad boys, the robberies, the theft and all that sort of thing," said one man interviewed in the report

Afro-Caribbean boys in the area are three times as likely to be excluded from school as whites, according to the local education department. They are also twice as likely as other boys to leave school unemployed, leaving about half of all Afro-Caribbean men under the age of 25 in the area on the dole.

Afro-Caribbean girls, however, perform as well as white girls and better than white boys.

Twice as many women opt not to have children

David Brindle

AT LEAST one in five women now in their 20s and 30s will have no children, government statisticians predicted last week as they set out how Britain's population will start to fall for the first time since records began.

The proportion of women who remain childless is expected to double compared with those now in their 40s and 50s, as growing numbers decide to put careers first.

The trend was underscored by figures showing that the abortion rate in inner London — where the number of working women is highest — has reached 35 per cent of all pregnancies. The national average is about 20 per cent.

Apart from a blip in 1983, Britain's population has been growing for hundreds of years and may not have been on a downward trend since the Black Death in 1347-51.

Officials of the Office for National Statistics (ONS) expect that the United Kingdom's population, now more than 58 million, will start falling after 2025, and drop to about 55 million by 2075.

The birth rate is already below the level necessary to replenish the population, but totals are being sustained by the swelling ranks of pensioners and the large number of women born in the 1960s who are of child-bearing age. Birth rates are dropping in much of Europe, and Germany already has a falling population.

According to ONS forecasts, more than 20 per cent of women born since 1964 will have no children. Latest figures show that 61 per cent of those born in 1969 were childless at 25, as were 23 per cent of those born in 1959 at 35.

The forecast of 20 per cent childlessness by the age of 45 among those born since 1964 compares with 10 per cent of women born in 1944 and 13 per cent of those born in 1949.

Bob Armitage, an ONS statistician, said the trend stemmed from "things like women choosing to remain in employment, or to go through education".

He added: "It is a problem. We are likely to have a population more heavily weighted to the elderly."

The birth rate among women aged 25-29, the peak age for having babies, fell last year to its lowest level since 1941. The rate among women aged 30-34 is higher than that among those aged 20-24, indicating that women having children are increasingly doing so after establishing a career.

A new analysis of abortion data shows that women in the Southeast are much more likely than average to terminate a pregnancy.

In 1993, the abortion rate in inner London was 35 per cent, while in most of greater London it was 26 per cent. Overall, one in three pregnancies outside marriage was aborted, compared with fewer than one in 10 of those of married women.

Population Trends 84, HMSO, £11

IRA's violence beggars belief

IRA BOMBS are political acts and a serious attempt must always be made to examine them as such, especially by those of us for whom such forms of political violence are tactics beyond belief. This applies just as much to the bomb that went off in central Manchester as to any of its predecessors. But how, even trying to put all indignation aside, are we to interpret this largest bomb ever to be detonated on the British mainland as anything other than the deliberate burial of the 1993-96 Northern Ireland peace process?

The bomb in Manchester is a classic republican statement. It was a reassertion that the "armed struggle" (against Saturday shoppers and their children?) continues to be absolutely central to republican strategy. Whether that message was intended for the IRA itself or for the British government is academic. The IRA may indeed intend such bombings to reassure its "volunteers" that theirs is a movement which ultimately subsists upon the cult of blood sacrifice. It may also intend the British government to understand that it will not be able to guarantee security to its own citizens for as long as Northern Ireland remains part of the United Kingdom. But the principal message is that the republican movement has not renounced the use of violence and never will.

It is also a broader reminder that the IRA is a law unto itself. In this sense the bombing is exactly parallel to the murder of Garda detective Jerry McCabe in County Limerick two weeks ago. Hours before the bomb went off in Manchester, the IRA finally admitted what it had denied for the previous eight days, that a seven-man IRA team had killed Det McCabe during an unsuccessful post office van robbery. Det McCabe was Irish and the weekend's injured Mancunians were mainly British, but they are all victims of an organisation which operates to its own rules, outside the laws of all countries, not just those of the "occupying" British. On one level the IRA may exist to liberate Ireland from the hated Brits. On another it exists, like Bonnie and Clyde, to rob banks and kill people.

Yet the Manchester bomb is presumably also an act with intended political consequences. There is much speculation at the moment that republican strategists were impressed by the speed with which the London Docklands bomb in February was followed by an announcement of all-party talks for June 10. By that analogy, the Manchester bomb may also be intended to be both an expression of displeasure at Sinn Fein's exclusion from the talks and a means of focusing attention on the desirability of getting them into the process that started last week.

If so, it is hard to see that happening. The British government mishandled events in January, especially around the release of the Mitchell report, and its delaying tactics forfeited its credibility and allies. When the bomb exploded, there was a genuine sense in which British tactics had contributed to the end of the ceasefire, even if the failure did not excuse it. None of that is remotely true today. The British government is not isolated; indeed it is more solidly aligned with the Irish government, the Northern Ireland parties and international opinion than at any stage in the process. Nobody outside the immediate republican movement holds John Major even partially responsible for the Manchester bombing. Nor, after Manchester, is there any discernible feeling in Britain that the ball is in Mr Major's court.

Yet supposing that it was, with whom should Mr Major deal? With Gerry Adams? Even with the best will in the world, this is not credible at the moment. A lot of people have stuck their necks out on behalf of Gerry Adams, from Bill Clinton down to the Northern Ireland people who took the slogan A Vote For Sinn Fein Is A Vote For Peace at face value a few weeks ago. The Manchester bomb has made those sometimes well-intentioned and occasionally brave folk look stupid. The ending of the ceasefire in February and the renewal of the bombing campaign last weekend mean that Mr Adams's word is practically worthless. At the end of last week, Mr Adams denounced the killing of Det McCabe as "totally and absolutely wrong" and indignantly attacked those who sought to link the killing to Sinn Fein. Two days later, the IRA admitted responsibility. Did Mr Adams therefore condemn the IRA as totally and absolutely wrong? Was that a pig flying past the window?

Some observers speculate that the bombing in Manchester will shortly be followed by an announcement of a ceasefire. If so, that will no longer be enough to allow Sinn Fein immediate entry into talks. The breaching of the ceasefire in February and March could have been treated as an aberration. But the Manchester bombing shows it was not an aberration but an upfront continuing tactic. How can anyone, whether disposed in favour of Irish nationalism, let alone against it, rely on a word that Sinn Fein now says? There is no evidence that they can deliver for peace, and plenty of evidence that they intend to continue with war. Unless and until that changes, there is no point in talking to them in the current process.

Lukewarm win for Yeltsin

BORIS YELTSIN's first round victory was a close call, but a couple of percentage points make all the difference. If the margin had gone to Gennady Zyuganov, this would have been seen as a comprehensive verdict against the Russian president's shambolic and sometimes brutal leadership: now his narrow win prompts instant praise for his fighting qualities and the good sense of the Russian electorate. Mr Yeltsin has clambered back from the abysmal polls of early this year, using all the advantages at his disposal, from the press handouts of a presidentially dominated media to the cash handouts he flung around the regions. He was also helped by the anachronistic nationalism of his main opponent: by loosely invoking the spirit of Stalin, Mr Zyuganov provided ammunition for Mr Yeltsin's anti-communist campaign. But the figures require cool analysis: the sitting president, with all his superior weapons, has still won only a third of the votes. His nearest rival, though leading a party whose history presented a host of easy targets, has come very close to gaining the psychological first-round edge. Surveys also suggest that some 40 per cent of those who actually voted for Mr Yeltsin did so with reluctance, seeing him merely as the lesser of two evils.

The position of Alexander Lebed, the former general whose votes will now be courted by both sides, also needs to be defined with care. Mr Lebed adopts a tough law and order approach which may appeal to an insecure society but could instead heighten its tensions: his admiration for General Pinochet of Chile is not reassuring. Neither is the scenario according to which Mr Yeltsin may give him complete control of the army and/or security forces in return for his second-round electoral support.

Mr Zyuganov now needs to broaden the message if he is to have any chance in a two-man race. The vote for Mr Yeltsin was not a positive endorsement of the president or of the mixed blessings of the free market: it was a negative reaction to images of the past. Many who believed that life was better under communism still did not vote for Mr Zyuganov. Pitching for the patriotic vote, he was then vulnerable to Mr Lebed's appeal for the revival of Russian great power.

The outside world plays an ambiguous role in all of this. The US administration has said it seeks to avoid any blatant endorsement of Mr Yeltsin, yet the sigh of relief in Washington is plainly audible in Moscow. A different result in this first round would have conjured up a storm of alarmist epitaphs about Russia retreating to communism: the democratic choice of the Russian people would then have been portrayed in a much less favourable light. Such an attitude is hardly healthy or balanced: we should neither prejudge Russia's democratic choice nor demonise one possible outcome. The bulk of the electorate takes a cool view of the medicine prescribed by the West and is sceptical of any of the candidates' abilities to offer a cure. And whatever the outcome, a new president will feel obliged to re-assert a wounded sense of nationhood. This is the real problem facing the West and one for which we have some responsibility. Whoever wins or loses, Russia is still embarked on a difficult transition into a very uncertain future.

Giving testimony on behalf of the terrorised

Ed Vulliamy took the stand in the Bosnia war crimes trial at The Hague. He describes his day in court as a witness against an alleged torturer

"BRACE YOURSELF," said the attorney, "you're on in five minutes." The previous witness had concluded 24 hours ahead of schedule. So I exchange a pair of jeans for the attorney's Armani suit. I am ushered through a security door into the witness box, in front of a bulletproof glass screen, in the first international war crimes trial since Nuremberg.

Opposite the witnesses' entrance, between two police officers, sits Bosnian Serb Dusko Tadic, accused of murder, torture and rape in the Omarska concentration camp and others of its kind, and of a pivotal role in the "ethnic cleansing" of Muslims from his home region of Prijedor.

To the right are the prosecution, by whom I am called. To the left, Tadic's defence. This trial — like arguments over intervention in the war itself — is a tussle between the New World and the Old. The prosecution is by three Americans and an Australian. Defending are two British barristers, and a Dutch-Russian. In front are the judges, a former governor-general of Australia, Sir Ninian Stephen, the Malaysian Lal Chand Vohrah, and the forthright African-American chairwoman of the bench, Gabrielle Kirk McDonald.

The investigating teams have been brought in from such fields as the US Marines, the Lancashire Constabulary and the federal prosecution team that put away the police officer who beat up Rodney King in Los Angeles.

The gathering of the witnesses is an extraordinary scene. For the first time in the history of international justice, former camp inmates are due in court to see if they can identify their alleged torturer. Many have not met since their days of incarceration, when as captives they suffered conditions of ferocity and abject terror that boggle the mind.

There, sipping on coffee, is Dr Azra Blazevic. We last met in the Trnopolje concentration camp, where she was helping out in the pathetic medical centre. She and another doctor handed us an undeveloped film which, once processed, revealed the savage beating of prisoners. It is for the terrified, emaciated prisoners, of whom we saw but a few on that putrid day in August 1992, when we stumbled into Omarska and Trnopolje, that I am here to testify.

The attorney leading my evidence is Major Michael Keegan of the US Marines. His purpose is to show that the persecution of Muslims around Prijedor was part of an international conflict — not a civil war — so that the charge "Grave breaches of the Geneva Convention" apply. The second is to show the pogrom as "widespread and systematic", not some isolated incident, so that "Crimes against humanity" apply.

We conclude the first day's evidence with recollections of a convoy of 1,600 Muslims herded over the mountains by Serbian gunmen. The second day begins with a round-robin of similar pogroms: Bosanska Krupa, Bihac, Jajce, Zepa, Visegrad and Sarajevo. Five years' work, several narrow escapes, experiences as epic as they were terrifying, condensed into a morning. Afraid of gilding the lily, I was apparently playing things down too much, the lawyers said.

Our tortuous journey to Omarska between July 28 and August 5, 1992 became court record. Meeting Radovan Karadzic; a "briefing" in Prijedor with those who ran Omarska and tried to suggest alternative destinations; a mock gun battle faked by our Serbian escort to put us off proceeding; and the final arrival at the back gates of Omarska mine.

I had not seen ITN's "rushes" — the untransmitted footage — of that day with which the court accompanied my account. I have described the scene a thousand times but it never fades and here it was in vivid detail. The yard drill, the canteen, those spindly fingers, lantern jaws and burning eyes, the guards swinging their guns.

By the time we got to a now infamous shot of the barbed wire at Trnopolje and the emaciated ribcages behind it, I asked if I could switch off my monitor and refer to memory only — the skeletal corpses, talk of massacres in other camps.

The last tranche of the direct examination concerned a return visit to Omarska earlier this year, in search of those who ran the camp. Guards there said no camp existed there but had declined to give their names because "look what happened to Tadic". At that moment in my evidence the defendant abandoned his usual nonchalance and picked up his headphones.

Many colleagues think that to have given evidence is bad professional ethics. Only two journalists have come forward to testify at The Hague: the BBC's Martin Bell and myself. Bell says that the question of whether or not journalists should testify in the war crimes trial is "an argument that can be made convincingly either way — it's purely subjective". I agree.

AT THE HAGUE one is simply offering the facts at one's disposal to the court. It is for the judges to decide whether those facts favour the prosecution by which one is called, or indeed the defence, or are of no consequence. That would be the case in any trial. But at The Hague there is an extra dimension which concerns the difference between "objectivity" and "neutrality". If "objective" is to mean that our writing must be fact-specific, then of course we must be objective. But "neutrality" is not the same thing.

At a certain point, the perpetration of atrocity crosses a line, and breaches not only international law but the base of civilisation. I believe that at Omarska (and elsewhere in Bosnia), that line was crossed, and that to remain "neutral" was not neutrality at all — but rather, complicity. This is not a matter of being "anti-Serb" or "pro-Muslim"; it is a judgment about where one stands between camp guard and inmate, persecutor and persecuted.

The international community has largely chosen to accept the argument that because atrocities have been committed by all sides in Bosnia's war, this makes "neutrality" acceptable. But this takes no account of the relative scale of atrocities — that the vast majority have been committed by Serbs against Muslims. The CIA puts the percentage ratio at 90 per cent by Serb perpetrators; 8 per cent by Croat; 2 per cent by Muslim.

The Hague is trying alleged criminals from all three groups, but most of the accused are Serbs. The fact that the tribunal is doing this, in the wake of the cowardice of the rest of the world, makes The Hague the West's last chance to display any credibility.

William Waldegrave claimed last week that deregulated markets create more employment and that fears for job security are exaggerated. Is he right?

Richard Thomas

THE British government last week issued a staunch defence of the UK's record as a creator of high quality jobs, describing claims of rising job insecurity as exaggerated.

The Chief Treasury Secretary, William Waldegrave, told the American Chambers of Commerce that the Conservative drive to deregulate the labour market had delivered more jobs, compared with the burdensome rules governing work in continental European countries.

Workforce profile

Adults in work

% of adults working

Legend: US, UK, Germany, France

Y axis: 70, 60, 50

X axis: 1973, 1979, 1983, 1990, 92, 94

Source OECD

"Big government not only destroys freedom — it destroys jobs," he said. "Keeping the state in check — and thereby helping the magic of the market to provide jobs is the best way to achieve a society which is not divided against itself by the cancer of long-term unemployment."

Mr Waldegrave tackled claims that removing job rules had generated only low-skill, fragile "hamburger-flipping" employment. He cited new Treasury figures showing that two-thirds of the jobs created since 1993 had been in occupations with above-average wages.

Although he admitted job insecurity had risen, he said fears were not in line with real trends in the jobs market, and denied any link between government reforms — such as the abolition of the wages councils or erosion of trade union rights — and insecurity. "Deregulation has been blamed for creating a climate in which nobody can feel secure in a job. This is simplistic and misleading. The structure of an economy cannot be pickled in aspic."

But Labour seized on his comments as evidence that the Government is out of touch. The deputy Labour leader, John Prescott, said: "Mr Waldegrave has no experience of part-time work. I must tell him that insecurity comes from having short-term contracts. It's that kind of fact that most people live with from day to day, and Mr Waldegrave appears to be complacent about."

But Mr Waldegrave said people were working part-time because it suited them, and cited more part-timers as evidence of a truly flexible labour market.

Economists agreed with the minister's claim that two-thirds of the jobs created since the autumn of 1993 have been in industries paying above average wages, but said this was simply an extension of a post-war trend away from unskilled manual labour towards "brain work".

John Philpott, director of the Employment Policy Institute, said: "This is hardly a new discovery. There has been a long collapse in demand for unskilled work. In fact, the problem is we're not creating enough poor jobs, for all the unskilled labour."

Another shift in the shape of Britain's job market, highlighted by Labour, has been towards part-time work: there are more than 6 million part-timers, up from fewer than 4 million in 1981. Meanwhile, the number of people in full-time jobs has dropped by more than 1 million.

But experts said the drift to part-time work is unrelated to the reforms of the 1980s. Mr Waldegrave's attack on the notion that Britain has become a hire-and-fire workplace, with people moving at dizzying pace from job to job, was also backed by a labour market expert at the London School of Economics, Peter Robinson. He said average job tenure is now eight years, compared with nine years when Margaret Thatcher came to power.

Analysts also agreed that Britain's recent record on job creation was better than in continental Europe. But economists, while disagreeing about the desirability of job regulation, all said this performance had been less to do with legislation than with macro-economic policy.

Dr Robinson said: "I am looking to the fact we have finally got the balance of macro-economic policy right, rather than to labour market reforms. Although we could easily have some modest re-regulation without adverse consequences."

Patrick Minford, a free-market member of the Government's economic advisory panel, said deregulation would have helped Britain's job performance more if the Government had pursued an even more expansionary policy. "Deregulation does work, but hasn't really had the chance to show its paces."

Fool's gold in a fool's paradise

Will Hutton

IT'S a paradox. Britain may earn plaudits from the economists, but by the criteria that most people use to judge their own and the country's prospects, neither the economy nor society is notably prospering. Low pay and job insecurity are spreading; investment is low; society is fragmenting. If there have been gains, they have been bought at heavy cost.

It is in the world of work where the stresses are most obvious. Some 60 per cent of the adult population is either without work or employed in jobs which are structurally insecure — notwithstanding the recovery. Two-thirds of the new jobs created since 1992 are part-time. Where jobs are full-time, three-quarters are offered only on short-term contracts. And once a full-time job is lost, the chance of regaining full-time employment is negligible; the unemployed move into semi-employment and back again. These are hard times.

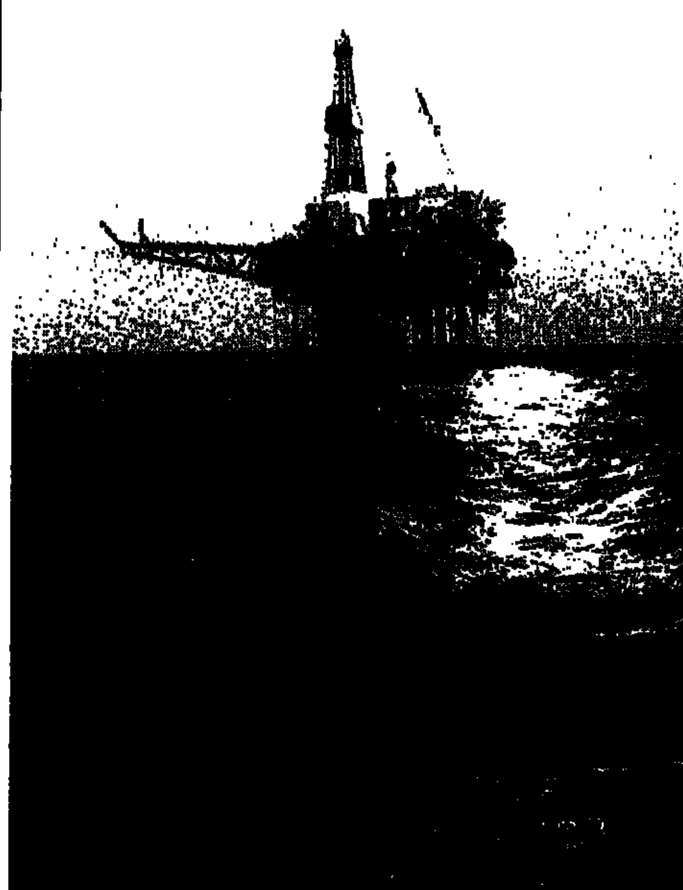
This is the basis of the 30/30/40 society — where 30 per cent of adults are marginalised, another 30 per cent work in insecure forms of employment and only 40 per cent have tenured full-time jobs. There is also an emerging crisis of low pay. Most jobs offering an entry into the labour market pay £4 ($6) an hour or less. Paying a mortgage or assuming other long-term commitments — notably having children — is for many people ever more problematic and stressful. The 300,000 repossessions over the past five years — the greatest frequency of forced evictions this century — have at their root the decline in earning power of mortgagees as much as the inflated house prices of the 1980s boom. Whatever else, contemporary society can hardly be regarded as just.

In these final years of the 1990s, the palpable shortcomings and social costs of the great market experiment are ever more obvious — and harder to confront. The Right, looking to explain what has happened, eccentrically blame Brussels rather than the policies they have canvassed for 17 years. Our efforts to promote the market as the sole organising basis of economy and society must instead, they say, be redoubled.

Yet despite the portrayals of Britain as a success story, the numbers relentlessly point in the other direction. The long-run growth rate has fallen; investment remains low as a proportion of gross domestic product, while takeovers reach record levels; one in four men is either unemployed or economically inactive; child illiteracy and malnutrition are rising; the health and education systems are creaking at the seams; getting from A to B by road or rail is ever more haphazard and time-consuming.

The celebratory comments from Conservative politicians and newspapers seem to come from another world, as indeed they do. The top 10 per cent are better off in relation to the average than at any time this century, and have opted out into a universe of largely private provision. Independent of public structures themselves, they subject them to a withering bombardment; the welfare state, for example, is accused of being unaffordable and a generator of dependence. The 90 per cent, the argument runs, should join the pathfinding top 10 per cent and provide for themselves, thus lowering taxes and promoting incentives. This, after all, is why the country has enjoyed its recent economic "success".

But a successful capitalism harnesses the creative energies of the market to the creative commitment and trust that originate outside it. The tension between the century's two great credos — capitalism and socialism — is thus a tension between two necessary if opposing tendencies. The one asserts the rationality of an economic calculus and the urgent need for effective pricing and incentives; the other the imperative that man is a social animal driven by very much more than simply the urge to maximise profits. The answer to job insecurity, under-investment and social exclusion is not to scrap capitalism nor to promote it as nothing more than the iron laws of the market — rather it is to manage it, so that trust, co-operation and commitment are built into its very foundations. You neglect either at your peril.



North Sea oil . . . Britain has been a victim of industrial date rape

The heart of the problem is that British economic, political and social structures are weak at reconciling these tensions. The early social stimulants to successful capitalism — the Protestant work ethic, for example — have long since burnt out, and the institutional structure, social architecture and economic belief system we have inherited are anti-production, investment and innovation. Whether it is the City of London or the agencies that promote training, the system seems designed to maximise short-termism, lack of commitment and high consumption.

The tragedy of the Thatcher and Major years is that while the Conservative critique was correctly based in a recognition that the public sector and trade unions acutely needed reform in the late 1970s, that was never the whole story. In consequence, the Tory programme has intensified rather than eased the fundamental problem. What was required along with weakening the negative power of the union barons was institution-building so that British capitalism could be equipped to resist the otherwise overpowering influences to make deals rather than invest and produce. And while parts of the public sector were sclerotic, the solution was not to abandon the public domain, offloading the responsibility for producing public goods to a private sector ill-charged to do the job. It was to democratise it.

THE disjunction between metropolitan cheerleading and what is happening on the ground is ever more obvious when any one industry or sector is put under the spotlight. For example, the discovery of North Sea oil in the late 1970s was greeted as a national windfall which might liberate the country from the external and internal constraints hampering investment and growth — and which itself would prove a powerful economic motor. Yet the story of North Sea oil since then dramatises the weaknesses of Britain's economic and financial structures.

For while oil has been pumped from some of the most inhospitable sites in the world, the role of British firms and technology has been sadly lacking. In the mid-1990s, Britain boasts only a minor indigenous offshore supply industry and is badly under-represented in high technology underwater oil exploration and development. The bitter truth is that the North Sea has largely been exploited by foreign companies using foreign technology; as they say in Aberdeen, the centre of the oil-supply business, the British have been left with scraps — the "painting and decorating". Dick Winchester, manager of the Marine Technology Directorate, which funds university research projects that have commercial applications in the North Sea, describes what has happened as industrial date rape.

Driving round Aberdeen's industrial estates, one is struck by the preponderance of American, French, German, Australian and Norwegian firms. They are welcome; they bring employment and

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City 'warned of Sumitomo fraud'

Guardian Reporters

A FORMAL warning which could have prevented the massive $2.5 billion copper fraud at Japan's Sumitomo Corporation was received nearly five years ago by the City of London-based regulators who police international commodity markets.

Evidence that Yasuo Hamanaka, the former head copper trader at Sumitomo, had been involved in falsifying details of copper deals was forwarded to the London Metal Exchange's chief executive, David King, in November 1991, according to documents obtained by the Guardian.

The letter, from an influential US broker, included a handwritten document from Mr Hamanaka in which he asks his client to send details of his trades to an intermediary. He also lists fictitious deals. The broker forwarded this correspondence to Mr King, saying he had refused to comply with Mr Hamanaka's request.

Questioned about the correspondence, Mr King said: "Appropriate action has been taken whenever such documents . . . have been received. They were shown to and followed up by the appropriate regulatory authorities."

The UK's Serious Fraud Office and City of London police have joined financial regulators from across the world to investigate allegations of a global conspiracy to rig the copper market.

Evidence of the fraud, the biggest in financial history, was presented to Sumitomo, a leading copper trader which deals extensively on the London Metal Exchange (LME), following a raid on premises in Guernsey in May by the island's police and the UK Securities and Investment Board.

Sumitomo announced that Mr Hamanaka had admitted the unauthorised transactions and been sacked at the end of last week. The price of copper plummeted in London and New York, where it hit a two-year low over the weekend, though it later stabilised in London.

At the start of the week, attention switched to claims that money may have passed through two secret bank accounts set up by Mr Hamanaka at the City branch of Merrill Lynch, the leading US investment bank.

Further sums are thought to have been siphoned off through the Guernsey branch of the Bank of Butterfield, a Bermudan institution. There is no suggestion that Merrill Lynch or the Bank of Butterfield had any knowledge that irregular transactions were taking place.

It also emerged that the fraud came to light only because documents intended for the trader were mistakenly sent to the firm's internal audit department. Mr Hamanaka was able to get away with his fraud because he hid all the transactions in a personal trading book.


Hamanaka: hid transactions in personal trading book

Fool's gold in a fool's paradise

Continued from page 16

skills — but as the North Sea runs down they will migrate to other deep-water oil-producing parts of the globe. Had some British companies prospered, they could have formed part of the same movement; but in 10 to 15 years, when North Sea production falls away, Aberdeen will be left as a sad husk.

It is not that Britain lacks the engineering and scientific skills; it is that the country is weak in organising them into growing, sustainable businesses. This is not written in British genes; nor it is because of high taxation, strong trade unions or excessive regulation. Taxation is low, unions weak and regulation, if anything, too lax. Indeed the Norwegian, German and French firms that have benefited from the North Sea come from tax and regulatory environments that are more demanding than Britain's.

The problem is more profound; it lies in an attitude towards risk and towards business which is at heart hostile to production and investment — and which is locked into the British financial and corporate system. The British are uneasy about recognising that a business is a social as much as an economic organisation; that it requires committed owners over time; that necessarily there must be an equitable sharing of rewards between various stakeholders; that property rights are not absolute but come with parallel obligations; that wealth generation involves more than buying cheap and selling dear — it is the application of human ingenuity to the physical world. The real yardsticks of success are not financial; they are in real goods and assets — and measures of financial risk and appraisal should be subservient to that end.

Instead, the country has built its business organisation around the contrary propositions — and therein lies the story of its gentle but remorseless fall down the international economic league tables. British companies are owned by uncommitted financial institutions whose criteria for success are largely expressed in this year's profits and dividends. Company and employment law is founded on the conception that all contracts should as far as possible represent minimal commitment and maximum renegotiability — so that British workers' employment rights are among the weakest of any in the major industrialised countries. This is what is required to meet the financial criteria of the owners, whose rights are absolute, and so preserve the autonomy of the business and save it from takeover. The time horizons for new investment are very short-term, averaging no more than two or three years, with exceptionally high expectations of profits. British companies' capacity in turn to construct long-term relationships with their employers and suppliers, to innovate and invest, is performed in the shadow of this larger financial imperative.

North Sea oil development, and the failure of young British companies to stay the course, is a heartbreaking example of these priorities. The range of British companies, specialising in everything from underwater cameras to underwater robots, that have either not found financial support or have won it on such onerous terms that they have had eventually to sell out, is legion. Sometimes the story is of venture capitalists who want to capitalise on their investment quickly; sometimes it is of banks refusing to offer long-term loans; sometimes it is of companies growing so rapidly that they need more working capital than the banks think prudent; sometimes it is of institutional shareholders accepting a takeover offer. The financial result is the same; firms, whether tiny or mammoth, are trying to make very high financial returns over a very short time scale. Production, innovation and investment suffer; ownership passes abroad — and the Brits are left as the painters and decorators.

Firms are trying to make high financial returns over a very short time scale

Eric Tonseth is managing director of Kvaerner, a Norwegian firm that has grown from nothing in the 1970s to one of Europe's largest shipbuilders and suppliers to the oil industry. Last December, it launched a takeover bid for the construction company AMEC, one of the few British firms still to have significant North Sea oil interests. Kvaerner's ambitions were honourable, but AMEC fought for its independence, promising such a large profit increase that every other ambition will have to be forgone to achieve it.

But why was Tonseth the predator and AMEC the victim? If you're an industrial company, he says, it's important "to have long-term shareholders who can associate with your long-term strategy". His massive investment in research would have been impossible without the stable ownership platform and the lack of pressure for immediate financial returns — a position that AMEC can only envy.

Nor is AMEC alone. As Brian Basham, roguish PR veteran of many City takeover battles, declares, other companies will have noted AMEC's situation and taken pre-emptive action. The threat of takeover creates a "spectre effect" in which firms cut back on all those expenditures that are vital for their long-term health but which lower short-term profits and dividends.

And here Britain is unique. A stock market, where shares are traded and can be realised for cash, is an essential institution in any capitalist economy. Investors will be more likely to put up risk capital if they know they can get their money back.

But what is peculiar to Britain is that all a firm's shares are traded by a very diffuse set of shareholders, largely the great pension funds and insurance companies, who have no obligations to the companies they own. In other countries, most of the shares in a company tend to be held by shareholders committed to its long-run aims and under laws which specify that property rights are balanced by accompanying obligations; only a minority of shares are traded on the stock exchange. Ownership in Britain, by contrast, is more closely analogous to that of an absentee landlord, exercising power without responsibility.

The financial and corporate structures that produce this behaviour are deeply embedded. They have grown up around a City of London which itself is at the heart of not merely a set of institutions, but of values and beliefs. The notion that money is better earned gracefully and invisibly through financial dealing rather than grubbily and visibly through sweat and endeavour has deep roots. This, as economic historian David Kynaston says, is in part about the status of London in relation to the Midlands and the North; and in part about the marriage of land and finance accomplished in the latter half of the 19th century, so that the City earned the sobriquet of "gentlemanliness" rather than industry. One of the great attractions of free-market theory to Britain's gentlemanly capitalists, is that it validates their social and political position. It is a happy accident that the free markets which are the acme of economic organisation also confer so much social and political power on the right kind of people.

Of course, some of the trends generating the 30/30/40 society are international — low growth, financial volatility, low-cost competition and the march of technology — but Britain's brand of economic policy together with its institutional matrix has accelerated the process still further. More than that, the market has been extended into the provision of public goods — health, transport, the provision of school dinners even — where the clash between economic calculus and more complex social values is even more marked.

Management that does not put work at its heart is gravely deficient

In some respects the motives were proper. The British public sector has poor lines of accountability, was inefficient and in many areas represented top-down delivery of inadequate services. A shake-up was needed. But what has happened has gone well beyond that. There is not a town in the country unscarred by the dogmatic application of the market principle into areas where it is improper or unworkable. It might be the futile and expensive attempt to privatise the management of council housing in Bradford; the wild deregulation of buses in Manchester; the enforced contracting out of school dinners in Stockport with new problems of hygiene and food quality; the near implosion of the neurosurgical department at the Radcliffe Hospital in Oxford or the alarmingly high number of incidents at the privatised jail in Rochdale. The attempt to mimic markets in these areas has produced the opposite result to what was intended.

At the heart of these failures lies a mistaken view of how to produce a successful economy and society. While it is obvious to all at the end of the 20th century that socialist collectivism is hardly an efficient form of economic and social organisation, that does not mean that the polar opposite, free market individualism, is the most efficient by default.

There is a third choice. The stakeholder conception is an open appeal to a more long-standing British tradition — of liberal, Whiggish pragmatism. Private property should not confer absolute rights; there are parallel obligations of commitment and openness. The workplace is a social as much as an economic forum. Democracy is more complex than simply winning elections every five years and governing according to the dictates of one party. The good society recognises interdependence of claims and responsibilities, which is at heart the role of the welfare state. Economic management that does not put employment at its heart is gravely deficient. Where collective provision, of pensions or of health, is more efficient, that is the form of organisation for which society should opt.

The open question is whether, given the strength of the vested interests protecting the current order, the British economy and society could move in this direction. Although Labour has used some of the language, it is nervous about wholeheartedly championing the policy implications — instead preferring to conduct the political argument along the old binary poles in which its fitness for government is judged by how much it is not collectivist, and how much it dares to espouse free-market individualism. The country, anxious for relief, wants something different — but what it may get is more of the same. A great opportunity may yet go begging.

Will Hutton is editor of the Observer

FOREIGN EXCHANGES

	Sterling rates June 17	Sterling rates June 10
Australia	1.9508-1.9526	1.9297-1.9318
Austria	16.49-16.61	16.64-16.68
Belgium	48.23-48.28	48.65-48.8
Canada	2.1108-2.1122	2.0875-2.0897
Denmark	9.03-9.04	9.07-9.09
France	7.95-7.96	7.96-7.97
Germany	2.3444-2.3461	2.3512-2.3530
Hong Kong	11.96-11.96	11.84-11.86
Ireland	0.9711-0.9722	0.9729-0.9745
Italy	2,376-2,379	2,374-2,377
Japan	168.10-168.29	166.98-167.13
Netherlands	2.6268-2.6280	2.6318-2.6344
New Zealand	2.2872-2.2903	2.2732-2.2765
Norway	10.06-10.07	10.04-10.05
Portugal	241.45-241.69	242.36-242.67
Spain	198.06-198.26	198.37-198.63
Sweden	10.28-10.30	10.32-10.34
Switzerland	1.9302-1.9322	1.9392-1.9411
USA	1.5450-1.5465	1.5610-1.5624
ECU	1.2405-1.2414	1.2432-1.2442

FTSE100 Share Index up 32.7 at 3781.8. FTSE 250 Index up 9.6 at 4462.2. Gold down $1.00 at $385.85.

Britain sold France 'mad cow disease' feed

Jean-Yves Nau and Franck Nouchi

THE British scientific weekly Nature revealed in its June 13 issue that UK exports of animal feedstuffs potentially contaminated with the agent that causes bovine spongiform (BSE) — or "mad cow disease" — more than doubled in the years following their ban in the Britain. Most of the increase was accounted for by exports to France, though feed also went to other European Union countries.

Nature provides precise export figures, which amounted more than 25,000 tonnes in 1991, by which time a series of bans had been introduced in various countries.

These revelations mean that the epidemiological data will need to be reviewed and new health measures introduced. They further complicate the diplomatic storm over BSE that has hit the EU in the past few weeks.

"The publication of these figures confirms what we had suspected for some time, namely that it is impossible for sporadic cases of BSE not also to have been recorded in countries other than France, Portugal, Switzerland and Ireland," says a French expert. "Clearly other EU countries have been affected by BSE but are concealing the truth." This view is unofficially shared by the French agriculture ministry.

The lack of clear regulations governing the use of British meat and bone meal in the feedstuffs of non-carnivorous animals is one of the most disturbing mysteries of the whole "mad cow" affair.

The new disease was first reported at the end of 1986. By 1988 it was possible to link the emergence of the bovine disease with changes that had taken place in the manufacture of meat and bone meal fed to ruminants.

"It was in 1980 that the manufacture of the meal was changed for reasons of profitability and economy," say Dr Pierre Beauvais and Dr Thierry Billette de Villemeur in their recent book on Creutzfeldt-Jakob disease (CJD) and other prion diseases. "The system of extracting fats with hexane was abandoned in favour of continuous processing involving less intense temperatures. Although the heat was sufficient to inactivate viruses, it helped the survival of the infectious agent [the prion] in the meal."

In June 1988, the British government decided to ban the use of "animal proteins" in feed for ruminants. That legislation was supplemented in September 1990 by a ban on the use of bovine offal in the manufacture of feed for other animals.

One of the reasons for the sharp rise in British exports of potentially contaminated meat and bone meal after it had been banned in Britain was the fall in its price.

Despite the potentially dangerous nature of the product, several British veterinary experts have defended the British decision to allow exports to continue. Nature reports that one member of the UK Spongiform Encephalopathy Advisory Committee (Seac) argued that while the 1988 ban prohibited the inclusion of ruminant protein in rations for ruminants it allowed its use in pig and poultry rations. So there was no reason not to export it.

There were, however, some non-British experts who disapproved of London's attitude. "They knew at that time that meat and bone meal was dangerous but they exported it and spread the danger of new cases of BSE arising in member states," says Udo Weimer, an official at the German agriculture ministry's animal diseases division.

'Tally Ho!'

An official from the British Veterinary Association says that he warned the government about the dangers of exporting "poisoned food", which he described as "immoral".

In France, various experts, including Professor Marc Savey of the National Centre for Veterinary Research, argue that the impact of these imports could have been much worse if France had not traditionally tended to use lower concentrations of meat and bone meal in cattle feed. High-protein feeds were mainly used for pigs and poultry.

This view is shared by the French agriculture ministry, which points out that the import of British feed was banned in August 1989 except in cases where it was to be used to feed non-ruminants.

At the time, the European Commission felt there was no need to apply an EU ban on British feedstuff, partly because the UK had apparently promised Brussels it would stop exporting the product — a promise it did not keep. But some member states, including Germany, implemented their own import bans.

It also emerged this week that on March 8, two weeks before the British government alerted the international community to the risk of transmission to humans of the infectious agent responsible for BSE, experts on the Scientific Committee for Food (SCF) at the European Commission issued an opinion warning against that very risk, even though they had not been told about the 10 new cases of CJD in Britain which triggered the present crisis.

One of the members of the SCF, who wishes to remain anonymous, says: "At our March 8 meeting, we were subjected to very serious arm-twisting by members of the Commission's Directorate-General for Agriculture. They clearly wanted to stop us issuing the opinion we did, on the grounds that it would cause unnecessary public concern. But we stuck to our guns. Tempers ran high and we parted on very bad terms. We handed in our opinion to the Commission and heard no more of it. All opinions issued by our committee are in theory passed on to EU governments." Was it passed on to the French government? If so, why did the French health authorities not act on it?

In another development, a Franco-British team of medical researchers announced on June 13 that they had succeeded in transmitting the agent responsible for BSE to macaque monkeys. "It is the first, and very strong, experimental argument in favour of there being a connection between the BSE agent and the appearance of a new strain of CJD in humans, but it does not amount to proof," said the team led by Dr Dominique Dormont. Research was carried out by the French Atomic Energy Commission and the National Institute for Health and Medical Research in collaboration with Britain's National CJD Surveillance Unit.

The results obtained by Dormont's team strongly support the theory that the agent responsible for BSE can be transmitted to humans, though they do not clinch the argument insofar as the pathogenic agent was administered to the monkeys by intracranial injection, not through the digestive tract. However, the fact that the cerebral lesions in the monkeys resembled those observed in human victims of the new strain of CJD is particularly disturbing. It establishes a link between the two pathologies and seems unlikely to be the result of chance.

(June 13/14)

Squabbling rulers leave Turkey rudderless

Marie Jégo

SIX months after a general election that saw the pro-Islamist Welfare Party take the largest slice of the vote, Turkey is still rudderless. On June 6 the prime minister and leader of the Motherland Party, Mesut Yilmaz, resigned when Tansu Ciller, his coalition partner, said that her True Path Party was going to vote in favour of an opposition censure motion.

Turkey's apparently endless quest for a viable government is now verging on the absurd. It is by no means certain that fresh elections, or the formation of a government of national unity, or a patching together of the earlier coalition would end the political instability that has gripped the country.

So far the crisis has worked in favour of the Islamists, who have skilfully exploited the rift, not to say loathing, that exists between Ciller and Yilmaz. In the end, their laborious marriage of convenience lasted less than 100 days.

Despite their common belief in secularism, determination to anchor Turkey firmly to Europe and adoption of a market economy, the two centre-right leaders spent their whole time laying banana skins in each other's path.

The saga of their dirty tricks was meticulously chronicled in the press but did not seem greatly to interest the public at large. The pro-Yilmaz daily, Hürriyet, recently described in great detail how Ciller, towards the end of her premiership last year, allegedly ordered the coffers of the central bank to be opened so she could withdraw $6.5 million from the prime minister's secret fund.

The "Iron Lady", who is held in contempt by grandees in her own party (she dismisses them as just being interested in "the gravy"), now gets her support within True Path from former bosses of the security services, who mostly come from a far-right background and have earned the party the nickname of "Police Academy".

Criticised in her own camp, blamed in business circles for not having delivered the reforms expected of her, and seen by the man in the street as rich and corrupt, Ciller could well vanish from the political scene as suddenly as she erupted on to it.

The three inquiries now being conducted into her past conduct at the initiative of Welfare deputies, with the backing of Motherland, could well result in her facing charges before the supreme court.

And, to cap everything, the first woman to have become Turkish prime minister — "A woman like me is born once every thousand years," she once boasted — may not even be re-elected as party leader when True Path holds its congress shortly.

At a time when Turkey is moving closer to Europe, and with its role as a regional power strengthened by the Gulf war, the fall of the Soviet Union and the crisis in the Balkans, the government has failed to carry out vital reforms.

The priorities listed by Yilmaz when he became prime minister in March — more power to the regions, recognition of the Kurds' cultural rights, privatisation, and economic recovery — were the same as the programme that was announced by Ciller three years ago but never implemented.

The centre-right parties, caught in the straitjacket of Kemalism (Kemal Atatürk believed in a modern, republican and secular Turkey), are unable to come up with any genuine political project; they are cut off from the people and, in some cases, corrupt; and they have allowed themselves to get dragged deeper and deeper into the crisis with almost suicidal determination. In so doing, they have played into the hands of the Islamists.

Welfare won a municipal byelection on June 2 with 34 per cent of the vote, whereas True Path notched up its worst score (12 per cent) since it was formed in 1983. The Islamists are organised, disciplined and close to the people; and they have shown great skill in running the towns whose councils they control (they have not, for example, imposed Islamic law). Their dynamism suggests that sooner or later they will have to be allowed a hand in the running of the country.

Even so, the various ideological tendencies within Welfare and the deliberate vagueness with which its leaders surround their true intentions suggest that if they manage to quell misgivings in the army — the traditional repository of Kemalist values — and succeed in coming to power, they will not necessarily offer Turkey greater stability.

Turkey's apparently endless quest for a viable government is verging on the absurd

The real danger facing Turkey is not so much the Islamist peril or the fragility of its coalition governments as its inability to jettison the dogma of the First Republic, founded 73 years ago by Atatürk.

The former president, Turgut Ozal, realised that the country needed to distance itself from certain aspects of Kemalism. He once revealed in public that he was a Kurd and that his grandmother did not even speak Turkish, thus breaking one of the taboos of the unitary state.

He also tried to reconcile Turkey with its Ottoman history and made it easier for Welfare to set itself up as a party. Although he, too, was unable to carry through his plans (which involve decentralisation and cultural autonomy for the Kurdish minority), he at least had the merit of bringing such issues out into the open.

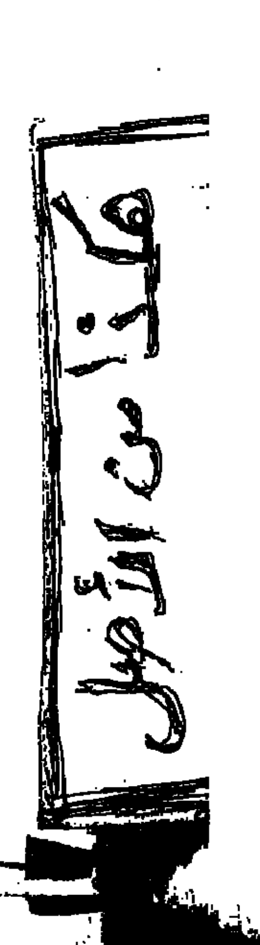
Politicians, intellectuals and businesspeople alike agree that what Turkey needs is "a veritable perestroika", in the words of Cem Boyner, a captain of industry who has gone into politics.

Despite some window-dressing by the government, the human rights situation remains disturbing. For the 12th year in succession, the army has launched a spring offensive in Kurdistan. The economy is hamstrung by debt and inflation, and the "social fracture" is widening.

For Turkey to get out of this impasse it will need a political leader courageous enough to implement thorough reforms and set in motion a transition to a Second Republic.

If it is to resolve its contradictions, the nation will have to accept the multi-ethnicity of its population, go back to its roots and acknowledge the fact that power should be shared among all political forces in a manner that is consistent with election results.

(June 8)



Venetians seek to protect their gold

The hard-working people of northern Italy are as keen as ever to secede from Rome, writes **Marie-Claude Decamps**

TO HOUSE the so-called "parliament of the north", brainchild of the Northern League's prickly leader Umberto Bossi, party activists discovered a beautiful 17th century villa in Mantua. It will be much harder to come up with a decent building in Venice that can serve as headquarters for the "government of Padania" — "Padania" being a geographical entity covering the rich Po Valley (the regions of Piedmont, Lombardy and Veneto), whose "secession" Bossi has called for.

The task of finding such a building is something that Alberto Mazzonetto, who teaches history at a technical college as well as acting as the League's secretary in Veneto, would have preferred not to have to take on.

But it was in Veneto that the League got its highest score in April's general election — even more than in Bossi's home region of Lombardy — with an average of 30 per cent of the vote and peaks of up to 60 per cent.

Mazzonetti needs little encouragement to trot out the demands of the north, a region "colonised" by the "centralist and bureaucratic parasites in Rome", who have sent their "southern teachers, southern policeman and southern civil servants" to the once sacred lands of the Venetian republic.

The result, he claims, is that, just as in the Roman emperors' heyday, the "dominating Latins" have enslaved the local population and are crippling them with taxes so as to help make up Italy's growing public deficit. Hence the need for "secession", now that the idea of federalism has been debased by all those "opportunist political parties" who have seized on the idea to defuse the northern threat.

Mazzonetti is enthusiastic about the "government of Padania", which will serve as an instrument to destroy the "Utopia of Italian unity" once and for all and operate in the shadow of the Rome government. In other words, all the north needs to do is build a "Padanian" Maginot Line along the Rubicon.

So much for the rhetoric — rhetoric which even Bossi's most fervent supporters, the ones who attend Sunday meetings wrapped in flags bearing the image of the 12th century nationalist Lombard hero, Alberto da Giussano, find hard to explain while keeping a straight face.

The fact is that despite all that medieval gobbledegook and Bossi's carefully controlled verbal outbursts the League knows very well what it is doing. It is making political capital out of the wealthy north's mounting anger at the way it believes it is being dragged down by a nepotistic and featherbedded south.

The greatest anger of all has been expressed by the province of Veneto, which likes to see its rebellion over tax in the past few weeks as being in the tradition of the 1793 Vendée uprising during the French Revolution.

Veneto has become the powerhouse and the gold mine of the northeast, all thanks to a network of skilfully managed small companies and craft industries. More than three-quarters of all ski boots manufactured in the world come from Montebelluna, and more than 80 per cent of all bicycle saddles (excluding China) from Rossano Veneto. The Verona company, Quarella, has a global monopoly of compressed marble powder. The world's leading manufacturer of spectacles, Luxotica, is based in Cadore. Exports from Vicenza alone are worth more than the total for the whole of Greece.

This "European Japan" is organised into corporatist sectors where each company often complements the production of the next, instead of competing with it. Vicenza's 1,200 small goldworking firms together have greater economic clout than such giants as Olivetti or Alitalia.

That is precisely what so galls the people of Veneto. As the benefits of the devalued lira begin to fade, they sense their economic miracle is in jeopardy. It is one of the regions that pays the most taxes, yet remains at the bottom of the list when it comes to benefiting from state services in return. Its road infrastructure is outdated and its hospitals overcrowded.

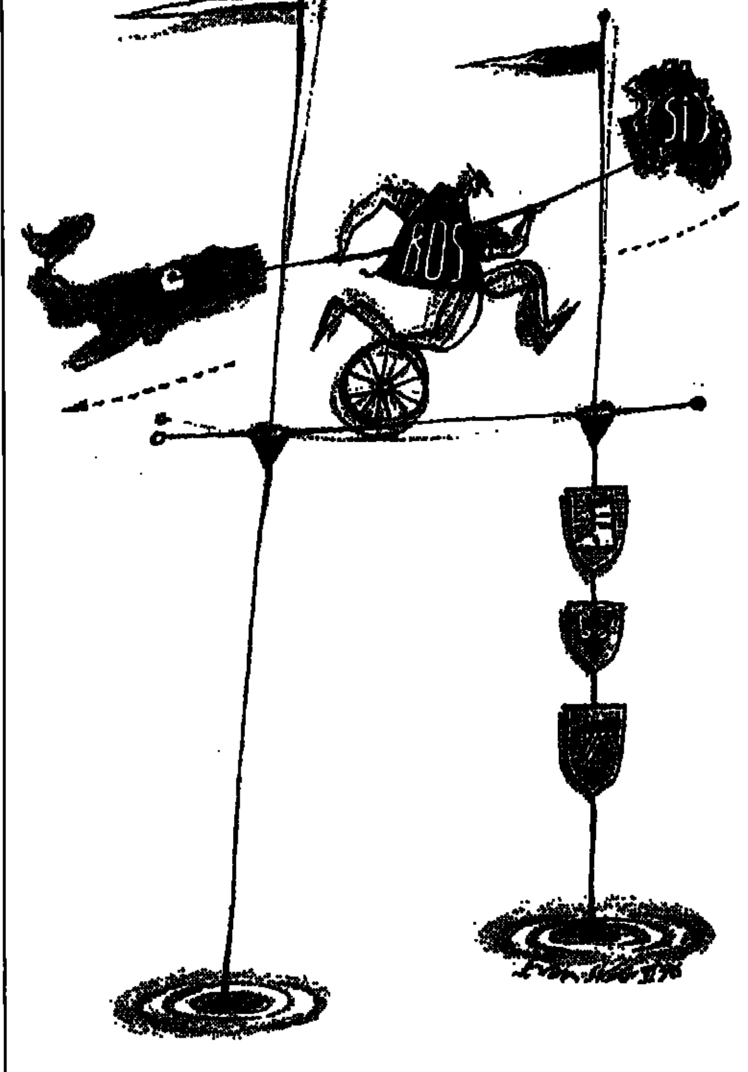
Giuseppe Ceccato, League senator and mayor of the sleek town of Montecchio Maggiore, which boasts 600 companies for 20,000 inhabitants, says: "We've made enough sacrifices. We work like mad, my town pays 110 billion lire [$73 million] in taxes and gets only 5 billion [lire] back. That's why we're talking about secession. We ought to hold a referendum or even bring in the UN."

At the wheel of his big metallic-finished Mercedes, Giuseppe Covre, who is a League "new boy" in parliament and mayor of Oderzo, says again and again: "They're throttling us. Contesting one's tax bill is a case of legitimate self-defence."

Veneto "rebels" like Covre are quick to get on their high horse if you point out that they drive cars as wide as aircraft carriers, or that in the days before the taxman really began to put on the screws — by raising taxes in 13 years from 22 to 40 per cent for shops and craft industries, and to more than 60 per cent for companies — they had an easy time of it, and in some cases proved themselves to be remarkable tax dodgers.

Covre founded the Movement of Northeast Mayors, which is active in denouncing bureaucracy. "I was the first person in my family to go to university," he explains. "I created my company with my own hands, Now the state steps in with its absurd inspections."

At Conegliano, an association called Life has declared war on the tax authorities and on Coreco, a powerful body that represents the "colonial power" in Rome and keeps tabs on the way local authorities are run. Founded two years ago by 20 dynamic bosses of small businesses, who describe themselves as "European federalist free entrepreneurs", Life now has almost 1,000 members.



Their Catholic leader, Fabio Padovan, a former policeman who now heads Otlav, one of the world's leading manufacturers of door hinges, explained his aims to millions of startled television viewers a few days ago: "Yes, I've decided to evade taxation, and I'm proud of it. It's a way of getting my own back on the state's unjust fiscal terrorism."

Padovan used to get goose-pimples whenever he heard the national anthem. "But when I saw the bloody faces of General Dalla Chiesa and his wife in September 1982, after they had been murdered by the Mafia, I realised that the Italian state was not my state," he says. "Ever since then I've dreamt of a civilised, well-ordered and efficient country, where the state protects you instead of oppressing you. Here in Veneto, the 'miracle' everyone is talking about was a way of saving our skins. It grew out of our fierce determination to invent, work and take risks. We'll do anything to protect it, even if it means going to jail."

Veneto is a region that has always known how to turn politics to its own end

Padovan says that in the past three years the tax authorities have taken as much from him as they had in the previous 19 years. He describes the games of hide-and-seek he and his colleagues play with the tax squad: whenever it swoops on one of their businesses, all the other bosses are alerted by fax and turn up to hold a protest.

Padovan remembers how poor "his" Veneto used to be. It was a land of émigrés, who were contemptuously nicknamed *polentonis* (eaters of polenta), and whose income per inhabitant crept up to the national average only in 1971.

In the early sixties, 48 per cent of homes had no running water, 86 per cent no heating, and 15 per cent no electricity. Gian Antonio Stella, a journalist who knows Veneto well, says it is a region where the work ethic — within a family framework — has given people a sense of identity, and where 69 per cent of local industries were founded by people who had earlier been blue- or white-collar workers.

It would be a trifle simplistic to argue that anger in the northeast is just selfish whingeing by an affluent society. It is in Veneto that there is the highest concentration of voluntary organisations and of blood donors in Italy.

Where, then, does politics come into it? "It's a region that has always known how to turn politics to its own ends," says the sociologist Ilvo Diamanti. "While the Veneto of old voted for the permissive Christian-Democratic Party because it saw it as a tool that would help it to develop, it now votes for the League because it can use it as a megaphone to press home its demands for lower taxation and less red tape. But in fact there's no such thing as a secessionist Veneto."

So what does its angry business community actually want? Federalism? A Europe of regions? Or simply "financial autonomy"? It is hard to say. Meanwhile the temperature continues to rise and the government refuses to budge.

According to Padovan, the members of Life are "post-political". He adds: "The Northern League didn't give us ideas. It simply translated into socio-economic terms our need for an identity, which had up to then expressed itself in our 'Lega Veneta', the forerunner of all the leagues in cultural terms. At the start of his career, Bossi even came to see how it worked.

"Nowadays politics is like taking a taxi: we've opted for the fastest one, on condition it drives us where we want to go." What Padovan does not say is who is going to stump up for the fare.

(June 11)

Women make bid for parity

EDITORIAL

ONE of several areas in which France differs from its European neighbours is the disgracefully small role that women are allowed to play in politics. For several years now, women's groups have been calling for the adoption of a quota system in the choosing of candidates for public office.

That idea came back into the news this week with the publication of a "manifesto for parity" signed by 10 women deputies, or former deputies, from the ranks of both the majority party and the opposition.

The prime minister, Alain Juppé, reacted by saying he was now prepared to consider the idea of quotas, while the leader of the opposition Socialist party, Lionel Jospin, feels the "time for coercion" has come.

With its 5.5 per cent of women in the National Assembly, and 4.9 per cent in the Senate, France trails well behind countries such as Portugal (8.2 per cent) and Greece (6.3 per cent).

Women are barely better represented on local councils (5.4 per cent), regional councils (12) and general councils (20).

Against this background, the introduction of quotas and coercive measures against political parties would carry the "force of a slogan", in Evelyne Pisier's words. Some see quotas as a necessary evil to insure women break into the often stoutly defended male fortress of politics.

Serious objections, however, can be made against a quota system. Its implementation would constitute a breach of French constitutional law, under which it is forbidden "to lay claim to the exercise of sovereignty".

Such objections could be swept aside if women's paltry role in the political process were purely the result of misogyny in French society. Yet the condition of women in France is often more enviable than it is in many neighbouring countries.

The unwillingness of the political community to allow women a look-in is only one facet of its closed-shop mentality. Evidence for this can be seen in the longevity of politicians' careers and the poor representation of certain social categories among their ranks.

The other is the "French exception": France is the only great democracy that allows its citizens to hold more than one public office at the same time.

If the same men stopped monopolising every echelon of political power, places would become available to women, as indeed they would to other categories of people who are barred from political life.

(June 8)

Le Monde

Directeur: Jean-Marie Colombani

Sticking to the Dayton Accords

COMMENT
Stephen S. Rosenfeld

THE MAGIC, to bring back a Bosnia worthy of the national name, was to be elections. By the West's imposition of an electoral process, authority was to be transferred from the old ethnic hierarchies to new leaders and communities committed to a multiethnic ideal. Then Western peacekeepers would slip out of risk, leaving a progressively more viable unpartitioned Bosnia behind.

It was an appealing idea to Americans, comfortable as our own experience makes us with the notion of federalism. In Bosnia, many citizens — and not just the advocates of a Greater Serbia or a Greater Croatia — wondered whether the ethnic communities could live together, or why they should even try. But integration also has a constituency in Bosnia, and a great many of the 2 million citizens displaced or made refugees see it as the only way they eventually can go home.

This is how everybody got to what the private International Crisis Group now fairly calls the make-or-break moment for last December's Dayton peace accords. There can be no serious contention that conditions are right for the September elections anticipated at Dayton. The current leaders run pretty much an authoritarian show. Elections under these conditions would likely only ratify the anti-democratic and pro-partition tendencies of the three ethnic groups, mocking the large ambitions of the peace agreement and conceivably pushing Bosnia back toward war.

Yet to suspend the voting until conditions are right is to introduce major new uncertainties. Not least, suspension would head off creation, in these elections, of the common institutions (joint presidency, federal parliament) that are Dayton's thin but best hope to set Bosnia on a multiethnic path. This is the official American position.

But it isn't really the position. The international argument over the timing of the Bosnian elections is not so much a policy debate among people who disagree as a policy evasion enjoying a broad consensus. The real subject at issue is what it has been throughout this miserable war: the effort of the West to influence the outcome without committing itself to heavy lifting. That we should be hung up on such a technical point of implementation at all suggests how far the discussion has strayed.

What Bosnia needs is not elections in September or elections three or six months later, but elections that carry the country forward, not back. For that there must be timely extra help by the international peacekeepers. The first mission their political masters should assign them is to deliver the accused war criminals, including most urgently the Karadzic-Mladic team of the Bosnian Serbs. Can you imagine what kind of elections would issue from a "Serb Republic" where those two were still on the loose? The subsequent missions are well known to the many people who have looked in on this problem.

But perhaps another mission ought to come first: to dispense with what is now the prevailing pretense that the problem of Bosnia can be wrapped up in the short period of a year. This is the premise of the December termination date written in for the international peacekeeping force. Under pressure of deteriorating events, that force has been assigned a bit more space: the pullout won't end in December, it will begin then. But the impression still prevails that the terms of international concern with Bosnia are being determined by Bill Clinton's political calendar.

Who does not sense in Washington a great fatigue about Bosnia, intellectual as well as political? "Dayton," representing not just a diplomatic initiative but a prior we-mean-business NATO surge, was supposed to have cracked this case. The United States was moving to a posture of scarcely qualified self-congratulation for pulling a chestnut — a European chestnut, no less — out of the fire. By now Bosnia was to have been well on the way to being over.

But telltale signs indicate that it is not over. On the ground, the parties hesitate to do their Dayton duty. Recriminations are resuming between Europe and the United States over responsibility for the shortfall. The Clinton reelection campaign cannot be sure whether to embrace Bosnia as a success or to put a little distance between it and the candidate.

No one wants to be nagged anymore on Bosnia. No one wants a lecture on the merits and demerits of NATO "mission creep." But people must understand what at this point Bosnia is about. It is not about Europe, NATO and intervention, least of all about the scheduling of elections. It is about sticking to hard things, especially to hard American things — the Dayton accords. This is what in the first instance Bill Clinton must grasp and explain.

Emotional Dole Bids Fond Farewell to Senate

Helen Dewar

ROBERT DOLE last week bade a loving farewell to the Senate, struggling to keep his emotions in check as he concluded a "great ride" of 35 years on Capitol Hill to devote himself fully to his uphill bid for the presidency.

Rising to speak for the last time as the longest-serving Republican leader in Senate history, Dole shared reminiscences that transcended partisan differences, stressing values of civility and compromise that marked his 11 years as the party's leader in the Senate.

All in all, despite "a few bumps along the way," he said, "it's been a great ride."

In his recollections, he spoke fondly of Democrats as well as Republicans — from Hubert Humphrey and George McGovern to the current Democratic leader, Thomas Daschle, South Dakota, in an old-fashioned kind of senatorial collegiality that stands in contrast with the already bitter tone of his campaign against President Clinton.

The accomplishments he cited with particular pride — expanding nutrition programs, bailing out the Social Security system, extending civil rights protections to the disabled — were those he achieved in concert with Democrats. They were issues that appeal to moderates of both parties rather than the polarizing issues he has stressed so far in the campaign.

"We were Democrats and Republicans" working across party lines for a common solution, he said, suggesting a similar approach for dealing with the solvency of the Medicare program.

After a morning filled with tributes from colleagues on both sides of the partisan aisle, Dole strode into the Senate chamber shortly after noon, bringing his colleagues to their feet in unison as they broke into loud and sustained applause.

His wife, Elizabeth Hanford Dole, and daughter, Robin, watched from the public galleries, along with hundreds of other well-wishers. House Speaker Newt Gingrich, R-Georgia, came across the Capitol, taking his place among Senate aides in the rear of the chamber. Former senator Howard M. Metzenbaum, D-Ohio, with whom Dole tangled on numerous occasions, joined a small group of longtime colleagues who came out of retirement to say their goodbyes.

Senators — Democratic and Republican alike — sat in hushed, almost reverential attention as Dole began to speak, getting only a few words into his remarks before his emotions caught up with him and he had to pause to collect himself. Sheila Burke, his longtime chief of staff, sat at his side, weeping. Several colleagues also appeared to be struggling with their emotions.

As he concluded his 37-minute address, his voice broke again. "The Bible tells us, 'To everything there is a season,' and I think my season in the Senate is about to come to an end," he told his colleagues. "But the new season before me makes this moment far less the closing of one chapter than the opening of another."

Then the Senate and its galleries erupted in another long standing ovation in buoyant violation of Senate rules banning demonstrations in the chamber, which no one cared to enforce.

Just over an hour later, Dole's resignation became effective and, as a former senator exercising his visitation rights, he returned to the floor to join Sen. Nancy Landon Kassebaum, R-Kansas, in swearing in his successor, Sheila Frahm, the former lieutenant governor of Kansas, as his successor. Frahm brings the number of women in the Senate to nine, a new record.

Just before his speech, the Senate voted by unanimous consent — a rarity in the partisan climate that has seized the chamber in recent months — to name the balcony outside the GOP leader's office in honor of Dole. Dole used it so often to enjoy the sun and to wilt his colleagues during haggling over legislation that it became known as "Dole beach."

Dole's successor as majority leader will be chosen this week by Senate Republicans, and Majority Whip Trent Lott, R-Mississippi, is the strong favorite to win the post. Lott's only rival is Republican Conference Chairman Thad Cochran, Mississippi.

In his speech, Dole urged that the Senate leadership continue to work together and warned his colleagues against seeking "total victory".

As for the Senate itself, he said, "It's what America is about. We come from different states and different backgrounds, different opportunities, different challenges in our lives. And, yes, the institution has its imperfections. . . . We're like America. We're still a work in progress."

Dole and his wife Elizabeth attend a Washington dinner last week for his retirement from the Senate PHOTOGRAPH: RUTH FREMSON

Court Grants Asylum Over Mutilation

Roberto Suro

THE NATION'S highest immigration court ruled last week that a 19-year-old West African woman should be granted political asylum because she fears the bloody but traditional practice of genital mutilation by members of her tribe.

The ruling marked the first time that a court with national jurisdiction recognized the practice of female genital mutilation as a form of persecution, and the decision will serve as a precedent for the 179 immigration judges who hear asylum cases around the country.

In an 11 to 1 decision, the Board of Immigration Appeals found that Fauziya Kasinga of Togo was a credible witness and that she met the standards of U.S. law by showing that she had a well-founded fear of suffering genital mutilation. Previous rulings by immigration judges were divided on the issue.

"The characteristic of having intact genitalia is one that is so fundamental to the individual indentity of a young woman that she should not be required to change it," said the majority opinion written by appeals board Chairman Paul Schmidt.

An estimated 80 million women have been subject to genital mutilation worldwide, according to the Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS). The crude and frequently dangerous practice is often performed on girls at the age of puberty. The opinion cited evidence that genital mutilation has often been used to assure male domination of women. "We find that [female genital mutilation] can be a basis for asylum," Schmidt said in the opinion.

Kasinga fled her homeland in 1994, days after she said she was forcibly married to an older man and prepared for circumcision in accordance with tribal custom. She arrived at Newark airport with a false passport and was immediately put in prison while her asylum case progressed. After being denied asylum by an immigration judge in Philadelphia, she pursued an appeal and was released from detention in April two weeks before the appeals board heard her case.

The board found that Kasinga's account was "plausibly detailed and internally consistent." Her attorneys had argued that the judge who initially ruled against her was biased and uninformed about practices in Togo. In presenting its case before the appeals board, the INS argued that there were serious inconsistencies in Kasinga's story, but the agency declined to make a firm determination on her credibility.

"I am very happy for her. I feel all the injustices she suffered under our system have been, if not redeemed, at least dealt with responsibly," said Layli Bashir Miller, a law student at American University who helped Kasinga with her asylum case.

Montana Freemen Surrender

Tom Kenworthy in Billings

MONTANA'S anti-government Freemen surrendered peacefully to the FBI last week, ending an 81-day armed standoff at an isolated ranch complex on the plains of eastern Montana. The surrender brought to an end a more than two-year campaign of intimidation by the rebels against their own community.

The finale of the longest such confrontation with federal law enforcement in U.S. history came on Thursday last week as the group of 16 Freemen gave themselves up to armed FBI agents. The Freemen had occupied a 960-acre ranch, which they named Justus Township, for months.

The group, which refuses to acknowledge the legitimacy of the federal government, was then driven to Billings, nearly 200 miles away. There, 14 members of the group, who face an array of state and federal charges ranging from financial fraud to threatening public officials, were processed at the Yellowstone County jail and then brought before a federal magistrate.

A day after their surrender the 14 men facing charges resumed their angry and quirky defiance of authority during a preliminary hearing on federal criminal charges in U.S. District Court.

Appearing before a federal magistrate here, they firmly and sometimes loudly rebelled against everything from the spelling of their names in court documents to the court's very authority to hold legal proceedings against them.

Some 100 FBI agents had been surrounding the ranch all spring, imposing a loose blockade.

The peaceful surrender, under still-undisclosed terms hammered out with the help of a local Montana legislator and North Carolina legal group with right-wing ties, is a victory for the Justice Department and the FBI, whose reputations had been severely tarnished by violent conclusions to previous stakeouts involving white separatist Randy Wenver at Ruby Ridge, Idaho, and the Branch Davidian religious sect near Waco, Texas. In the latter confrontation, an estimated 80 members of the sect died.

Though the FBI had been criticized for its new policy of patience and tolerance as the Freemen standoff dragged on through the spring, the less confrontational policy brought the standoff to the peaceful conclusion the agency had desperately sought.

State and federal law enforcement authorities said the surrender was not prompted by any offers of leniency to the Freemen. The only concessions were that the group be allowed to take with them voluminous documents they believe will bolster their case against the government and that some older members of the group have ready access to needed medical care.

The Freemen adhere to an often incomprehensible philosophy of self-government centered on the notion of "common law" courts. They reject nearly all federal and state government authority.

FDR — Remembered in His Own Image

OPINION
Charles Krauthammer

SHOULD the Franklin Roosevelt memorial now going up near the Mall in Washington show Roosevelt in a wheelchair? The memorial designers think not. There will be three representations of FDR in stone, none acknowledging his disability.

This has aroused the protest of many, from disability activists to Roosevelt grandchildren to ordinary pundits. To airbrush out this central reality in FDR's life, they charge, is a historical travesty.

The weakness of the critics' case lies in its central premise: that FDR would have wanted himself portrayed in a wheelchair. Yes, they admit, he did not permit himself to be photographed in a wheelchair. Yes, he relentlessly, obsessively hid his condition from the American people. Yes, on occasion he even lied about it.

But, claim the critics, FDR did all this for political reasons. Given the prejudices of the age, he needed to conceal his paralysis. The American people would never have chosen a disabled man to lead them. Now, however, in this more enlightened age, he would have been pleased, even proud, to be portrayed with his disability.

It is a nice argument. It is also nonsense. It posits that if FDR had not run for the presidency, but had remained a lawyer or taken some nonelective political position requiring no pandering to voters, he would have had no qualms about cruising through society in a wheelchair.

This is just plain wrong. FDR's extraordinary, artful contrivances were designed to hide his disability not just from voters, but from everyone. He concealed his paralysis not just for reasons of politics but for reasons of pride. He lived a life of fierce denial. "FDR refused to acknowledge unpleasant facts," writes Hugh Gallagher in his superb book FDR's Splendid Deception. "They were simply avoided, dismissed, or denied. They were certainly not discussed either in public or private."

Or private. Not once, for example, did he ever even discuss his paralysis with the person closest to him in his life, his mother.

And when a man has over 35,000 pictures taken of him, of which exactly two show him in a wheelchair, you don't need to be a psychiatrist to figure that there is something more than political calculation at work here. And it was not just the White House photographers who, in league with him, would police their own by "accidentally" knocking to the ground a camera that had captured FDR wheelchair-bound. Gallagher notes that whenever FDR himself would spot someone taking such a picture, he would direct the Secret Service to the offender and they would expose the film.

It is absurd to claim that FDR would have wanted to be memorialized in stone in a manner that in real life he would not even allow to be depicted in a photograph. That is why at the unveiling in London of a statue showing FDR standing, Eleanor Roosevelt noted how pleased she thought her husband would be to see himself so portrayed.

Nonetheless, monuments are not built just to make a person look the way he would have liked. They have other purposes. Such as, for example, raising consciousness about disability by showing that the greatest president of this century was in fact seriously disabled. This is a worthy purpose, not easily dismissed. Does it justify violating the self-image, the pride, the intentions of the man whom we are ostensibly honoring?

How to weigh the wishes against the facts? Acknowledge the facts. In some part of this multichambered memorial, FDR's wheelchair and braces ought to be displayed.

But a statue of him sitting in a wheelchair? No. The fact is (Gallagher again) that FDR spent very little time in his wheelchair. He used it mostly to get from one place to another, then would transfer — into the back seat of his touring car or the front seat of the Ford he loved to drive or the regular chairs he used in the Oval Office or at the dinner table. Show him sitting in one of those chairs. That is where he spent most of his life.

FDR defined himself in many ways — leader, father, warrior, reformer, scourge of the powerful, friend of the afflicted. Friend of the afflicted, not one of the afflicted. You do not memorialize a man by imposing on him an identity that he himself rejected. Better no memorial at all.

Sex Harassment by Military Decreases

Bradley Graham

AN EXTENSIVE new Defense Department survey shows a significant reduction in the number of women in uniform who report suffering sexual harassment, but more than half still say they encounter offensive behavior.

Defense officials reviewing the results said they were encouraged by the drop to 55 percent, down from 64 percent in 1988 when the last poll was done. But the officials also expressed surprise and distress at the continuing high incidence of offensive behavior in the ranks.

"When you see 55 percent saying they feel some sexual harassment, you have to be concerned," one senior official said.

When asked in the poll about a wider-ranging list of possible forms of offensive behavior, 78 percent of the women said they had experienced some type in the previous year, although one-third indicated they did not consider the incidents sexual harassment.

In particular, 70 percent reported being targets of crude behavior such as whistling, leering or the telling of unwanted sexual jokes; 63 percent suffered sexist behavior, meaning insulting or condescending attitudes; 41 percent received unwanted sexual attention such as touching; 13 percent experienced coercive proposals for sex in return for job advancement; and 6 percent were victims of sexual assault.

Senior defense officials called the findings unacceptably high and reiterated the department's policy of zero tolerance. Defense Secretary William Perry moved a year ago to adopt recommendations of a task force on harassment, clarifying Pentagon policy, intensifying sensitivity training and revising systems for processing of complaints.

But his aides said the new polling results could not be read as a measure of the success or failure of these stepped-up efforts since the survey was conducted last year just as the initiatives were ordered.

Nonetheless, the military's sexual harassment problem appears significantly greater than the civilian sector's. While comparable data is scarce, the most recent results of a periodic survey of federal civil service workers, similar in size and scope to the Defense Department survey, showed 44 percent of women reporting any harassment.

Each of the military services has been devoting considerable attention for some time to curtailing sexual harassment, none more publicly than the Navy, whose leadership continues to struggle under the shadow of the scandalous 1991 Tailhook convention at which aviators groped and abused dozens of women.

The survey indicates the Navy has made the greatest strides among the services, dropping 13 percentage points since 1988 in women reporting sexual harassment.

Cali Barons Battle for Power

Douglas Farah in Cali

A BLOODY battle has broken out within the Cali cartel over control of the world's largest cocaine trafficking organization and its billions of dollars in annual profits, signaling one of the sharpest realignments in Colombia's drug trade, according to sources familiar with the infighting.

According to Colombian and U.S. law enforcement officials, as well as associates of Cali cartel leaders, a group of traffickers led by Ivan Urdinola is moving aggressively to destroy the cocaine empire of brothers Gilberto and Miguel Rodriguez Orejuela. Although Urdinola and the Rodriguez brothers are in prison, enforcement officials say the three traffickers continue to run their illicit empire unimpeded.

The outcome of the fight is likely to change the Colombian drug trade in significant ways. While both groups use violence, the Rodriguez organization spends millions of dollars to buy police, army, judicial and political protection. In contrast, Urdinola's group is seen as more indiscriminately violent against any perceived obstacle. Law enforcement officials said there may also be a shift in trafficking routes, away from Mexico and to the Caribbean and Central America.

The infighting, which has left dozens dead, comes as President Ernesto Samper faces continued scrutiny on allegations that his 1994 presidential campaign received up to $6 million from the Rodriguez brothers.

The Cali cartel, a loose affiliation of drug trafficking organizations, produces and distributes up to 80 percent of the world's cocaine, law enforcement officials estimate. For a decade, the cartel's various trafficker groups have managed to live in relative peace with each other.

The Rodriguez brothers pleaded guilty earlier this month to drug trafficking charges. In recent years they had been displaced as the largest cocaine traffickers, law enforcement officials said. However, because the brothers pioneered large-scale shipment to the United States and sophisticated money-laundering schemes, and shared these innovations with others, they were accorded a special degree of respect by other organizations — until recently.

"We are seeing the reshaping of the drug trade for the next generation, and it will not be pretty," said one law enforcement official. "Ivan Urdinola and the others want to get rid of the Rodriguezes, meaning routes, labs and production, and take over the organizations, and the old guard will not go quietly. The rules are changing rapidly."

The fight pits younger, more violent traffickers — mostly from farther north in the valley of the Cauca River, which flows through Cali — against the traditional drug barons who have their headquarters here in the city.

Officials said the northern valley group has far less cordial relations with its Mexican counterparts than the Cali organizations. Mexican traffickers have been playing a prominent role in transporting Colombian cocaine to the United States in recent years, and a sharp shift in the balance of power here could also signal the beginning of a rift with Mexican organizations.

Police identify the leaders of the upstart group as Urdinola, relatives of his in the Henao and Grajales families, and Victor Patiño and Henry Loaiza. In the traditional Cali group, the Rodriguez brothers are allied with Juan Carlos Ortiz and Juan Carlos Ramirez, jailed earlier this year, and Helmer Herrera, the only leader of the old guard who is not in prison.

The feud became public on May 24, when gunmen attacked William Rodriguez, son of Miguel, while William was dining at a fancy Brazilian restaurant here. Five people accompanying him were killed in the attack. William was shot six times, but survived because a bodyguard threw himself over him — and was hit by 37 bullets.

"William is extremely important, because he is the only one of the second generation of the Rodriguez family that knows how to run both the drug business and the legitimate businesses," said a cartel associate. "If they had killed him, they would have cut off the link between those in prison and the organization outside."

Cali sources said that by targeting a close relative of the Rodriguezes, Urdinola was signaling a war to the death. "You do not target a key family member unless you are willing to go all the way," a cartel associate said. "It is the ultimate lack of respect."

The Rodriguezes, who reportedly retain the most effective intelligence network in the country, did not take long to respond, cartel sources said. Four days after the attack on William, five men believed to be the trigger men in the attack were gunned down on a highway outside Cali. And on June 3, Jose Loaiza, cousin of jailed trafficker Henry Loaiza was shot five times in the face in a supermarket in the Caribbean port of Barranquilla. Henry Loaiza, is the leader of Urdinola's military wing.

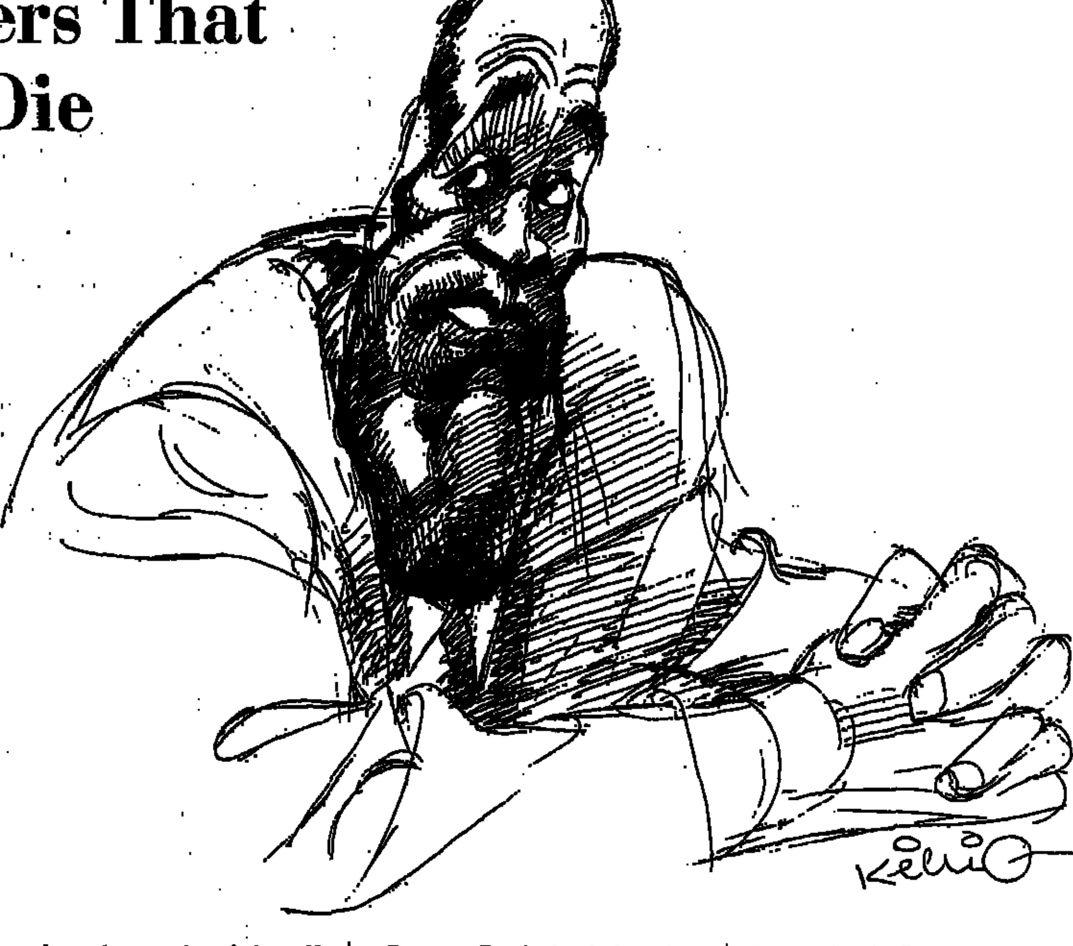
Law enforcement officials and cartel associates say the roots of the war date back to January, after Jose "Chepe" Santacruz — one of the founding fathers of the Cali cartel along with the Rodriguez brothers — escaped from prison. He sought an alliance with Marxist guerrillas to wage a war of terror against the state. Santacruz was killed on March 5 under mysterious circumstances.

Intelligence sources and associates of the cartel said it appeared the Rodriguez brothers gave their approval to right-wing paramilitary leader Fidel Castaño to help police kill Santacruz so his violence would not push the government to a more serious crackdown.

Urdinola and others, according to sources close to the cartel, felt the Rodriguezes were treading dangerously close to the ultimate sin — betraying another trafficker, one who had been their friend.

"There is a serious realignment under way," said one diplomat monitoring the drug trade. "What happens is crucial to how we fight drug trafficking and how the drug trade goes."

The Murders That Refuse to Die



Neil Henderson

IN CONTEMPT
By Christopher Darden
with Jess Walter
HarperCollins. 387 pp. $26

THE SEARCH FOR JUSTICE
A Defense Attorney's Brief on the O.J. Simpson Case
By Robert Shapiro
with Larkin Warren
Warner. 363 pp. $24.95

LESSONS FROM THE TRIAL
The People v. O.J. Simpson
By Gerald Uelmen
Andrews & McMeel. 223 pp. $21.95

THERE WAS a brief moment, shortly after The Verdict, when it looked as if our national Rorschach test was over, and we would no longer be able to project our own fantasies, fears and anxieties onto O.J., Lance, Marcia, Johnnie, Chris, Bob, F. Lee and assorted other characters — dead and alive — involved in the former football star's bizarre double murder trial.

I always believed the national fascination with the Simpson case reflected the fact that we were all watching a different movie in our heads. Just as psychiatric patients interpret Rorschach inkblots differently, we could see a variety of stories in Simpson's arrest, trial and acquittal for the stabbing deaths of his ex-wife, Nicole, and her friend Ronald Goldman. For some, it was a case about racist cops persecuting an African-American icon. For others, it was a tale of domestic violence. It was a true crime novel, a television soap opera, a sobering lesson on the workings of the justice system or a mockery of the justice system. And so on.

Then the jury acquitted Simpson, and O.J. addicts went through withdrawal. Even Simpson probably thought the circus would move on and he would resume some semblance of his former life as a rich, famous, popular pitchman and golfer. Not a chance. Lest anyone think no one cares about this any more, I would point out that Christopher Darden's In Contempt and Robert Shapiro's The Search For Justice have been on national bestseller lists for several weeks now. Alan Dershowitz's book has been on bookstore shelves for months, and former Los Angeles prosecutor Vincent Bugliosi is about to add his observations to the mix. The press continues to churn out new tidbits from the wrongful death suits filed against Simpson by the families of the victims. The tabloids still dig and regularly claim to find new evidence linking Simpson to the murders. Several jurors have published quickie books on the trial.

But for true O.J. aficionados, it's the inside stories of the trial's principal participants that count. Of the three reviewed here, at least two will serve nicely as new ink blots, because a reader's enjoyment or experience will depend again on projections.

The most fascinating is In Contempt, written by Darden with Jess Walter. Darden has always provoked the most extreme reactions. To those who believe Simpson is guilty, Darden was a hero, an intense, brooding prosecutor who struggled in vain to keep the trial focused on the murder victims. He was the idealistic African-American lawyer who prosecuted bad cops, believed the justice system needs black prosecutors as well as defense lawyers, and naively believed the predominantly black jury would be unswayed by the defense's race-based appeals. Darden's fans will love his book, which is both an emotional account of the trial and his personal story of growing up black in America during the last four decades.

To many who believe that Simpson is innocent, or at least the victim of sloppy, overzealous or racist police investigators, Darden was a villain. He was despised as a willing tool of a racist justice system. He was derided as an "Uncle Tom." He was arrogant, nasty and angry. He was mean to witnesses; slumping disgustedly in his courtroom chair, particularly when he was losing. Darden's critics probably won't read his book and wouldn't like it if they did.

Of course everyone can comment on it with some knowledge anyway because Darden has discussed all

Darden is still furious at Cochran for declaring him an outcast in the black community

the most newsworthy elements — from his relationship with co-prosecutor Marcia Clark to his feelings about the bloody gloves — during his promotional tour, which included an interview with ABC-TV's Barbara Walters and excerpts in Newsweek. Critics of the verdict will love his scathing treatment of Simpson and his defense team, Judge Ito and the jury. Darden says out loud what many trial watchers still think, if you believe the polls: that Simpson is unquestionably a murderer, that Ito rolled over for Simpson's lead attorney Johnnie Cochran and that the jury was predisposed to acquit before hearing a word of testimony in the trial.

But even Darden's admirers have to admit that he fails to account for why the three nonblack jurors so swiftly agreed with the not guilty verdict. While the black jurors may have gone into the trial more distrustful of the police, the nonblacks also clearly were troubled by the blatant, racially charged perjury of former Los Angeles Police Department detective Mark Fuhrman during the trial, and questions raised by the defense about other police testimony and police handling of the critical physical evidence in the case.

Some of the most moving parts of Darden's book, however, have nothing to do with The Trial. His personal story is the tale of the road not taken, of the decisions along the way not to follow the path of his beloved older brother Michael, whose petty juvenile crimes and recreational drug use escalated into addiction, AIDS and death.

"It was like he was walking through this minefield, just ahead of me, blowing up all the mines and showing me where not to step," Darden writes about his brother, who died shortly after the verdict. "Some part of me wonders if I was able to escape that life only because he lived it."

Instead, Darden chose life. He finished college, went to law school and idealistically joined the legal profession — only to have his faith in justice shattered by the Simpson trial.

He also bares his own conflicts about race. He says he loves his dark skin, and hates the sight of successful black men who date white women as trophies. But he also thinks you should be able to love a woman regardless of her color without feeling like a traitor. And he believed that African Americans, because they know injustice so well, would be the most just jurors. So he was pained at the start of the trial when he believed he could see in the jurors' faces that they viewed the trial as "payback" time for all the racist wrongs committed by The System. Darden is still furious at Cochran for declaring him an outcast in the black community.

Robert L. Shapiro came out of the trial as nobody's hero, and his book shows why. In Search For Justice, Shapiro wants it both ways. He wants credit for being the legal architect of the defense victory, while distancing himself from the controversial race-related elements of the defense strategy. He succeeds in the former and fails in the latter.

Sadly, Shapiro has something in common with Darden. Both faced hostility in their respective racial communities after the verdict. Much of Shapiro's affluent, white west Los Angeles community believed Simpson guilty and saw Shapiro as part of a legal "scheme team" that got him off. Shapiro's book reads like an apologia to his neighbors. Shapiro wants those Americans who were outraged at Simpson's acquittal to understand that he was just doing his job, and to assure them that he is no friend of his former client.

Shapiro does earn a big slice of the legal credit for the defense success, particularly for the steps taken in the first week after the murders. Shapiro quickly hired a nationally renowned forensic scientist and two respected pathologists who were instrumental in the defense assault on the blood evidence and autopsy results in the case. Also shrewd was his decision to have O.J. Simpson's body photographed shortly after the murders, showing that the celebrity suspect had none of the bruises and virtually none of the cuts one might expect to suffer after a violent struggle.

It was during those early days that Shapiro hired Harvard University Law School Professor Alan Dershowitz to prepare for a possible appeal and former University of Santa Clara Law School dean Gerald F. Uelmen to handle motions on admissibility of evidence and other courtroom procedure issues. And one of Shapiro's critical legal victories early on was successfully halting a grand jury investigation that was leading to an indictment of Simpson on the murder charges. Shapiro, with Uelmen's help, forced the district attorney to seek murder charges against Simpson through a preliminary hearing, which was far more advantageous to the defense.

Shapiro fails, if not offends, when he portrays himself as saddened and helpless as the defense increasingly focuses on the issue of race. I believe him when he writes that he was appalled by Cochran's closing argument comparing Mark Fuhrman to Adolf Hitler. But Shapiro's fingerprints are all over the defense team's racial tactics.

In July 1994, for instance, when Shapiro was lead attorney and before Cochran had joined Simpson's team, the New Yorker published an article stating that defense attorneys were looking into Fuhrman's racist attitudes, and might argue that he was a racist cop who sought to frame Simpson by planting the bloody glove at the celebrity's home. Shapiro acknowledges in his book that he was a source for the articles, but claims that he was speaking to reporters off the record. That, from the guy who wrote a widely noted legal journal article on how to work with the press, is disingenuous in the extreme. Within hours after the verdict, Shapiro went on national television to tell Barbara Walters that his own defense team played the "race card," and dealt it "from the bottom of the deck." But it was Shapiro, with Fuhrman's help, who put that card in the defense team's hand.

Despite the bestseller status of the Darden and Shapiro books, I would predict no such success for Lessons From The Trial, written by Simpson defense attorney Gerald F. Uelmen. For those who don't remember, he was the owlish, professorial, older guy with a moustache who argued many of the motions for and against the admission of evidence.

Uelmen is indeed a professor, and his book promises a more objective, lofty, scholarly view of the trial. You wouldn't read Uelmen to find out the real scoop on Chris and

It was Shapiro, with Mark Fuhrman's help, who put the race card in the defense team's hand

Marcia, but one would hope for some special insights. Unfortunately, his book falls in that limbo between academic text and popular read: It is not sophisticated enough for the expert or interesting enough for the lay reader.

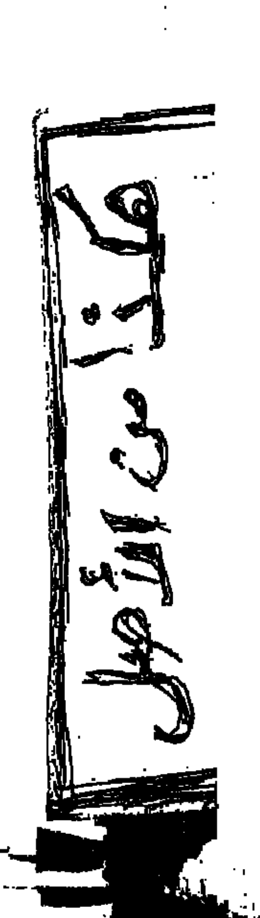
Uelmen promises to draw some lessons from the trial, but his so-called lessons are not much more perceptive than some of the conversations heard around water coolers during the trial. For example, commenting on the millions of dollars Simpson spent on his legal team, Uelmen writes, "The lesson learned from the employment of a 'dream team' may be that money makes a difference in some cases." Or Uelmen writes that "diversity on juries does make a difference" and that "if the messengers who bring the evidence can't be trusted, the evidence itself won't be trusted."

In the end, Uelmen is just another secondary figure in the trial who has marketed his connection into a book contract.

But don't worry. Johnnie's and Marcia's books are due out in the fall.

Neil Henderson was part of the team that covered the Simpson trial for the Washington Post.

Any of the books reviewed above may be ordered through Books@ The Guardian Weekly: see page 38



A new chapter for black South Africa

Sarah Biffen visits the University of Cape Town to see how the needs of disadvantaged students are being addressed

WHY are black South African students having to study Shakespeare and Chaucer? Two years after the end of apartheid, black disadvantaged students are still reading King Lear, Emma and the Canterbury Tales.

In the new South Africa, is this the best use of their time? How will a close knowledge of the Nun's Priest's Tale help them find employment? These were some of the questions I asked when I visited the University of Cape Town (UCT) earlier this year.

It is falling over backwards to admit black students and help them obtain a degree. In the English department the entrance criteria have been changed and students without the right amount of credits are allowed in on condition that they do a preparatory first year.

The university runs two six-month courses, then students go on to do English I and attend a one-year Foundation English course, which runs concurrently with their degree course. There is no formal support after this year, and there is a strong feeling that this should be changed. Twelve months' back-up doesn't compensate for a 12-year backlog.

Black African students face huge problems at university. They arrive severely disadvantaged compared with their white contemporaries. Many come from rural areas with no electricity and no books, although students from the country tend to have had better schooling. There is less disruption in rural areas than in the townships. They have very little general knowledge. Black schooling has been a horror story, with classes of 60-100, shared textbooks and a tradition of learning by rote rather than developing conceptual skills. It is only the exceptionally brilliant student who manages to make it from an African township to university.

Apart from the poor educational background there is the language problem. Everyone has difficulty with humour in a language which is not their mother tongue. However, Xhosa speakers seem to have particular difficulty with humour and irony in the set texts. Xhosa is the African language most widely spoken in the Cape and is very idiomatic.

The English course at UCT is divided into four sections. Renaissance, Romantic and Victorian, Modern and South African. Few disagree that the course should be changed but there are enormously divergent opinions as to how. The days of Chaucer are numbered but defenders of the status quo say that Shakespeare and Dickens are very accessible to disadvantaged students.



Steps to change . . . students at the University of Cape Town which is eager to increase its black intake PHOTOGRAPH: RODGER BOSCH

It is a fallacy to think that contemporary literature is closer to a student's experience. They love novels like Great Expectations and Hard Times which, dealing as they do with the industrial revolution and the trauma of moving from the country to the city, are very similar to their own circumstances. Oddly enough, Milton is very popular and the most political course on offer. It is taught by the resident Marxist.

Advocates of change are coming up with a mass of new ideas. These range from courses on How to Read Film and Analysing Conversation, to courses for translators, journalists and court interpreters. To critics who say that a degree in English literature is an irrelevant luxury, supporters point out that English is the lingua franca of South Africa. With 11 different languages spoken in the country, many students at UCT have to use English to communicate with each other.

Job prospects for the black students have never been better. The country desperately needs more black graduates. Most of them have sponsorship of some sort and affirmative action results in companies vying with each other to increase their quota of black employees. The ambitions of students are now higher and there are big changes in what they say they want to do. In the past, teaching would have headed the list — now it is jobs in government and business.

The problems with fast-tracking the black student do not end with support programmes. There is the thorny question of marking. In the English department there is a lively debate on whether errors of grammar really matter. Should the use of correct grammar determine whether a student passes or fails? Some feel that the student with poor language skills should not be doubly penalised.

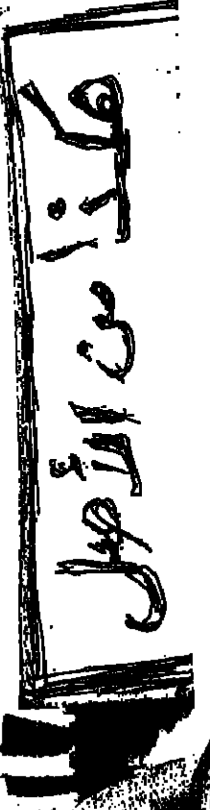
The law faculty, at the request of its students, has moved to a system of marking by numbers, not names. African names are clearly recognisable and it was felt that some tutors were taking affirmative action a step too far. The English department is still marking by name and is aware that universities further north in Zimbabwe and Nigeria are on average marking 10-15 per cent more strictly than UCT. Obviously this to some extent devalues the UCT degree but they feel that this transition phase requires exceptional measures.

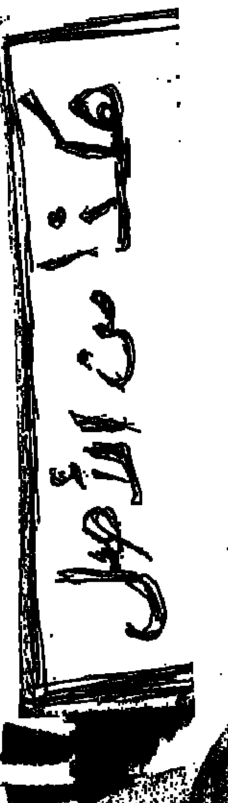
The challenge is huge and there is an enormous will on the part of tutors and students alike to succeed. One thing I am sure of is that next time I visit there will be less Chaucer and more Woza Albert.











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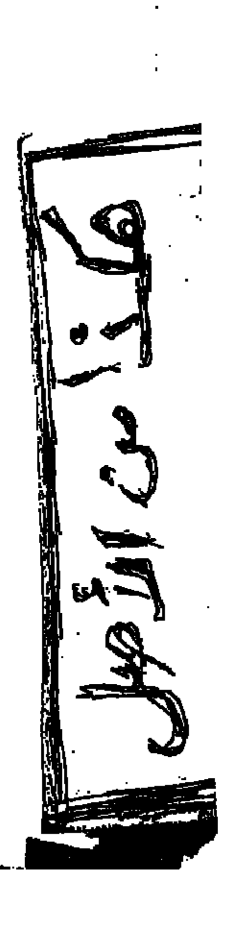
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Windfall at the bottom of the garden

Dan Glaister

IF YOU have a paint-covered, moss-strewn statue at the bottom of the garden, brush off the dirt, strip away the paint and have it valued. This is the lesson to be learnt from a sale announced last week of a statue found in a West Country garden in 1992.

In a twist that would bring a flush to the cheeks of Hugh Scully, presenter of BBC1's Antiques Roadshow, the statue turned out to be a lost work by Antonio Canova, the neo-classical sculptor most famous for the Three Graces statue, the subject of a prolonged tussle to prevent it leaving Britain.

It is not known how much was paid for the new find when it was discovered, but it is expected to sell for at least $1.5 million when Sotheby's auctions it in London on July 4. The identity of the seller is unknown, as is the identity of the unfortunate previous owner.

The marble statue, just over a metre high, is a life-size representation of an Amorino or cupid, one of four similar works by the artist. The other three are in Poland, Cambridge and St Petersburg.

"The current seller purchased it without knowing what it was," said Conrad Webb, of Sotheby's. "Fortunately, the white paint that was covering it has protected the original surface."

It is very rare for a single Canova figure to come up for sale. A marble bust by the artist was sold last year for $600,000. Another Canova bust, estimated to be worth $1 million, is currently the subject of a similar battle to the Three Graces.

The tussle over the Three Graces came to an end in 1994 with donations from two benefactors, John Paul Getty II and the Dutch-born industrialist Baron Thyssen-Bornemisza. The donations allowed Britain to match the $11.5 million paid by the Californian Getty museum in 1989.

The cupid, the whereabouts of which have been unknown since the last century, was previously believed to have been in North Wales. It was commissioned in 1791 by John David Latouche. "He was the son of an Irish banker, which is presumbly why he had the money," said Mr Webb.

"As a 17-year-old he was in Rome, doing the grand tours. He went to Canova's studio, saw other versions of the same work, and tried to buy it. But even though Canova had not yet been paid for them, he refused to sell."

Undeterred, Latouche commissioned his own. "Latouche's one became Canova's finely refined ideal for the figure," said Mr Webb.

"It is a rare opportunity for a collector or an institution." Art historian Hugh Honour described the cupid as a "pivotal work" in an essay published in 1994.

Left: The cupid before its restoration, and above, the cleaned-up statue by Canova, valued at $1 million

Notes & Queries Joseph Harker

WHICH **way does water go down the plug-hole in space?**

WEIGHTLESSNESS ensures that water does not go down the plughole in space — though last week Ariadne blew up and £5.5 billion went down the plughole. — *T Lidbetter, Kingston, Surrey*

THE direction of spin of the water vortex, found in a plughole, depends on the direction of spin of the Earth beneath it. Thus you would expect that in a spacecraft — out of the range of gravitational attraction or orbital spin — the water should simply fall straight down any plughole. However, in zero gravity the surface tension of the water would form hundreds of droplets and allow them to leave the water-holder upon the slightest external agitation. In fictional spacecraft such as the USS Enterprise — which have "artificial" gravity — the first supposition should be true; however. — *Andrew Healy, Ashford, Middlesex*

HOW **has the word "loo" become a British euphemism for water closet?**

DESPITE the previous responses, the true reason a loo is known as a loo is because in Continental hotels with door numbers, it was traditional that the first room, numbered 00, was the toilet. Instead of being called le zero-zero or some other cumbersome term, it became known as "l'oo". Note also that the colloquial German term for the toilet is "der Null-Null", ie "the zero-zero". — *Cie Sangster, University of Leeds*

THE most likely explanation comes from the sea. There was a small platform on each side of the bow on the old sailing ships which was used for swinging the lead. It was known as the heads. Sailing ships had little in the way of lavatory accommodation and the heads were normally used instead. The lavatory on a boat is still called "the heads". When the ship was heeled to the wind the leeward (pronounced "looard") side was obviously the most practical side to use. Hence "I'm just going to the looard head" later became "I'm just going to the loo". — *Donald Edwards, Cotobro, Granada, Spain*

"*LOO*" was unknown in Britain until the years following the end of the second world war, when it became fashionable in some circles to use foreign expressions. "Loo" derives from the German "Lu-lu", a euphemism for urine, used to encourage toddlers to use the potty. "Lu-lu machen" is the equivalent of the French "faire pi-pi" and the English "make wee-wee". Lu-lu was erroneously transposed to replace the colloquial English noun "lav". — *Peter Terry, Bridgehampton, New York, USA*

I AM **receiving increasing numbers of shocks from static electricity in shopping centres, at work, from my car and cat. Can I expect any detrimental effect on my health?**

ELECTRIC shock has been used for years to alleviate mental depression. So you should anticipate a bout of chronic euphoria. — *Hell Anderson, Vancouver, BC, Canada*

Any answers?

WHAT **is the evolutionary advantage of a bee dying once it has stung an attacker? Why did it not evolve in the same way as the wasp and live to sting another day?** — *Mark Kent, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffordshire*

WHY **do we only snore when asleep?** — *Miss K Richards, London*

Answers should be e-mailed to weekly@guardian.co.uk, faxed to 0171/44171-242-0985, or posted to The Guardian Weekly, 75 Farringdon Road, London EC1M 3HQ

Letter from Portugal Margaret Bradley

Out on a limb in search of penance

BRAGA has pretensions: once it was Roman Bracara Augusta. Later it was the see of the primate of all the Spains and said to have more prelates than lay folk in it. Somewhere along the way its noble name was truncated: worse still, after a bitter struggle lasting seven centuries it lost its influence to Toledo. Yet even today the aroma of religion pervades the streets though the secular world is invading Braga's piety, for cheek by jowl with the boutiques displaying candles, prayer books and surplices embroidered with ears of corn and bunches of grapes are shops full of coloured silk bras and matching panties. But as I passed by in the evening I was looking for neither of these.

Leaving the brightly lit main street, I turned down a dingy side road in search of a general store. There among the soap powder and bleach I found what I wanted, two cheap plastic sponges and two fluffy grey dusters, just what I needed for my visit to the shrine of Bom Jesus the next day. Not that I was a cleaner. Far from it. Nevertheless, next day I would need my sponges and dusters just as much as any charlady.

In the early morning sun, the church of Bom Jesus gleamed white at the summit of the Monte Espinho, a hill clothed in oak, plane and pine. Though it isn't particularly high, it is steep. Visitors and day trippers who picnic in the woods or row on the lake at the top reach the shrine in comfort by means of an ancient funicular railway with a polished wood-lined carriage, which labours its way half-hourly to the top. But pilgrims who have a special favour to ask of God, or who wish to atone for a great sin, cannot take the easy way up: they ascend the 310m monumental stairway, zig-zagging to right and left to lessen the gradient on their knees.

Once at the top, penitents can pray at an altar piled high with fresh flowers carnations, gladioli and lilies — or turn into a side chapel where the bones of St Clement, a martyred third century Roman soldier, repose in a glass case. In heaven the saint must be working as hard, if not harder, than he ever did on earth, for his altar is piled high with petitions — and if he was not a polyglot before, he certainly must be now.

The messages in Spanish, French, German — and even some unfamiliar African tongues — are trusting and naive: "Thank you for looking after me when I was ill. Don't forget me", "Please help me in my exams", "My request is banal. I just want to be healthy and happy".

Among the scraps of paper, torn pages from diaries and backs of receipts are waxen votive offerings denoting thanks for the alleviation of pain or illness in the parts represented — heads, fingers, hearts and breasts. The severed appearance of the limbs gives the gruesome impression that St Clement, far from belonging to the most civilised nation of his day, had in fact belonged to a savage tribe that collected human body parts for some arcane ritual. Far more touching are the photographs of bridal couples holding hands across their nuptial beds and bearing the message, "Please make them happy".

If you have been remiss and forgotten to bring an offering you can buy it in the gift shop to the left of the church. Outside, incongruously, stands a weighing machine with W T Avery, Birmingham, written on it together with an exhortation in Portuguese begging the visitor to weigh himself — a curious thing to do on a pilgrimage.

It doesn't even appear to be the kind that hands out horoscopes, which might usefully have been adapted to a religious purpose: "On Sunday you will meet a tall dark priest who will hear your confession with sympathy" or "Wednesday is a good day for prayer. God will be listening."

Now I hadn't sinned — at least no more than usual — but I did want to submerge myself in the culture of the Portuguese, to dedicate myself to a better understanding of the people, to seek happiness on my trip, so I took out my sponges and placed them on my knees, binding them in place firmly with the dusters — after all the object is mortification, not laceration, of the flesh. Then I reshouldered my pack with its guides and camera, sank to my knees and began to crawl laboriously up the path of Christ's passion with chapels at each turn.

They had an air of desuetude those dingy chapels whose tableaux of sepia-tinted life-size figures were dusty and flyblown. Their iron grills were adorned with metal boxes for offerings, flanked by trays of congealed wax where black-wicked candles had guttered and drowned.

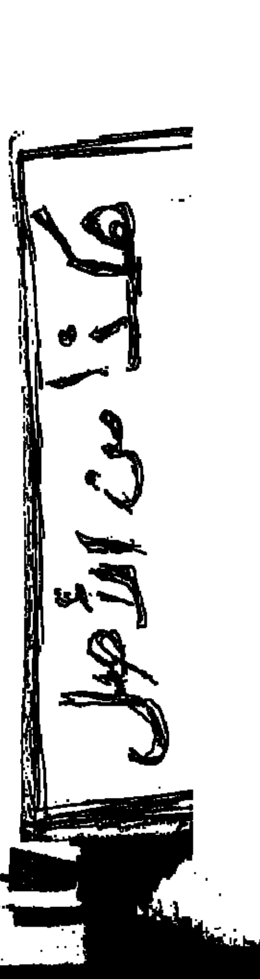
I CRAWLED on and up over the marble mosaic paths which delight the eye but whose every hand-chipped edge cut through the sponges like a knife — oh agony! And I regretted not having brought old shoes as the toes of my new ones will never be the same again.

I turned my mind away from the pain. The dew, working its magic on the pine woods, was filling the air with the scent of resin, the sky was bright, bright blue and the sunlight dappling the mossy chapel roofs turned them Lincoln and lemon green. I mused. Lincoln green . . . pointed roofs . . . Robin Hood's merry men in their elf caps keeping watch over poor pilgrims.

But whether chapels or guardians, a poor job they made of protecting the penitents, and clearly St Clement was busying himself elsewhere. I was half way up, dragging myself along the next incline, my eyes on the ground, my thoughts earthbound too as the ache in my legs began to numb my mind. I had begun to recite to myself like a mantra, "I will not give up. I will NOT give up," when suddenly I heard a twig snap in the woods to my left. I looked up, scanning the shady boles for the cause of the interruption to my reverie . . . and saw a flash. It was not a flash of sunlight, nor a flash of inspiration — though the middle-aged man in the faded jeans might disagree with me about the latter.

What is certain is that two things were exposed. One was the futility of my peculiar, personal initiation rite. And the other? Well, I'd rather leave that to your imagination!

I took up my sponges and walked.



Birt unleashes a mission to destroy

John Tusa says the reorganisation planned by the BBC is wrong and the damage done to the World Service inexcusable

THE document setting out the BBC's new structure makes dreary reading. Indeed, it is impossible to read. Set out in the landscape layout beloved of the new management jargonocracy, with dots replacing the traditional instruments of punctuation and meaning — commas, full stops — it is a set of commands for the march into the digital age. But join up the dots and you will not like what you see. The instructions are all too clear in their intention. Tolling like Donne's bell, the words efficiency, resources, focus and the rest of the cliched lexicon of management analysis sound the death of Reith's BBC. From now on, this is the house that Birt built, and it will be extraordinary if it lasts for a fraction of the 75 years that Reith's BBC did.

For Reith's BBC, at home and abroad, was informed by a vision, one that successfully resisted redefinition because its commitment to inform, educate and entertain was succinct, balanced, appropriate, and valid to the changing shape of the broadcasting environment. The latest BBC document is drawn up by people who talk of "vision" but possess none, and could not express it in literate language — language that people can understand — if they did.

They talk of "mission". Once it was a "mission to inform"; now it looks more like a mission to destroy all those programme-led, broadcast-led, journalistically-led structures that made good programmes and satisfied huge audiences against tough competition at home and abroad.

In their place, the BBC will be driven by structures based on tenuous assumptions; that because programme-making involves those who commission programmes and those who make them, a clear functional, institutional and — no doubt ultimately — financial distance can be put between them. It ignores the fact that programme-making is an integrated, creative activity (significantly, the word "creative" is used only twice in the document) — which consists not only of commissioning and producing but of such unmentioned, and no doubt unmanageable and unquantifiable, activities as having ideas. The document may reduce some barriers to internal co-operation among the existing directorates but creates many more on uncharted ground and untested assumptions.

Further, the record of the introduction of the last BBC "reform", Producer Choice, demonstrates that this management is inseparable from a huge growth in paperwork and bureaucracy. "If I am told that my programme is going to be 'benchmarked' once more," said a senior producer, "I shall go mad." Another senior executive admitted that he was leaving the BBC because of the intolerable amount of his editorial time wasted on "proportionality" — the bizarre rules governing an assumed need to prove that appropriate numbers of programmes are made outside London. It is tokenism and quota-ism gone mad.

Each one of the new sets of relationships between the five new divisions will be governed by a whole new set of rules, charges, guidelines, targets, reviews, and no doubt penalties for non-performance of agreed contracts. How much time will be left for actually thinking about and devising programmes rather than arguing about the non-performance of agreed targets between the five contracting bodies? For this document is based on the wholly erroneous assumption that structures create programmes. It is an engineer's view of a perfect institution, where the untidy bits — such as the BBC World Service — are chopped down to size until they fit.



It represents a view of broadcasting which cannot comprehend that making good programmes is creative, unruly, wilful, inspirational, unquantifiable and inconvenient to the tidy-minded.

Others will argue and agonise about the significance of the death of the independent radio directorate, and its chances of fighting off television's inevitably huge demands on resources.

Radio executives are conspicuous by their absence in the new structure. Of the BBC World Service there is no sign worth mentioning. Once, the External Services headship was a stepping stone to the Director Generalship itself. Now the World Service is relegated to the status of a subdivision of a division, its managing director clinging to the bottom line of a landscape style organogram.

This conclusive downgrading of the BBC World Service represents the climax of a three-year programme of marginalisation and reduction. Once the World Service's main clashes were with foreign dictatorships, and the Foreign Office and Treasury in their more parsimonious moods. But the eyes of World Service managers were trained in the wrong direction — the real enemies were not beyond the BBC; they were within the gates.

In the past three years, the World Service has been corralled into BBC Worldwide; had its right to fight its Whitehall and Westminster lobbying battles restricted by the need to tie in with corporate interests; had the rigidities of Producer Choice forced on to a managerial system that had been praised for efficiency by the National Audit Office; lost millions of pounds as a result of changes in BBC internal accounting processes; and has the integrity of its crucial overseas transmitter system threatened by the BBC's own readiness to privatise it along with the rest of the BBC's domestic transmitters.

These changes might have been understandable, even if not justifiable, had the BBC World Service failed in its mission. But its audience had grown over the last few years, its standing had risen, and it had pioneered BBC World Service Television, which gave the BBC the long overdue place on the international TV news scene.

Now, all programme-making in English will come under BBC Production; all World Service News and current affairs under BBC News. There was no need for it, no justification for it. It is the biggest act of bureaucratic vandalism ever committed against the World Service. Some of us will never forgive those who did it or understand those who permitted it to happen. If the World Service was consulted about the changes and agreed to them, it is incomprehensible. If it was not consulted, then surely somebody should make the only appropriate protest.

Everybody thought that January 1993 was Year Zero for the BBC. How naive they were. That was a mere excursion. June 7 was the real Year Zero. As I walked away from doing a BBC radio interview on the subject, I found myself thinking something that I had never believed I would think: "I'm glad I'm not in the BBC."

John Tusa was managing director of the BBC World Service from 1986-92

Why the right people choose to stay at home

Catherine Bennett on the unacceptable face of international tourism

WELCOME to Burma, land of contrasts! "To travel here is to discover a flamboyant rococo tapestry of exotic arts and culture," promises Abercrombie and Kent, the swell UK tour operator. "The whole is a unique fusion of a powerful Buddhist faith with a thin veneer of 20th century influences, and, for the British, evocative echoes of a colonial past!"

As if these echoes were not enough to satisfy the discerning British visitor, Burma offers more — a luxury cruise ship, the Road to Mandalay, which provides cocktail parties and satellite television, a Kipling Bar and a swimming pool: "What better way to explore this intriguing country than by cruising down the legendary Irrawaddy river aboard a luxurious river cruiser," asks Kuoni. The only drawback is that by spending too much time in the Kipling Bar you might not get to meet many Burmese, who are, according to Hayes and Jarvis, "among the warmest and kindest to be found anywhere in the world".

And yet — what a contrast! — some of the Burmese are among the most tyrannical people to be found anywhere in the world. They are the members of the State Law and Order Restoration Council (Slorc), a junta which has murdered hundreds of pro-democracy demonstrators, dismissed the result of a democratic election and last month arrested 238 elected representatives of the National League for Democracy. Earlier this year, the UN Commission on Human Rights summarised some of its exotic achievements: "Torture, summary and arbitrary executions, forced labour, abuse of women, politically motivated arrests and detention, forced displacement, important restrictions on the freedoms of expression and association and oppression of ethnic and religious minorities."

Oh, and tourism, of course. In the past, tourists were discouraged from visiting Burma. Now, thanks to Slorc, and its appetite for foreign currency, overseas visitors are being tempted back and invited to acquire what Abercrombie and Kent describe as "magical memories in a forgotten world".

Last year several British journalists returned with magical memories of one sort or another: the memory of chain gangs restoring the road to Mandalay and clearing its palace moat by hand; the memory that 5,000 inhabitants had been evicted at gunpoint from Pagan.

The journalist John Pilger discovered more forced labourers, many of them children, making clay bricks on a railway line. He also met Aung San Suu Kyi, the NLD leader, who asked tourists to shun Burma until it becomes a democracy.

Tour operators and many travel writers think they know better. A recent edition of Breakaway, BBC radio's jaunty travel programme, concluded with the presenter, Anne Gregg, apparently agreeing that tourists should feel free to go to Burma. Two up-to-date guidebooks to Burma also consider slave labour and oppression no obstacle to touristic enjoyment. "Any visitor to Burma will be spellbound," urges the Insight travel guide.

Although the authors of the Lonely Planet guide have heard tell of "a smorgasbord of dictators, anti-government rebels, guerrillas, insurgents and assorted malcontents", they see no reason why this should deter visitors. On the contrary, they learnedly conclude: "It offers a glimpse of an incredibly Orwellian society . . . We believe — now more than ever — that the positives of travel to Myanmar outweigh the negatives." Whose positives — those of the travellers or the Burmese? Such tourism can scarcely give much solace to the populace, for most Burmese are now too scared to talk to westerners.

For middle-class tourists, fired by the travelogues of Theroux and Thubron, Chatwin and Raban, journeys to difficult and bewildering territory have long been feats to boast about; tokens of their intrepid curiosity and quest for enlightenment. The more unkind or inhospitable the country, the greater the gawping traveller's claim to open-mindedness. Each year, the league table of touristic achievement changes to favour the latest benighted but sunshiny land to tolerate visitors. Our valiant globetrotters claim it is no business of theirs if children are being killed on the streets, if the place is run by despots, if the natives are banned from tourist beaches, or deprived of the water that fills swimming pools. Why should pesky questions of human rights interfere with their right to burn under alien skies and arrive home with droll anecdotes about gyppy tummies?

One year, these adventurers flock to Guatemala, famed for its street children; the next it is Cuba, land of Castro and Club Med; the next China; and now Iran, home of the picturesque fatwa. In its introduction to that ill-natured country, the Lonely Planet guide announces: "Iran will appeal to the genuine traveller, rich or poor, who is prepared . . . to be open-minded, and to adapt to unfamiliar circumstances." For Salman Rushdie, should he be open-minded enough, there no doubt awaits a particularly warm welcome in traditional Iranian style.

There can be few more genuine travellers than Robyn Davidson, the author of Desert Places, the transfixing story of her attempts to live at one with the Rabari nomads of northwest India. Here, amid omnipresent ordure, prodding fingers, and subject to the utter incomprehension of the nomads, Davidson repeatedly asks herself what on earth is the point of the enterprise. "Where was I? Why was I here?"

Back in London, Davidson has said she now has trouble with travel writing. "I think perhaps the whole genre needs to close . . . we all carry a lot of cultural prejudices, and I just don't feel comfortable with it." Nowadays most travellers bring back nothing more useful than tarnished jewellery from their expeditions into the lands of contrast. It seems a small justification for such callous curiosity.

Forget drugs. Europe's black marketeers have a brand new commodity: women. Report by **Alex Duval Smith**

Foreign bodies

FAGIN HAD boys for sale. Europe of the late 20th century has the free movement of goods and girls — callgirls, brides, escorts, dancers, hostesses and a range of other euphemisms for women who often end up in prostitution. In Hungary, a trafficker can buy an orphan girl for the price of an old car — $900. He can sell her to a western pimp for $2,700 and he, in turn, can get his money back several times over by leasing her to brothels in London, Paris or Amsterdam.

Supt Michael Hoskins from the Metropolitan police's vice unit in London says the trade in women is booming because it is fairly risk-free and highly profitable. "Trafficking drugs makes money but it is increasingly risky and now carries sentences of up to 20 years. Trading in women is easy and profitable, especially when you can bring them from eastern Europe in a car or van, saving on the plane fare," he says.

Supt Hoskins and colleagues from the Met, Home Office and Immigration Service were in Vienna last week at a European Commission conference on trafficking in women. It heard that the best-known traffic — in cleaners, sweatshop workers and brides from the Far East — is the tip of the iceberg. An increasing number of women providing sexual services in western capitals are now single mothers or unemployed women from central and eastern Europe.

According to the Brussels-based International Organisation for Migration (IOM), the trade affects thousands of women each year. It works like this: through friends or newspaper ads, women hear of jobs as dancers or hostesses in western Europe. The jobs demand no language skills and promise high earnings and a work permit.

James Purcell, director-general of the IOM, says: "It may seem naive of these women to take up the offers, but they are often very poor, maybe the single breadwinner, and they come from societies behind the former Iron Curtain which were always very protective. To them, the offer of a work permit in the wealthy West is like a gift of gold."

The IOM believes the women are taken to the easiest point of entry in western Europe. For Russian women, this is often Poland, where new identities and tourist visas are arranged. Other women are offered "dancer" or "artist" visas — Switzerland issued 1,800 of these in 1994.

The women are charged a fee of up to $15,000 for being brought to the West. It is reimbursable as they work, but there are other deductions: the pimps' commission, lodging and food. The system ensures that they are constantly in debt and are able to keep only between 10 and 25 per cent of what they earn.

Supt Hoskins says that until recently most of the trafficking into Britain was done by Chinese triads bringing women from Malaysia, Thailand and Hong Kong. Recently, his squad successfully prosecuted a trafficker who over five years brought around 100 women to London from Brazil, making a profit of at least $7 million.

Euro 96 . . . a sex worker in Amsterdam PHOTOGRAPH MARCO PESARESI

"The eastern European women have taken longer to reach London. But in the past six to nine months, we have seen an increasing number of them. Now we are falling over eastern European prostitutes. Some appear to have known what they were getting into, others were promised jobs as nannies and au-pairs," Supt Hoskins says.

Vice units throughout Europe agree that, whatever the women's country of origin and under whatever pretext they have been brought to the West, they suffer brutal conditions: 12-hour working days, imprisonment, violence and rape.

Joachim Borsody, chief of the prostitution section of the Vienna vice squad, says the plight of these women has touched him deeply. "Russian women are brought here via the Czech Republic, where they are given false papers. One woman I spoke to was brought to Vienna by car with five others. They were locked in a room for four days and starved before being put to work in bars. One refused, so she was taken into a separate room and repeatedly beaten and raped by five men."

He keeps a book with mugshots of all the women, pimps and traffickers who are brought in. "I can tell, I think, which of the women want to be doing this and which are being forced. It shows in the eyes," he says as he leafs through page after page of young women's faces, some crying, some staring at the floor, many with black eyes or swollen lips, and all born in the seventies.

Being brought in by the vice squad is often the best thing that can happen to a woman, as she is then driven to the border and taken home by local police. But for many, the shame can be too much to bear and 30 per cent return to Austria.

While operating in a legislative vacuum, the European Justice Commissioner, Anita Gradin, nevertheless hopes to raise awareness of the trade and ultimately spur EU countries into action. Only Belgium, the Netherlands and Austria have laws against trafficking in human beings.

Gradin says: "We need close co-operation on the judicial side and in law enforcement, on migration and in the social sphere. We have to focus on the victims of the slave trade. And they should not be treated as the guilty ones."

SHE wants EU countries to exercise clemency towards foreign prostitutes, guaranteeing them immunity from expulsion if they come forward. Supt Hoskins says such an approach would make his job much easier. "We can manage with the legislation we have because we can usually charge these guys with living from immoral earnings or tax evasion. But it is more difficult for the women: while we can protect them for a certain amount of time, we have none of the social back-up they need, like housing or psychological care. Sooner or later, we have to put them on a plane."

For the police and voluntary groups working with women, the conference provided a chance to exchange business cards and meagre statistics. Few shared Gradin's optimism that trafficking might move on to the political agenda.

Ludmila Bojkava, from the Bulgarian foreign ministry, was particularly pessimistic. "We need more information directed at young women in the East and we need financial incentives for these women to return home. But let us be realistic. The women can earn so much more working in the West. They will go on doing it until the West does the only thing it knows how to do: puts up the walls of Fortress Europe. Then no one will get in, just like during the cold war."

God-given voice that made others happy

OBITUARY
Ella Fitzgerald

VULNERABILITY has always been a popular quality for jazz musicians to display, and the worse the bruises the better. The media loved Billie Holiday, Chet Baker, Charlie Parker and a raft of others for their haunting eyes, their unpredictability, their bad deaths.

Yet just as suitable a subject for mythology, if it had been deemed as interesting, has been the exact reverse — the apparent indestructibility of many artists, despite being up against the pressures that made the jazz life such a tough one for so long. Ella Fitzgerald, who has died aged 79, was the kind of jazz artist who brought that constantly to mind from the 1970s onward.

The Fitzgerald method depended on one of the most assured and complete techniques ever possessed by a jazz singer, a blend of driving swing, unswerving accuracy of pitch and instrument-like improvisational skill. But it was fused by a chemistry unusual among jazz artists, an optimistic, even innocent take on the world which gave her interpretation of songs a spirited, jubilant quality. Almost as remarkable an achievement as her harmonic sense and ability to swing was Fitzgerald's ability to make all these virtues disappear so she seemed to be just singing in the bath. That artless playfulness was part of the secret of the immense affection which she inspired for so many years.

Ella Fitzgerald was born in Newport News, Virginia, the daughter of William Fitzgerald and his common-law wife Temperance Williams Fitzgerald. When the couple separated a year later, she moved with her mother to Yonkers, New York. Dancing was her first love in childhood. But the transformation of American music that had been wrought by Louis Armstrong and the pioneering jazz improvisers in the 1920s attracted her to a new way of singing. Fitzgerald liked the close-harmony Boswell Sisters, particularly the lead singer Connee Boswell, whose emotional depth and timing she tried hard to replicate.

When she was 15, her mother died, and Ella went to live in Harlem with an aunt, in the centre of a jazz world on the brink of a roll. The Depression had all but killed the commerciality of the blues, and the New Orleans music of the previous decade sounded dated to an audience that wanted something slicker, quicker and more confident. The big band boom was about to begin, and an era of swing that was as big as rock 'n' roll was to become.

In November 1934, Ella Fitzgerald sung The Object Of My Affection and Judy in the Boswell style, in a talent contest at Harlem's Apollo Theatre. She won first prize. Alto saxophonist and bandleader Benny Carter spotted her and recommended her to the drummer/band leader Chick Webb.

Webb became Ella's legal guardian as well as her boss. "He always taught me to follow the beat," Fitzgerald said of him, and they became nationally famous through a string of Savoy Ballroom shows, radio and and recordings.

Chick Webb died in 1939 and the singer took over as nominal leader for the next three years. She recorded prolifically, mostly pop music and novelty songs for the juke-box market.

Bebop, the harmonically advanced and technically demanding jazz revolution that developed out of the musical frustrations of the younger swing-band players and wartime economic pressures towards a self-sufficient small-band style, inevitably affected Fitzgerald. She adapted elements of the new music to her own style. Scat-singing — the improvisation of wordless, instrument-imitating lyrics — had existed in jazz since Louis Armstrong's amiable 1920s experiments. But no one before Fitzgerald had attempted such ambitious manoeuvres with it, and the method was subsequently adopted and modified by countless singers. A year later, Ella Fitzgerald joined bebop guru Dizzy Gillespie's band for a tour.

In December 1947, Fitzgerald married Gillespie's bassist Ray Brown. It was her second marriage,



Ella Fitzgerald: one of the most assured of jazz singers

the first (to shipyard worker Benjamin Kornegay) had lasted two years. Fitzgerald, and Brown adopted the son of the singer's half-sister Frances, though work schedules resulted in the child being raised by Fitzgerald's aunt Virginia. The same pressures eventually torpedoed the marriage as well and the couple were divorced in 1953.

Fitzgerald's popularity meant that by the 1960s she was touring up to 45 weeks a year. She collapsed on-stage in 1965, and began to develop eyesight problems and diabetes from the early 1970s. Diabetes led to the amputation of her legs below the knee in 1993. But despite declining health, Fitzgerald continued to perform and record into the early 1990s, broadcasting on occasion with Frank Sinatra.

The British writer Benny Green perhaps put the Fitzgerald magic best when he wrote: "She is the best equipped vocalist ever to grace the jazz scene. There is to her voice a lilting, lullaby quality which renders even commonplace material moving." As for Fitzgerald herself, she simply said: "God gave me a voice . . . something with which to make other people happy".

John Fordham

Ella Fitzgerald, singer, born April 25, 1917; died June 15, 1996

Pretty as a picture

Paul Evans

HIGH UP in the deep brooding heart of the Cambrian mountains, the rains have overflowed the sphagnum bogs and trickles gather into torrents. Under the arches of Kerne Bridge, downstream from Ross on Wye, the river has a new wild song. Along the Wye Valley footpath, below the hanging woods of ash and oak, I cross the black open wings of a dead crow — a more substantial step than any crossing of a style.

The woods are flowing with the scented inks of bluebells and sparkling drifts of ransoms (wild garlic) and yellow archangel. The trail follows the Wye's many moods. Deep and hypnotic through the sprouting fields of wheat. Swirling and troubled over rocks and deep holes in the riverbed below the steep woods. The turbulent spirit of the river reels and sways, churns and slides, from the seeping dark-cloud mountain south to throw herself into the sea.

In 1770 William Gilpin, an English clergyman, school master and amateur artist, took a boat trip down the river Wye from Ross on Wye to Tintern Abbey. The account of his voyage, containing observations and landscape paintings, was published in 1782 and went into a second edition in 1789. Gilpin had come in search of the picturesque landscape that was to have a profound effect on the relationship between people and Nature — scenic tourism. The picturesque was a way of seeing and representing a landscape, quite literally, "as pretty as a picture".

Gilpin was inspired by Claude Lorraine, a French painter of Italian landscapes a century earlier. Like Claude, Gilpin disliked the wild mountains, which he thought were Nature's distortions. He wrote, 'There are few who do not prefer the busy scene of cultivation to the greatest of nature's rough productions." Aspiring artists and tourists came armed with their Claude Glass, a wallet-sized mirror held up at special vantage points to reflect the perfect scene, and with their backs to the view they would paint or sketch its reflection.

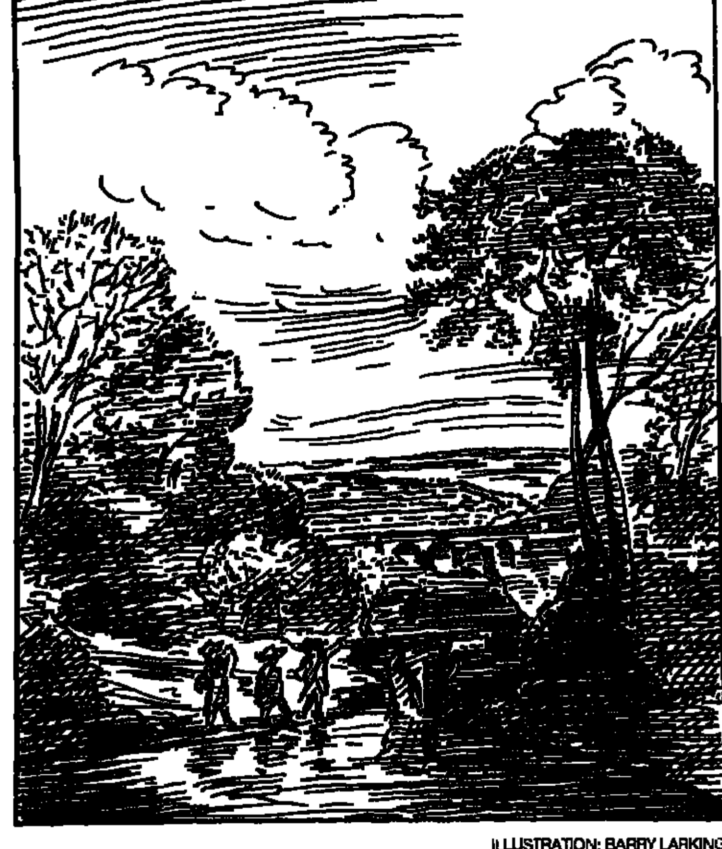


ILLUSTRATION: BARRY LARKING

A kind of scientific approach to scenic tourism developed which was only interested in the painting-like quality of the view, ignoring the harsher, messy realities that went on within it. Although the picturesque seems faintly daft today, you only have to catch yourself choosing a view and framing a photograph to be aware of its influence.

The picturesque, as a landscape aesthetic, was a remarkable confidence trick. It created the myth of the ideal landscape. It detached the viewer from Nature and allowed the landscape to subdue the wildness which inhabited it. The 18th century was a turbulent period when many rural communities were forced into towns to become fodder for the Industrial Revolution. When it was felt that Nature was finally dominated by human endeavour, it became safe to celebrate a rural idyll that never was.

Despite the legacy of the picturesque, projected across the landscape of the Wye Valley, which draws thousands of tourists each year, the river itself has a wild and restless presence which shapes the landscape. The ruins of Goodrich Castle above Kerne Bridge is a reminder that the Wye divides England from Wales and once flowed with blood through enemy lines. The Wye still flows with blood: the blood of mountains and of woods. And although it is the lifeblood of the "busy cultivation" Gilpin admired, it will carry memory and history from the land and flush it into the sea.

Chess Leonard Barden

KARPOV and Kamsky began their Fide title match in Kalmykia earlier this month, but the world championship has an uncertain future, whatever the outcome of this series.

Fide president Ilyumzhinov's plan to introduce an annual knock-out title contest has met with hostility and derision, and there is scepticism about whether a $5 million prize fund can be raised. It will be just as hard to raise funds or agree terms for a reunification match with Garry Kasparov's PCA championship.

Meanwhile Kasparov's position as the unchallenged No 1 took another knock when he could only finish third at Seville behind Veselin Topalov, 21, and Vladimir Kramnik, 20. Kramnik's brilliancy against his former teacher will appear here next week, while Topalov has followed up his win at Amsterdam where he too beat Kasparov. At 33, Kasparov is hardly over the hill, but he is now faced with a trio of rivals — the Seville pair and Kamsky — who are a decade younger. Here Shirov tries an optimistic piece sacrifice, but Kasparov spots a flaw in his opponent's homework.

Kasparov-Shirov, Slav Defence, Seville

1 d4 d5 2 c4 c6 3 Nf3 Nf6 4 Nc3 dxc4 5 a4 Bf5 6 Ne5 e6 7 f3 c5?! Bb4 8 e4 Bxe4 9 fxe4 Nxe4 is critical, though here too recent analysis has favoured White.

8 e4 cxd4 9 exf5 Bb4 10 Bxc4 Qd6 11 Bb5+! After 20 minutes thought. **Nc6 12 Nc4 Qc5 13 Bd2!** The refutation. If dxc3 14 bxc3 Ba5 15 Nxa5 wins. So Black has to stay material down, and Kasparov heads for a won endgame.

0-0 14 Na2 Bxd2+ 15 Qxd2 Ne7 16 Qb4 Qxb4+ 17 Nxb4 a6 18 Nb6 axb5 19 Nxa8 Rxa8 20 fxe6 bxa4 21 exf7+ Kxf7 22 Kd2 Ke6 23 Rhc1 Kd6 24 b3 b5 25 bxa4 bxa4 26 Rc4 Nf5 27 Nc2 Nd7 28 Rcxa4 Rxa4 29 Rxa4 Nb6 30 Nxd4! The simplest finish, ensuring a knight ending two pawns up after Nxa4 31 Nxf5+ and 32 Nxg7. **Resigns.**

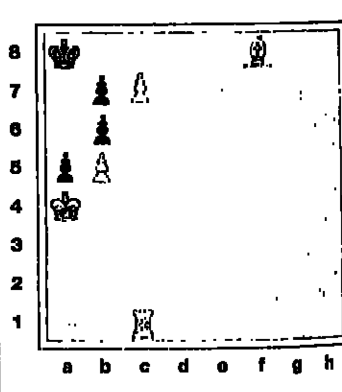
If you enjoy serious play but dislike the discomforts of weekend congresses and club matches, consider postal chess. Winning At Correspondence Chess by Tim Harding (Batsford, £14.99) is the best book I've read on the subject. Harding, an international player, covers all the useful practical aspects, such as how to prepare, avoid recording errors, make best use of your time, and get started in UK or international competitions.

Some believe that play by fax, telephone or the Internet will soon supersede traditional postal games, and Harding gives full information on these newer modes. Written in a lucid and chatty style, the book abounds with good advice and is a must for any serious postal player.

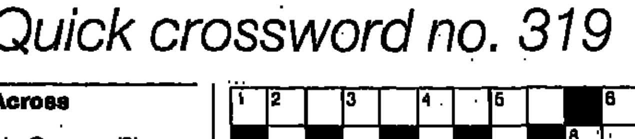
The Howard Staunton Society dinner attended by Nigel Short in London on June 29 will feature a talk by Ken Whyld, the chess historian, on the obscure early years of Britain's first great champion and on claims that his impressive-sounding Victorian name was adopted.

The evening also includes an auction of chess memorabilia, and several GMs will be present. For tickets, £25 per person, call Brian Clivaz on +44 171-420 6500.

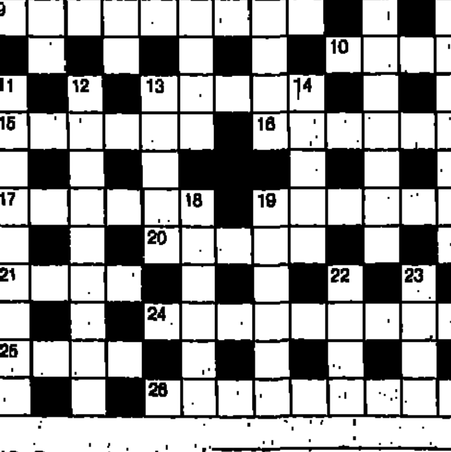
No 2426



White mates in three moves, against any defence. The first move may seem obvious, but look carefully.



Quick crossword no. 319



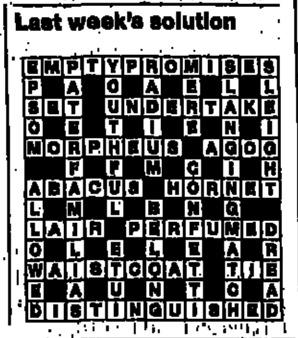
Across

1 Oversee (9)
8 Overcook — fish (4)
9 Scattered (9)
10 Reserve — space for cargo (4)
13 Respond (5)
15 Red wine (6)
16 Scottish dish (6)
17 Royal crown (6)
19 Fleet of warships (6)
20 Vigorous (5)
21 Ogle (4)
24 Benefit (9)
25 Unsightly (4)
26 Blood cancer (9)

Down

2 One — film group (4)
3 Discern (4)
4 Menial servant, (travel, anag) (6)
5 Oration (6)
6 Chinese split skirt (9)
7 Retail dealer (9)
11 Sour (9)
12 Game — and trifle (9)
13 Revolt (5)
14 Linger (5)
18 Mess (6)
19 Assault (6)
22 Inflamed eyelid (4)
23 Cross between tangerine, grapefruit and orange (4)

Last week's solution



Bridge Zia Mahmood

MAY'S Generali Individual Championship in Paris is bridge's version of the Grand National. Players have to overcome unfamiliar partnerships and in some cases an unfamiliar bidding system. Nobody has ever finished in the top three twice. This year, the rising young star from Norway, Geir Helgemo, led from start to finish, ending miles clear of his rivals. My only consolation was that Paris is one of the few cities where first-class restaurants stay open late enough for the post-mortems of unsuccessful players.

After Paris I had time for a visit to TGR's in London, where I ran into an old friend, the Bangladeshi champion Sajid Ispahani. This hand saw him run rings around the opposition. Cover the East-West cards and plan the play with Sajid as South, declarer in four spades.

West leads the five of diamonds, taken by East with the ace. East returns a diamond which you win with the king. You cash the ace and king of spades, West playing low both times and East following with the ten and queen. So far, so good — but what now?

Sajid's thoughts ran along these lines: "The only danger is that I will lose a heart trick and two clubs, in addition to the diamond already lost. If I can establish dummy's heart suit for club discards, I will succeed. I can afford to lose a trick in hearts to West, since he cannot play clubs through the king. But I must not lose a heart trick to East if I can avoid it. So I will play the queen of hearts to the ace, a small safety play in case East has the singleton king."

North
♠ J 8 7 4
♥ A J 9 8 5
♦ 9 4
♣ 6 2

West
♠ 6 5
♥ 7 3
♦ Q 8 7 6 3
♣ A Q J 9 8

East
♠ Q 10
♥ K 6 2
♦ A J 5 2
♣ 7 5 4

South
♠ A K 9 3 2
♥ Q 10 4
♦ K 10
♣ K 10 3

South	West	North	East
	No	No	No
1NT	No	2♣	No
2♠	No	3♠	No
4♠	No	No	No

Sajid overtook the queen of hearts with dummy's ace and returned a heart from the table. East gave this some thought and eventually played low, as did West. Winning with the ten, Sajid was about to play another heart anyway when he paused: "East has turned up with the ace of diamonds, the queen of spades and the king of hearts. He cannot have the ace of clubs as well, or he would have opened the bidding. So my contract is doomed if I play another heart — a club is bound to come through my king of clubs. But what else is there to do?"

Suddenly he had an idea. He led the king of clubs from his hand! West won the trick with the ace and cashed the queen of clubs, on which Sajid dropped the ten. As Sajid hoped, West was deceived about the distribution in the minor suits and, after some consideration, exited with a diamond. Ruffing in dummy, Sajid threw the losing heart from his own hand, and a heart ruff established the North hand.

The moral? Never give up! When all seems lost, remember that the opponents can always ride to your rescue with a mistake or three.

Bloody barbs

Criticism kills according to artist R B Kitaj, who blames savage reviews for his wife's death. **Michael Billington** looks at the dangerous relationship between artist and critic

IT IS clearly meant to shock. R B Kitaj's work, The Critic Kills, faces one accusingly at the opening to the Royal Academy Summer Show. It is a collage in four panels that both celebrates the artist's late wife, Sandra Fisher, and forms the opening shot in Kitaj's guerrilla campaign against the art critics whom he blames for her death.

Like much of Kitaj's work, it is literary, erudite, allusive. It is inspired by Karl Kraus and ironically quotes Hitler's attack on artists who need to explain their work: one of the complaints made by the London critics against Kitaj himself. It is a disturbing, angry work that raises conscience-pricking questions for anyone in the appraisal business.

But what lies behind it? Kitaj, an American expatriate who has lived in London since 1959 and who has in the past been highly praised ("Kitaj draws better than almost anyone else alive," Robert Hughes once wrote in Time), was in June 1994 given a major retrospective at London's Tate Gallery. The normally reclusive Kitaj came out of his Chelsea bolt-hole and gave a number of revealing interviews. Expectations were pitched high. Then came the reviews. They were not merely bad. They were devastating and called into question Kitaj's whole creative purpose and artistic talent.

Still shell-shocked, he flew off in September 1994 to visit his 84-year-old mother in Los Angeles. He no sooner arrived than he got a message that his wife — who herself had studied painting at the California Institute of the Arts — was ill. He sped back to London to find that she had had a severe stroke. Two days later she died aged 47. For Kitaj, it was the tragic climax to a terrible year. As he said at the time of the critics: "They wounded me, they tried to kill me and they got her instead."

Only Kitaj himself knows whether that remark is literally true. What is certain is that the reviews of his exhibition were both savage and highly personalised. It came as no great shock to find Brian Sewell, that knockabout iconoclast, writing in London's Evening Standard: "A pox on fawning critics and curators for foisting on us as heroic master, a vain painter puffed with *amour propre*, unworthy of a footnote in the history of figurative art." It was more disturbing to find the highly respected Andrew Graham-Dixon writing in the Independent: "The careless manner which Kitaj has lately adopted is a hybrid style of pastiche: a little bit of fake Beckmann, a little bit of fake Picasso but above all fake . . . The wandering Jew, the T S Eliot of painting? Kitaj instead turns out to be the Wizard of Oz: a small man with a megaphone held to his lips." Criticism often wounds. But this was something more: a systematic attempt to cut Kitaj down to size.

The Kitaj affair — and his current retaliation — raises vital questions. What is the relation between critic and artist? Where does one draw the line between responsibility to one's critical conscience and regard for human feeling? Is the critic law-giver or mediator? And is critical reaction these days inevitably distorted by the hype and puffery that precedes any major artistic event? One thing is clear. Kitaj is not the only person to feel criticism can kill. I was reminded of the extraordinary story told by Robert Brustein, the American director, academic and critic, in his book Making Scenes. In the late 1970s Brustein was running the Yale Repertory Theatre and directed his wife, Norma, in a production of The Seagull. Richard Eder, then drama critic of the New York Times, gave the show a savage review.

"Norma Brustein," he wrote, "who is the director's wife, plays the central role of Madame Arkadina but generates none of the oppressive charm that allows this character to rule the play. She is simply oppressive. Mrs Brustein has played important roles in a number of the company's productions and, at least in the ones I have seen, she has tended to sink them."

What particularly incensed Norma Brustein was the phrase about "the director's wife", implying that she was cast simply out of uxoriousness. She engaged in a furious exchange of letters with Eder but went on playing in The Seagull. Two days after the final performance, however, she died of a heart-attack. Brustein doesn't go as far as Kitaj but he leaves the reader in no doubt that Eder's attack on his wife's talent and integrity was a major cause of her death.

ILLUSTRATION: MICK BROWNFIELD

It is, of course, the ultimate critical nightmare: that one's words may have a lethal effect. I remember, all too vividly, the tragic end of the actress Mary Ure. In 1975 she appeared in the West End in a play called The Exorcism. Her first-night performance was shaky and I remember saying so in no uncertain terms. The next morning I was stunned to see headlines in the early editions of the Standard announcing her death.

My instant reaction — and that of unforgotten colleagues — was that my notice may have been partially responsible: only later did I discover that she had died in the night, after a violent domestic row, through a mixture of pills and drink and couldn't possibly have seen the papers. But, although my notice had nothing to do with her death, my racked conscience was hardly helped by the receipt of letters, one of which suggested I should be horsewhipped.

THESE are extreme cases. But the history of the arts is filled with examples of violent hostility between critic and artist. No one likes to be judged. And, from time immemorial, painters, composers, writers and performers have reacted with fury to the wasp stings of critics.

To the persecuted artist of today one can offer two consolations. One is that it was much worse in the past. Clement Scott in the Daily Telegraph attacked Ibsen's Hedda Gabler as "a bad escape of moral sewage gas". Ruskin described Wagner's Die Meistersinger as "clumsy, blundering, boggling, baboon-blooded stuff". And it was Ruskin who provoked one of the most famous lawsuits of all time by accusing Whistler in 1877 of "flinging a pot of paint in the public's face": the resulting court-case led to Whistler being awarded a farthing in damages.

But, if you think critics are harsh, it strikes me that artists are often tougher on each other. It was Gounod who said of Verdi's Ernani "It's organ-grinder stuff"; the Austrian dramatist Grillparzer who said of Weber's Euryanthe that "in the great days of Greece this subversion of all melody, this rape of beauty, would have been punished by the state"; and Tolstoy who announced to Chekhov that "Shakespeare's plays are very bad but yours are worse". Critics frequently may make fools of themselves, but it is often the artist himself who delivers the real killer-punch.

But must artist and critic always be forced to stare at each other across the barbed wire? A lot depends on the economic context. In any commercialised art form, the critic is inevitably the enemy: a means of stopping people making money. Where art is subsidised, the verdict of the critic is potentially less destructive. But it is my belief that both artists and critics should indulge in more soul-searching. The former should cultivate thicker skins: my own profession, without compromising its integrity, should not substitute ego for evaluation of the work in hand.

The art of deflecting criticism was perfectly illustrated by the great Victorian actor, Sir Henry Irving. Shaw, writing in the Saturday Review, constantly attacked Irving for his literary judgment and butchery of Shakespeare while still cheekily trying to persuade him to stage one of Shaw's own plays. But when Shaw, in a notice of Richard III, was thought to have accused Irving of drunkenness on stage, he wrote to the old man denying any such imputation.

Irving replied by saying that he had not had the privilege of reading Shaw's criticism of Richard III. He continued: "I have read lots of your droll, amusing, irrelevant and sometimes impertinent pages but criticism containing judgment and sympathy I have never seen by your pen." A good example of the biter bit.

Even better is when artist and critic engage in serious public debate. The classic case in modern times was the confrontation between Kenneth Tynan and Eugene Ionesco that took place in the Observer in 1958. Tynan attacked the "anti-humanists" who held up Ionesco's type of Absurdist theatre as the gateway to the future. Back came Ionesco arguing against social and political theatre and claiming that society is "revealed by our common anxieties, our desires, our secret nostalgias" and that "no political system can deliver us from the pain of living, from our fear of death". The debate went on for weeks, engaging such figures as John Berger, Orson Welles, Philip Toynbee and Lindsay Anderson. This was the genuine stuff of dialectic: far removed from the trading of insults that you often get when artists confront critics.

Of that there have been plenty of examples in recent times. The most famous was John Osborne's formation of the British Playwrights' Mafia — its initial meeting is recorded in Osborne's Damn You, England — with the aim of duffing up recalcitrant hacks: all it boiled down to was Osborne sending out mildly insulting, and often quite funny, postcards to selected targets.

Others, however, took Osborne's idea of physical retaliation more seriously. I was once cuffed on the head by David Storey in the Royal Court bar after a fairly bilious review of his play, Mother's Day. A minor incident was blown out of all proportion and caused a media stir: it may have temporarily relieved Storey's feelings but it did nothing to advance serious argument.

Wounded artists, I suspect, should either maintain a stoical silence or, if serious matters of principle are involved, should seek redress through the editorial or letter columns of a newspaper: I passionately believe that criticism should not be seen as the last word but as the opening of a public debate.

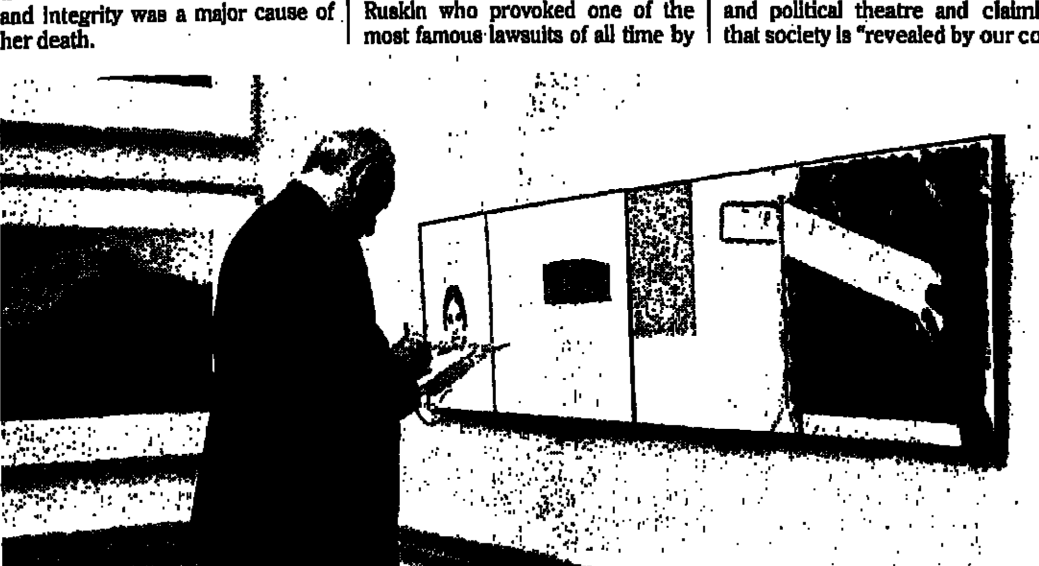
BUT critics could also profitably be more self-critical. We should, for example, be able to express honest doubts without indulging in intemperate, personal abuse as seemed to have happened in many of the Kitaj reviews. We should learn to ignore media hype which, as I know too well, can sometimes create a grating resentment.

We should also recognise that a work which aims high and misses is often better than one which aims low and hits its target (of course, some works also aim low and miss). We should not simply ask whether a work is good of its kind but whether the kind is inherently worthwhile.

Robert Brustein, who has been a practising critic as well as a professional director, puts it well in his book Who Needs Theatre? when he says that one should resist the temptation to let the criticising self usurp the criticised object. He goes on to argue that opinions should be wedded to passionate convictions. "If we cannot", he writes, "avoid making judgments, then at least we can try to give those judgments meaning by investing our criticism with reference and learning and a transcendent view of the art we have elected to serve."

Of course, in an ideal world one would have space, time and leisure rather than a pressing need to come up with a crisp 500-word verdict by 11pm. But they have a point: that the critic should judge motives as well as achievements and that naked assertions of taste should be reinforced by some larger vision of the art one is writing about.

Artists are fallible. So too are critics. But it would be nice to think that, although temporary opponents, we are sometimes fighting on the same side. The artist and the critic look like natural enemies. In fact — though Kitaj might not agree — we should be united in our detestation of the shoddy, the meretricious and the philistine which surround us on all sides.



Striking back . . . Kitaj's new painting at the Royal Academy's Summer Exhibition PHOTO: DAVID MANSELL

Feelgood actors

CINEMA
Derek Malcolm

FEW FILMS out of competition at Cannes this year got a better reception than Hettie MacDonald's **Beautiful Thing**, adapted by Jonathan Harvey from his own play about two young men coming out on a south London estate. Whatever its faults — and it has some — this is a feelgood movie on a potentially feelbad subject.

That it manages to be so without camping it up, minimising the youngsters' susceptibilities or too consciously trying to persuade us that this is a gay film for everyone, may be why audiences seem to like it so much. It's certainly why this debut, despite its rough edges and slightly messy structure, can be considered an artistic success.

MacDonald has carefully kept the play's optimistic flavour. This is not only to do with the boys themselves (Glen Berry and Scott Neal, both excellent) but with MacDonald's and Harvey's overall view of the inhabitants of the Thamesmead estate who, despite the pressures of their lives, are shown as anything but downcast by their troubles.

The film doesn't just make a familiar plea for tolerance, but suggests it is actually present among all classes rather than confined to a liberal élite which has been bludgeoned into silence by the reactionary masses.

This, of course, may be why Beautiful Thing is called "an urban fairy tale". I'm afraid I have to say that its final scene of general reconciliation seems straight out of the Hollywood fantasy manual. But it is at least based upon what we've learnt about the characters we have seen, and therefore has its own natural logic.

There's a bit of both Mike Leigh and Ken Loach influencing the film, though MacDonald isn't slavish about it and certainly passes over the kind of issues they might well have taken aboard — but then so does the play. Following Harvey, she opens it out with a number of deft touches — for example, the estate isn't nice even in good weather and everyone on it is fighting something. Their lives aren't easy and yet she suggests that no one is more likely to triumph over adversity than the characters on display. That's the way they're made.

The film is held together by the performances of the two boys — Jamie (Berry) had been bullied at school by Ste (Neal), but forms an attachment to him after Jamie's mother invites him to take refuge from his family in her flat.

Their affair is accomplished very naturally on the screen and its gradual discovery by Linda Henry as Jamie's mother is well done. What the film sometimes lacks is the bite of more depressing realities; its comedy is neither unthinking nor uncaring, but just a little glib.

On the whole, Beautiful Thing does rather more than skim the surface. It is bold, if a little disorganised, and colourful, if not quite subversive enough. Above all, it is intent on giving its audience a good time while quietly persuading them that it takes all sorts to make a world. That's enough to be going on with — particularly if it attracts the right kind of audience.

THERE were those who thought Jocelyn Moorhouse's Proof, a thriller made in New Zealand, showed considerable talent. But How to Make an American Quilt proves that, however strong that talent, it can't wholly survive the process of making a mainstream American film.

Written, directed, produced and largely acted by women, it looks like a sterling effort in a compromising world. This is small-town America where Winona Ryder's graduate student visits her grandmother and meets the members of a quilting circle. Uncertain whether to marry her boyfriend, she listens to their stories and, when the quilt is completed, makes up her mind.

All this is worked out with sympathy but surprisingly little dramatic force, as if Moorhouse and Jane Anderson, who based her screenplay on the Whitney Otto novel, are anxious to keep us watching without causing too much offence. Each slice of the past is treated as part of the history of thousands of women, not as something exceptional. That is a virtue.



Gentle touch . . . Glen Berry and Scott Neal in Beautiful Thing

But the film is just a little too comforting to push its message into a dynamic form.

Nicolas Roeg's **Two Deaths** is set in Bucharest — as the Ceausescu regime is busy falling apart — at a dinner party given by a rich doctor (Michael Gambon) who has done well out of the regime and laid on a feast, served by his beautiful but silent housekeeper (Sonia Braga).

He is secretly besotted by the housekeeper, who married another but became his mistress when her husband was paralysed in an accident. Now he lies upstairs, ministered to by the housekeeper. Everyone has something to hide and crippled lives are uncovered round the table.

The film, a chamber piece created by Allan Scott, Roeg's collaborator, from Stephen Dobyns's The Two Deaths Of Signora Puccini, has a very middle-European flavour even though Roeg's previous concerns about the corruption of political, personal and sexual obsession are much in evidence. But the film has a shaky structure and its international cast, which includes Nickolas Grace, Patrick Malahide, Ion Caramitru and Sevilla Delofski, are often working in different styles.

Greta Schiller's **Paris Was a Woman** posits the theory that the artists and writers that made Paris the centre of the world between the two world wars included as many outstanding women as men: Colette, Gertrude Stein, Djuna Barnes and Marie Laurencin — if you don't know who they were, the film tells you. It is well made and excellently researched: without being aggressively feminist, it gives a different slant to the idea that Modernism was predominantly male.

Too many doctors in the house

TELEVISION
Nancy Banks-Smith

GROUCHO MARX wanted to be a doctor. Even when playing Carnegie Hall to a sell-out crowd, every last one wearing spectacles and a false moustache, he was haunted by the wistful sense that he had missed his true vocation. Sometimes he surfaced as Dr Hackenbush, horse doctor extraordinaire ("Either he's dead or my watch has stopped"), but it wasn't the same thing. Not really.

Ever since M*A*S*H, surgeons have been indistinguishable from Groucho. Before M*A*S*H, there was Dr Kildare, with those wide eyes set on each side of his head like a fawn. After M*A*S*H, mayhem.

Docs on the Box (BBC2), a chance to hang out a number of odd socks on a washing line and call it a theme, reminded you how strikingly innovative M*A*S*H was.

That script coruscated. "When this is over what I'm going to miss the most are you and dysentery." "Keep talking, Frank. I could use the sleep." And it contained what is possibly the very first sighting of "Why do people take an instant dislike to me?" "Saves time."

Subversive, too. "I don't know why they're shooting at us," said Alan Alda. "All we want to do is bring them democracy and white bread. Translate the American dream. Freedom, achievement, hyperacidity, affluence, flatulence, technology, tension, the inalienable right to an early coronary."

Alda, 20 years older and greying nicely, said: "My guess is that it was the first programme that showed doctors joking during surgery and the nuts and bolts of what doctors did. In the beginning they didn't want us to show blood." Success opens doors and wounds. Now patients bleed like billy-ho and jokes are a regular death rattle.

The jokes make you glad you're under anaesthetic.

As Dame Edna said in **Another Audience with Dame Edna Everage** (LWT), "Oh, very funny! Very funny! Tell me when your loved ones are on a life support system and I'll come round and have a good laugh at you." This programme was first shown in 1984. It was disconcerting to see how many of the celebrities were now dead or, at the very least, in the House of Lords.

Medical students may be using TV as a mirror. A writer on Chicago Hope said "Life is replicating art. They're starting to get more Gonzo, playing the music, wearing the weird hats and being obnoxious because that's how they seen it being portrayed on TV." Chicago Hope, which somehow missed me the first time round, is coming back for another shot. I am bracing myself for the ambiguous genitalia episode ("Congratulations, you have a beautiful baby er . . .")

It is blue-black, bruised humour. Clive Mantle first appeared in Casualty as mentally retarded and later rematerialised running the department. Nobody noticed.

Even Dr Finlay, fresh as a mountain stream, has found himself committing infanticide. David Rintoul said: "The titles of the first series had me administering some medicine to a baby out of a bottle. The bottle was ribbed" — he struggled without much success for composure — "which meant it contained poison." Viewers, who seem very well up on poisons, noticed that in their thousands.

If you are in television, never admit it to a doctor. Their interest in your ambiguous genitalia, always minimal, disappears immediately. Some actually happen to have an unpublished script about their person.

Medical drama is a form of warfare fought over a bleeding piece of earth. The most moving moment of the night was from Casualty. The camera hovered over a deathbed. The doctor demanded paddles to resuscitate the man. All the nurses hesitated and Brenda Fricker said "Let him go!"

The doctor went.

There is far, far too much medicine on TV. It will die a natural death.

Will subverted by brute force

THEATRE
Michael Billington

NO DOUBT who is in charge at London's Mermaid Theatre: Steven Berkoff reopens the theatre with a Coriolanus which he has directed, designed and in which he stars. And there's the rub; a strong, stylish and visually coherent production gives Berkoff excessive licence to strut his stuff.

In New York six years ago I saw the same production with Christopher Walken as a mean and moody Caius Marcius. But Berkoff's own Coriolanus becomes a leering, sneering, jack-booted Mussolini-esque fascist. It's one way of seeing the part but it irons out much of the colour and contrast.

Even in Shakespeare's least likeable hero there is light and shade. But, significantly, Berkoff cuts Coriolanus's lines reflecting his concern for a poor man who gave him hospitality and even reverses his hatred of public praise by showing him glorying in hero-worshipping chants.

The best feature of a way over the top performance is its sardonic humour. This Coriolanus, accused by the people of being a traitor, goes around silently mouthing the word like some East End bruiser looking for a scrap.

A lot, however, depends on one's vantage point. After the interval I moved from my front seat, where I could see the plumbing standing out on Berkoff's neck, to the back row where everything gained in perspective.

The set, consisting of six black columns and patterned parquet-flooring, suddenly looked impressive. And Berkoff's own stylised, choreographed production acquired the shape and rhythm of a rather brutal version of Les Sylphides.

His real strength throughout, in fact, lies not in exploration of Shakespeare's sinewy language but in mime and movement. The Roman plebeians whirl like dervishes armed with staves and clubs. Volumnia and Virgilia in their opening scene deftly sew with invisible thread.

Huge doors are evoked through the grunting strain of their being parted. And, at the very end, Berkoff's fascist anti-hero goes to a defiant death as he wrests an imagined sword from his stomach. The overall effect, aided by Mark Glentworth's percussive music, is like a piece of Japanese theatre.

The problem, of course, is that Shakespeare makes his points through language. And the only performers to give the verse its due are Faith Brook as an icily impassioned Volumnia, Colin McFarlane as a towering Aufidius and John McEnery as a subtle Cominius who at the climax rather creepily puts the peace treaty back in his briefcase.

As a piece of staging, the production looks highly disciplined and controlled not least in its marshalling of the excellent ensemble. One just wishes Berkoff showed the same sensitivity to the verse as he does to the volatile possibilities of movement.



Bleak moments in a bleak city

ART
Adrian Searle

A FAINT smell of linseed oil scents the air at London's Tate Gallery. On the walls hangs a life's work, the record of a man, his models and his London. Leon Kossoff paints the people and places he has known all his life, his parents in their sitting room, his brother Philip, Chaim, Fidelma and Rosalind. He is a painter of the streets and the people in the streets, of Hackney and Shoreditch, Charing Cross and Willesden; swimmers in the local pool and strangers passing through the Underground; people in rooms who sit and do nothing, people who lie patiently naked for him to draw and paint. He paints the City church, the old school, the shunter's yard and the street market, the thousand streets under the sky, the embittered London light.

Kilburn Underground station is not the Gare Saint Lazare and Ridley Road Market is hardly drenched in Mediterranean light. Christ Church, Spitalfields is not Rouen Cathedral and Willesden Junction is not a Provençal cornfield with crows. These are somnolent places, and Kossoff's view of the world is a view of the prosaic, the everyday. In the familiar world, he finds a kind of poetry, yet what strikes one most forcibly in Kossoff's work is the paint itself.

So much bloody paint. An almost unrelieved thickness of paint, morasses and morains, landslips, mires and bogs of paint: drools, spatters and slicks of heavy, oleaginous paint. Kossoff's exhibition is an exhausting wade though abused oil paint.

Kossoff's work, from the early fifties onwards, is a record, more than anything else, of the artist's struggle with his material. After demob, Kossoff studied alongside Frank Auerbach at St Martin's College of Art. Both fell under the influence of David Bomberg while attending his evening drawing classes at Borough Polytechnic.



**Above, Kossoff's Portrait of Chaim No 1 (1987)
Left, Christ Church Spitalfields Morning (1990)**

Bomberg's charismatic teaching centred on what he called "the spirit of the mass", a focus on finding an equivalent not to appearance but to the solidity and physical presence of the living model and the objects in the world. In Bomberg's classes, drawing became a confrontational, tribal act: the air heavy with charcoal dust and poisoned with fixative, the paper blackened by the residues of drawing, the accrued palimpsests of erased and redrawn marks, the signs of the struggle to find some ineffable essence in what was being depicted.

That Kossoff believed in the approach is in no doubt. But the drawing that underpins his painting — and what all the paint fails to conceal — is that Kossoff is a kind of expressionist cartoonist, a caricaturist. The furrowed paint attempts to dignify his natural inclination, which is to illustrate. Kossoff's paintings from the fifties and sixties, his early building-site paintings, his London views and life studies are submerged in horrible, darkening gunge. What we see on the walls isn't even, quite, what Kossoff originally intended, as the paintings themselves have become shrivelled and blackened with dried-up, excess oil.

The cheap colour Kossoff used has died. His figures, buried in the repellent, heaving surfaces, pushed to the limit in some valiant painterly struggle, have become curdled monsters from Mars. A 1962 painting of two-seated figures, rather than being a compassionate portrait of two elderly sitters, seems to depict a man in a joke-shop horror-mask, while his female companion has a great gout of blood spewing from her face. The trouble is Kossoff wasn't (unlike the American Leon Golub) trying to paint aliens, monsters, or scenes of formless, mindless violence at all.

Sometimes a little light — and an evocation of a specific time or place — gets in, and London suddenly comes hallucinogenically alive — York Way suffused in metallic-blue winter air, the dead sky and vertiginous sweep of railway lines speeding to a wrecked horizon at Willesden Junction. When Kossoff began painting scenes inside a swimming pool in 1969, he even might have been enjoying himself. The paint gets thinner and more descriptive, the jumping, diving, lounging, preening jumble of figures in and around the pool are animated and unashamedly playful, and the entire scene unfolds with manic delight. Then it's back to the rough stuff, the sullen models and quaking paint.

The Ur-model for the heavy-headed, big-jawed, leaden-limbed figures in Kossoff's portraits seems to be Cézanne's Achille Emperaire, although the ghosts of Chaim Soutine, Max Beckmann and perhaps even De Kooning and late Philip Guston float around in the background. Sometimes, as much as Kossoff evinces a kind of humanistic empathy, he ends up being inadvertently hilarious. The figures become lumpen and gross, and leave awful lumps of mess on the carpets of their sitting rooms. Father looks querulously down at the writhing floor, Mother closes her eyes and pretends not to notice. There's a lot of funny pink stuff spewing over Chaim's green jumper, and John Lessore has spilled his guts in his lap.

KOSSOFF'S trainspotting-in-Willesden mode was one of the duller moments at the last Venice Biennale, but his paintings of Underground stations, and recent street scenes are livelier, although the life they depict is hardly fun. It is difficult, looking at Kossoff's paintings of Christ Church, Spitalfields, not to be affected, as Kossoff was, by the atmosphere Peter Ackroyd laid over it in his novel Hawksmoor. Kossoff's version of the church is shipwrecked in the thin light, the church yawing and pitching above the lurching, lumpen beings on the street. The church slumps over, tired of London and tired of life, and Kossoff's figures, like those he populated Kilburn Underground station and Embankment with, are painted not so much in a child-like manner as regressed, cowered and stupid. This, perhaps, is ultimately Kossoff's vision of things.

Seeeing Kossoff's paintings en masse, one begins to discern a far more singular vision than one had been prepared for. From this show, he comes out as a parodist, a humorist, a chronicler of bleak moments in a bleak city. A side to the artist that remains unacknowledged, perhaps even by the artist himself.

Leon Kossoff at the Tate Gallery, London, until September 1

A triumph of team work in the Garden

OPERA
Andrew Clements

DON CARLOS at Covent Garden last week should have been all about Verdi and the Royal Opera. It was the company's first new production since 1958 of his grandest and most glorious opera, replacing the famous Visconti staging, and it was the first event in this year's Verdi Festival; Nabucco, Giovanna d'Arco and La Traviata are to come on stage, as well as concert performances of Il Corsaro and Alzira.

All the pre-performance gossip, though, was about Roberto Alagna — would he sing or wouldn't he? In the event he did appear in the title role and sang very well indeed — a little constrained in the top register to begin with, perhaps, and just a shade flat too, but he soon settled down, shaping the text with an expressive freedom and a wondrously even tone. Singing French like this, especially, he is hard to match. Yet this outstanding Don Carlos is all about superlative teamwork, and Alagna's contribution was just one part of that collective effort, delivered by a line-up which could hardly have been cast better.

Luc Bondy's staging was unveiled at the Paris Châtelet in March. The transfer to the smaller stage at Covent Garden has produced a few compromises in Gilles Aillaud's set designs — the Fontainebleau forest for the opening scene has had to be pruned to just a handful of trees, the bare-timbered auto da fe (still looking a bit like a Habitat kit) and its crowd of onlookers are rather cramped for space. It curbs some of Bondy's meticulously blocked production, too, and some of his entrances, when characters seem to hover on the edge of the action, are obscured by the sight lines. But the clarity and directness of the production are preserved, and the dramatic space for each scene is always exactly defined. Economy is the watchword, whether in the ballet for Elisabeth's retinue in the first act, or in Philip's fourth-act soliloquy. Not a gesture is wasted.



Karita Mattila: exceptional as Elisabeth de Valois

The production is still founded upon the Paris quartet of principals. Apart from Alagna's intense, designer-stubble Carlos, there is Thomas Hampson's Rodrigue, building up a subtle portrait of the opera's most complex character which climaxes in a moving death scene, Karita Mattila's exceptional Elisabeth de Valois, if anything now even more ravishing vocally, pure and true in her every utterance, and José Van Dam's Philip, weighing every word as if the future of his kingdom depended upon it. The Eboli is new — Martine Depuy does not possess Waltraud Meier's prehensile sensuality, but she has a grasp of the French line and diction that is even more telling; Kurt Rydl is the Grand Inquisitor, not so much sinister as downright intimidating. And Bernard Haitink now conducts, with a sense of the panoramic scale of Don Carlos and a feeling for its tapestry of vocal and instrumental colour that are revelations in themselves.

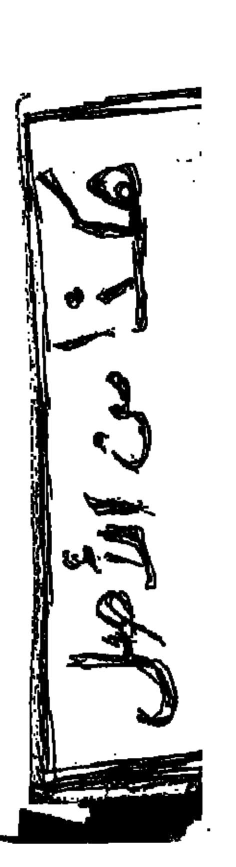
Gennadi Rozhdestvensky has never been one of your jet-set maestros, *writes Martin Kettle*. That makes Glyndebourne's achievement in persuading the former chief of the Bolshoi down to Sussex for the past two years all the more remarkable. Whatever it took to do it, the results deserve every accolade. Last year in Queen Of Spades and now in Eugene Onegin, Rozhdestvensky has treated Glyndebourne audiences to a masterclass in the conducting of Tchaikovsky operas.

ROZHDESTVENSKY'S Onegin is immediately more dramatic than most western accounts. He gives a reading pulsating with raw contrasts, never afraid to give full histrionic weight to a big Tchaikovsky string phrase, but scrupulously attentive to detail too. His experience as a ballet conductor means that dance scenes are marvellously pointed, while his refined treatment of small things is a constant fascination. The London Philharmonic played as though newly energised, as well they might.

This is no routine revival in other respects either. Graham Vick's generally masterly production from two summers ago has been directed this time by Caroline Sharman. It is dominated by the bold and haunting strokes in the treatment of the Tatyana-Onegin relationship and Sharman faithfully recaptures all the complex humour and stage tensions of the Larin ball scene. The one false note is the St Petersburg ball, a pointlessly alienating treatment. Pushkin's ironies do not need the help of this camp raspberry.

Working with Rozhdestvensky has deepened the performances of the main principals. Elena Prokina has acquired more light and shade in her vocal range to make an always accomplished Tatyana often truly moving. Wojciech Drabowicz is even better, a really involving and well sung Onegin. Martin Thompson seemed to have acquired a cloudier tone in the voice as Lensky, but that is not inappropriate for this deluded character and he looks the part.

After these two memorable visits, Glyndebourne should ensure that they go on enabling Rozhdestvensky to conduct here. It would be fascinating to hear him in Mozart or Britten, both Glyndebourne staples, but he and Vick ought to be persuaded to collaborate on Shostakovich's Gogol-derived opera The Nose, which Rozhdestvensky is uniquely qualified to direct, having worked on it with the composer.



Requiem for a musical genius

Peter Porter

Mozart: A Musical Biography
by Konrad Küster
Clarendon Press 428pp £25

MOZART'S life and work constitute a veritable shrine. We approach it bearing gifts. He is garlanded in Salzburg and at Glyndebourne, but is too universal to need a Bayreuth. Like Shakespeare, he is in the air; his holy of holies is the swollen CD catalogue and his Magi are numbered in millions.

At the head of the worshippers is a bunch of quarrelling experts. There are mysteries enough in Mozart's life to keep biographers busy for a millennium, but this is a minor consideration beside the furor of interpretation his music arouses.

I recall the moment when I first understood how jealous Mozart lovers are of each other's appreciation of his art. Brigid Brophy's Mozart The Dramatist of 1964 was a fragrant posy of irrelevant erudition and speculation offered to the immortal memory as if she were the Juggler of Notre Dame performing before the statue of the Virgin. Such skill was love excluding rivalry in the best way it knew. Then Hans Keller told us that though we thought we understood Mozart we really valued him for the wrong reasons. My Mozart, not your Mozart, will always be the true one.

Almost from the moment of his death in December 1791, there has been disputation over Mozart's life and heritage. The early biographers, Niemetschek, Nissen and Jahn, quickly established a tradition of putting spin on their accounts of his life, whether this was to protect his widow, to vindicate the German nation or simply to present a romantic myth in the most attractive light.

Recently three fields have come together — documentation, psychoanalysis and musical theory. Ludwig von Köchel's exemplary editing in the last century has been followed by continuous revision so that the K numbers are now in their sixth recension. It's good to observe that Konrad Küster in his new book pays tribute to the most important original work done on the Mozart archive in years — Alan Tyson's study of the different types of manuscript paper used by the composer.

Tyson's discoveries have enabled us to place Mozart's compositions in a better chronological order than was possible for Köchel. Take the Horn Concerto in D, K 412. Tyson now assigns it to Mozart's last year and not to 1781. It is an incomplete and somewhat mysterious work and to give it kinship with the last Piano Concerto, K 595, helps explain its separateness from its E Flat Major cousins. Tyson's reorderings are of greater value ultimately than any amount of psychological interpretation.

The centenaries of 1956 and 1991 sponsored dozens of books on Mozart. Before this there was one indispensable volume, Alfred Einstein's Mozart (1946 in Britain). All critics since have had to contend with Einstein. The roll call runs: Wolfgang Hildesheimer, H C Robbins Landon, Volkmar Braunbehrens, Maynard Solomon and now Konrad Küster. To deal with them in soundbite; Hildesheimer obliged us to look at the internal contradictions in Mozart's psyche; Robbins Landon set out to reclaim the character of his wife Constanze, to amplify Mozart's activities as a Freemason and to establish that, pauper's grave notwithstanding, his income in his last year was as large as Haydn's; Braunbehrens put all previous theories in a blender and emerged with a universal genius not unlike the Mozart of tradition; Solomon saw Mozart's life as a struggle to free himself from the dominance of his father and from an internal censorship menacing his creative power.

KÜSTER'S subtitle indicates his method. He has followed the Decca Record Company's example in its bicentenary tribute of 1991: this pursued Mozart's creative life year by significant year and disc by disc from the earliest masterpieces to the Requiem. Hearing the music in roughly its order of composition rather than at random or by category can be revelatory. Küster is able to deal with more works than a CD anthology can, but his rather dry and formal analysis offers little competition to a recording company's cornucopia of actual sound.

Nor is Küster's progress properly a musical biography, as he is still obliged to feed in details of Mozart's extra-musical activities. His end product embodies a conceptual falsity, or should be considered at best as a misguided metaphor.

Unless you know Mozart's works well, have them resounding in your ears or ranged widely on your shelves, you may find Küster hard to enjoy. There are, however, incidental disclosures and pleasures to be had. Küster discusses the origins of the last three symphonies; the strange case of The Musical Joke, K 522, which he shows is not a parody of inept musicians at work but a Keller-style analysis of what happens when skill is used without instinct; the unity of the da Ponte operas, each of which occupies a time-scale of just one day; and the nickname "Quinquin" of Count Esterhazy, one of Mozart's fellow-masons mourned in The Masonic Funeral Music, K 477. Thus much arcane and detailed material is folded into Küster's otherwise rather orthodox text.

In Dream Songs John Berryman wrote, "A friend of Henry's contrasted God's career/with Mozart's, leaving Henry with nothing to say/but praise for a word so apt." We can't expect Berryman's exemplary reticence to be often imitated, but we might remember that if God is dwarfed by such a genius, how much more readily our professional explainers.

Perils of Pauline

Natasha Walter

Heat Wave
Penelope Lively
Viking 215pp £16

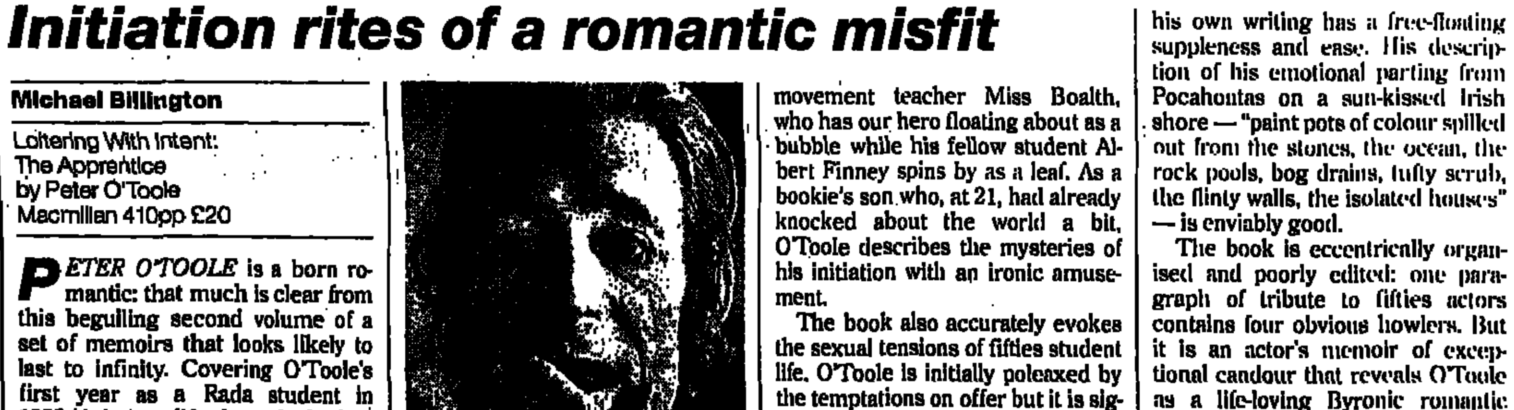
IS Penelope Lively capable of writing an interesting sentence? Take the first sentence of her new novel: "It is an afternoon in early May." Is this a deliberate, *faux-naïf* flatness that will quickly break into something altogether subtler? Well, compare it to the first sentence of the next chapter, "It is ten o'clock on the following morning." Or, indeed, the first sentence of Chapter 8, "It is June the 15th," or that of Chapter 14: "It is late July." Plod, plod, plod, goes the narrator, treading the straight road of her plot, in an almost featureless landscape.

The novel's narrator professes an interest in language. Pauline, a nice, straightforward woman who edits other people's books for a living, is given to thoughts like, "A face cannot be translated into words — or only up to a point". But this vaunted interest in language is betrayed by the dull, repetitive prose in which it is conveyed.

Dialogue provides the deadest passages. When Pauline's daughter has a baby, they discuss it thus: "How was it?" . . . "Ghastly. Frightful. And terrific. Both at once. You know" . . . "Yup. I know." Perhaps this style is meant to be a cool understatement of seething emotions, but it fails, it bleeds the scene of its power.

The horrible writing is more or less matched by the horrible, claustrophobic plot. One summer, Pauline is living in a remote cottage next door to her daughter, her son-in-law and their baby son. She soon realises that her son-in-law is being unfaithful to her daughter, and is racked with pain both on her daughter's behalf and because their set-up reminds her painfully of her own past marriage to a faithless husband. The theme of burning jealousy is, of course, fantastically rich, and runs from Helen of Troy to Albertine and beyond. But Lively has a way of turning all she touches to lead.

Heat Wave is the authentic voice of late 20th century middlebrow fiction. It holds a mirror up to the dullest parts of life, and is so much duller than any life ever was.



Initiation rites of a romantic misfit

Michael Billington

Loitering With Intent:
The Apprentice
by Peter O'Toole
Macmillan 410pp £20



Peter O'Toole: a memoir of exceptional candour

PETER O'TOOLE is a born romantic: that much is clear from this beguiling second volume of a set of memoirs that looks likely to last to infinity. Covering O'Toole's first year as a Rada student in 1953/4, it sees life through the bottom of a glass lightly, is written in a word-drunk, Dylan Thomas-saturated prose and is a hymn to the vagabond tradition in British acting whose patron saint is Edmund Kean.

Although the book leaves us waiting somewhat impatiently for O'Toole to make his professional debut, it explains a lot about his later career. For when one thinks back, all his best performances, on stage and screen, have been as larger-than-life outsiders. T E Lawrence obviously. But, more especially, his towering, gaberdined Stratford Shylock in 1960, his insane Earl of Gurney who sees himself as the risen Christ in the movie of The Ruling Class, and his saloon-bar tale-spinner in Jeffrey Bernard Is Unwell. Myth has it that O'Toole, along with Finney, spearheaded a new breed of fifties working-class actor: in truth, his real talent has always lain in portraying romantic misfits.

Initially, O'Toole's literary romanticism seems strenuous, self-parodic actor-laddie stuff. The book begins with a miasmic prologue set in some mythical playhouse and green-room where Kean struts his stuff, where O'Toole's actor-buddies — Kenneth Griffith, Ronald Fraser, James Villiers, John Standing — tipsily disport themselves in fancy-dress and where the sovereignty of the actor is rudely challenged by some upstart "supervisory wind-bag".

At this point I began to think O'Toole the writer needed a strong editor as much as every actor does a good director.

But once the book abandons this thespian tushery and gets its hero inside the portals of Rada, it becomes a brilliant account of his drama-school training. Under the romantic, you realise, lies a sharp-eyed observer: one who describes, with sardonic wit, the culture-shock of going from life as Leeds newspaperman and itinerant sailor to full-time student of acting.

O'Toole's descriptions of Rada classes pin down precisely the Dickensian eccentricity of his teachers. There is the voice-coach Clifford Turner who magically repeats every phrase three times; the ballet-mistress Madame Fletcher ("Fletcher the Stretcher") who, getting O'Toole into the Fifth Position, leaves him doubting the whereabouts of his testicles; and the movement teacher Miss Boalth, who has our hero floating about as a bubble while his fellow student Albert Finney spins by as a leaf. As a bookie's son who, at 21, had already knocked about the world a bit, O'Toole describes the mysteries of his initiation with an ironic amusement.

The book also accurately evokes the sexual tensions of fifties student life. O'Toole is initially poleaxed by the temptations on offer but it is significant that his main sexual adventures lie with civilians he meets in his pub peregrinations. With the female students, for many of whom Rada was a glorified finishing school, his relationship often seems chastely chummy. The one exception is a figure he calls Pocahontas, who was actually a Chicagoan Jewess, and who was both his mentor and soulmate and about whom he writes with a grateful devotion.

It is through a fascinating clash with Pocahontas that O'Toole reveals his own strengths and limitations as an actor. She introduces him to Stanislavski's bible, An Actor Prepares. O'Toole reads it with derisive scepticism and she explains to him the key points of Stanislavski's method.

O'Toole's brutal rejection of Stanislavski is another symptom of his romanticism; his belief that natural talent and a well-honed technique will invariably see you through. One is tempted to say that it didn't do much for his Macbeth. But although there is a good deal of green-room gaucherie about his dismissive attitude to directors, O'Toole is genuinely passionate about authors and the power of the word.

He writes lovingly about Shakespeare, Shaw, whom he treats as his guiding-star, Dylan Thomas, and Louis MacNeice. And, at its best, his own writing has a free-floating suppleness and ease. His description of his emotional parting from Pocahontas on a sun-kissed Irish shore — "paint pots of colour spilled out from the stones, the ocean, the rock pools, bog drains, tufty scrub, the flinty walls, the isolated houses" — is enviably good.

The book is eccentrically organised and poorly edited: one paragraph of tribute to fifties actors contains four obvious howlers. But it is an actor's memoir of exceptional candour that reveals O'Toole as a life-loving Byronic romantic who happens, by some historical mischance, to have been born into the 20th century.

Major malfunction . . . the end of the space shuttle Challenger 73 seconds after blast-off

The day the sky exploded

Tim Radford

Contest for the Heavens:
The Road to the Challenger Disaster
by Claus Jensen
trans by Barbara Haveland
The Harvill Press 400pp £18

THE SPACE shuttle Challenger went up 10 years ago. Seven astronauts — two women, a black, an Hawaiian-Japanese, a payload specialist, and two Vietnam veteran pilots — went up with it. The best known of them was Christa McAuliffe, the teacher who was supposed to conduct a televised lesson in orbit. For hours on the day, and for days afterwards, TV screens kept showing that moment, silent: except for the gasps of the spectators, and the helpless inanities of the public address system: "Obviously", said the Nasa commentator, "a major malfunction."

The knotted rope of smoke that bloomed in the air 73 seconds after take-off from Cape Canaveral on January 28, 1986 is there in the world's image bank: oh yes, that picture. In the White House, vice-president Bush tried to tell him ("a serious incident") and then Admiral Poindexter tried to tell him ("a major malfunction"), and finally the communications director said: "Sir, the shuttle has exploded." After a while, President Reagan said: "Is that the one the schoolteacher was on?"

Anyone who saw the television pictures of Europe's Ariane 5 exploding less than one minute after launch from French Guiana earlier this month could only be reminded of that day again and again.

Anyway, for the space shuttle, the tricky bit was supposed to be coming down, not going up. It only got off the ground because it offered the defence people what they wanted: a military satellite delivery system. Nasa had originally planned an atomic-powered shuttle that could make the trip to Mars in 1982 and be home via Venus in 1983. By the time President Nixon okayed it (24,000 new jobs in Nixon's California) it was already in pawn to the military-industrial complex. It should have landed like a passenger plane; it should have had air-breathing turbofan engines; it should have had an abort rocket motor that could boost it back up out of trouble.

Instead it lands with no motor, no rocket and delta wings which don't hold up at low speeds. The shuttle has to hit the Earth's upper atmosphere at 17,500mph and 1,648C, then brake, do some sharp turns inside the atmosphere and approach the runway like a 90-ton glider at 330mph. It has to bring its nose up and hit the runway at 200mph or more. It has to do this right first time, every time: an error of 125 feet either way means death.

The military-industrial complex took the shuttle for everything it had. Nasa would budget $3.2 million for something, and Rockwell would produce an invoice for $19.2 million. A company would offer a tender of $5,000, and then demand $12,000 for something Nasa could have bought on the open market for $2,000. The miracle is that it worked. By 1980, Nasa didn't even look like an organisation going places: it looked like a bulky carcass at the bottom of the food chain.

Food chain is Claus Jensen's word for it. Jensen is a professor of literature in Copenhagen with an interest in the dynamics of large enterprises. He has written a really very odd book indeed about the space race and its climax in the Challenger disaster. He has never been to Cape Kennedy or Houston, apparently never talked to an astronaut, and his engineering and scientific credentials amount to a youth spent reading Popular Mechanics.

HE HAS done it all in Denmark, from available written sources. Most books about the space race — even the good ones by people who worked with Nasa — are actually quite bad books. What makes this one odd is that it is a very good book indeed. But distance, in his case, lends more than enchantment: it also gives perspective.

This is the story with all the details lit, the Newtonian mechanics of thrust and acceleration, the astounding vision of Konstantin Tsiolkovsky in Russia in 1903, the determination of Robert Goddard in Massachusetts in 1919, and the self-possession of Wernher von Braun in May 1945, when he walked away from the corpses of 10,000 dead slave labourers at Peenemünde and sold his V-2 team to the Americans as a going concern.

Eisenhower and Khrushchev have a role, Kennedy and Johnson and Nixon too. Jensen understands that Nasa's history cannot be separated from America's. Nasa's success was America's success, and Nasa's tragedy was America's.

It is quite clear, from his analysis of the fire that killed Grissom, Chaffee and White in 1966 on Apollo 1, that in ventures on this scale, even fail-safe systems just make complexities more complicated: the unforeseen is always waiting, the most banal error can set the sky ablaze. Mike Collins of Apollo 11 reports a mission chief saying that an early moon shot involved "5,600,000 parts . . . Even if all functioned with 99.9 per cent reliability, we could expect 5,600 defects." Disaster was built in.

It is part of Jensen's argument that if you take a huge and complex enterprise, and build it with the usual rations of ordinary human laziness, greed or distraction, under circumstances of commercial cynicism and political pressure, to operate in the most unforgiving environment of them all, you are asking for trouble.

He reconstructs the tragedy of Challenger — a chilling finish to a fatally freezing launch — and the post-mortem, and the dramatic role of Richard Feynman, popping rubber components into glasses of iced water on television to see whether they might have crystallised on a freezing launch pad. Jensen reports on what the others said, the old Nasa hands who felt betrayed. He does it fairly, almost clinically: in the end, the disaster begins to seem inevitable. If not that disaster, then perhaps another, earlier, or later.

The odd thing is that it remains moving: even the banalities. As the crew waited for the countdown a numb and uncomfortable Judith Resnik said: "I feel like I'm past it. My butt is dead already . . ." and later Christa McAuliffe, the newcomer, the untrained one, the teacher, felt she had better contribute and said: "It'll be cold out there today."

It was in fact the coldest launch in the history of American manned flight, and it ended in a blast almost one-quarter the size of the bomb dropped on Hiroshima. A year after, on the anniversary, everybody in Nasa stopped what they were doing for 73 seconds and remembered. People remembered again this month, too, as the fire from heaven rained down again over French Guiana.

Evolutionary eye for an eye

Eric Korn

Climbing Mount Improbable
by Richard Dawkins
Viking 306pp £20

RICHARD DAWKINS, who writes with enthusiasm and wit, has a flair for titles which encapsulate an argument so perfectly they almost make the book redundant. The Selfish Gene: of course! The Blind Watchmaker: how extremely stupid not to have thought of that (as Thomas Henry Huxley, Darwin's first bulldog, remarked on reading the Origin). The central metaphor in this latest work, as lucid, combative and congenial as its predecessors, is of a mountain massif with apparently unscalable peaks. But diligent exploration may reveal an easy route.

The eye of man (or bird or squid or cricket) is so complexly fine that it has always been the chief exhibit in the anti-evolutionary museum of impossibilities: but Dawkins demonstrates, in an impressive chapter, that you can get from a simple bare, photo-sensitive eyespot to the elaborate apparatus of retina, lens and iris by a finite number of small steps — without any huge leaps, without ever going downhill and then up again, which the rules of the evolutionary game (in general) forbid.

Dawkins writes with enthusiasm and wit. On most matters you couldn't slip a single strand of DNA between him and his American counterpart, Stephen J Gould. But there is an — ahem — difference of opinion on the vital matter of the distance apart of the rungs on the evolutionary ladder. Gould's "punctuated equilibrium" suggests that there are peaceful interludes (sometimes of hundreds of millions of years) when not much happens, and short periods of crisis when things happen fast. But how short; how fast? "Depending on your definition," snaps Dawkins, "the theory of punctuated equilibrium is either modest and possibly true or it is revolutionary and probably false".

The chapter on embryos and different kinds of symmetry shows that single genes may be responsible for radical features like the number of segments or limbs. Astonishingly, some of these genes perform the same architectonics wherever they find themselves.

When I learnt my science, we had fun with the exploded theory that vertebrates, segmented animals with a dorsal nerve cord, might have evolved from earthworm-like creatures, segmented animals with a ventral nerve cord, simply by turning upside down. This was on a par with the notion that Welsh was Hebrew, written and spoken backwards. Animals didn't do such things. Yet a recent issue of Nature gave details of a gene that did just that. The genome still contains surprises, and long may Professor Dawkins be around to relish and expound them.

Paperbacks

Nicholas Lezard

Preacher: Gone to Texas, by Garth Ennis and Steve Dillon (Vertigo, £10.99)

NOW listen carefully. The Preacher — Jesse Custer — has been possessed by the offspring of a Seraph and a Demon. He travels through Texas with his ex-girlfriend and a cocky Irish vampire called Cassidy in search of God, who has left Heaven for a sybaritic life in San Francisco. After them is the implacable supernatural hit-man called the Saint of Killers. On the way they tangle with rednecks, a serial killer and a boy with a face like an arse. Ennis's script is both witty and intelligent, and Dillon is an excellent artist (streets ahead of the standard DC/Marvel house style).

Surfing on the Internet, by J C Herz (Abacus, £6.99)

A FINE introduction to the Internet (wow, imaginative title) for those of you who want to know how it works, what you're missing (an enormous amount of rubbish), and the effect it has on the sad geeks who spend their entire waking lives on it. Herz has managed, despite total immersion, to retain her sense of humour, balance, and the ability to spell, making her unique among the cyberlegions of the damned.

Fear of Physics: a Guide for the Perplexed, by Laurence Krauss (Vintage, £7.99)

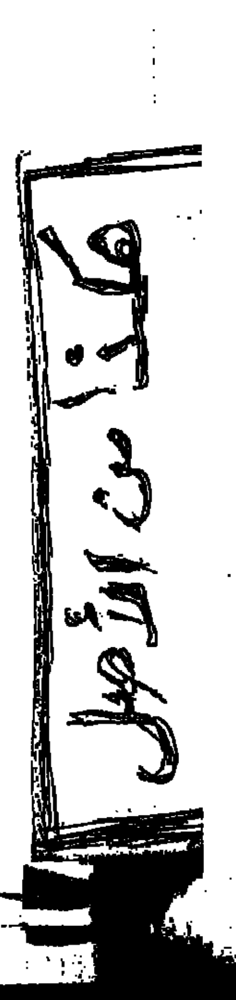
YET another book designed to take us gently by the hand and educate us from the position of barely comprehending simple statements like "the sun is a sphere" to being able to give your dinner guests a rough but workable précis of the Born-Oppenheimer theory. Very reader-friendly.

The History of Hell, by Alice K Turner (Hale, £14.99)

PRICEY, but worth it: not only is Turner's text readable (there is something brightly sophomoric about it, and there's nothing wrong with that; and yet she is quirkily fond of the word "chthonic"), but she has properly marshalled her source material to give, in only 250 pages, the impression that she has more or less covered everything. Also superbly illustrated.

What Price the Lottery? And Who Pays for It? by Keith Tondeur (Monarch Publications, £5.99, £6.99 from August 1)

THIS is a Christian's view of the iniquities of the Lottery, but I have managed not to let that put me off. Actually, the Catholic Church excepted (preoccupied with weightier matters, no doubt), religious bodies have shown honourable backbone and consistency in pointing out the Lottery's dangers. Tondeur has managed to pick up a great deal of data which speak for themselves.



In the court of King Michael

As the Chicago Bulls win their fourth NBA title in six years, **Ian Katz** profiles their star, Michael Jordan

AMONG the T-shirts and cardboard cutouts and signed golf balls in the souvenir shop of his Chicago restaurant is one item that hints at the dizzying proportions of the industry that is Michael Jordan. It is a cassette entitled I Wanna Be Like Mike. It isn't a compilation of musical tributes to the world's greatest basketball player or even an instructional tape, however. It is the soundtrack of an advert for a high-energy fizzy drink.

That's how big Jordan is. Not only do companies such as Nike and Coca-Cola pay millions of dollars for him to endorse their products but Americans then pay to listen to him doing it over and over again. And not just Americans. A Chinese newspaper last year declared him "the most popular sports star on earth". In France he is more famous than many of Hollywood's leading men. Britain may be one of the last places he could walk two blocks without being mobbed.

It is almost impossible to convey the thoroughness with which the sinewy 33-year-old dominates the American sporting scene. On the basketball court he is like a Premier League star forced to ply his trade in the Vauxhall Conference. He has been the highest scorer in the National Basketball Association, arguably the world's most competitive professional sports league, for eight of the past nine seasons. No athlete has ruled his sport so completely since Babe Ruth.

Off the court Jordan is just as dominant. He is the marketing man's dream: a cartoon superhero made flesh. His appeal transcends race, gender and age. Last year he earned $40 million for endorsing products as diverse as batteries and underpants, around six times as much as tennis star Pete Sampras. So highly valued are his services as a corporate-pitch man that when he announced he was coming out of retirement, stock of the five companies he is linked with gained $2.3 billion.

No sport likes to acknowledge that any one individual is bigger than the game he plays, but in the case of basketball and Jordan the conclusion is inescapable. When he announced his retirement in 1993, the White House issued a statement declaring: "We may never see his like again." America lost its enthusiasm for basketball. With baseball mired in a labour dispute, commentators began to pontificate on the death of American sport.

Then, in March last year, came the fax. It said simply "I'm back". Jordan's odyssey through the wilderness of minor league baseball was over. Clark Kent had finally agreed to don his cape. Basketball was saved. A few days after his return to the sport, I stood outside the Chicago Bulls' gleaming new arena and watched dozens of fans making a hushed pilgrimage to the statue of Jordan outside. "He's more than just an athlete," explained Craig Mallels, a 28-year-old production supervisor. "He's a god."

After 636 days away from basketball, however, His Airness was suffering a mild case of mortality. There were a handful of heroic performances — including a classic 55-point game against the old rivals, the New York Knicks — but when the Chicago Bulls came up against a talented and youthful Orlando side in the second round of the championship play-offs, something unthinkable happened: Jordan lost. The debate began before the final buzzer had sounded. Had Jordan lost his edge? Was the greatest now merely great?

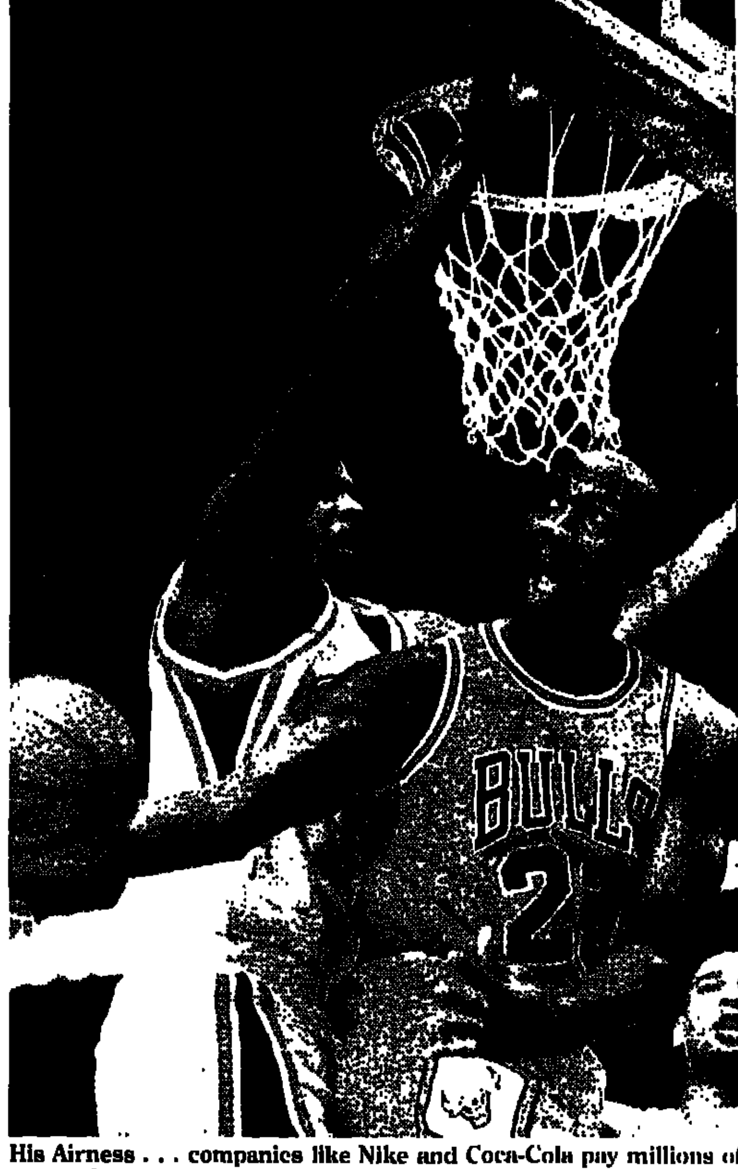
Jordan answered his doubters in the most emphatic way possible. This season he and his Bulls notched up a record 72 wins, losing just 10 times and passing the mark set by the great LA Lakers team of the early seventies. Dubbed Superman, Batman and Rodman in reference to Jordan, his mercurial co-star Scottie Pippen and the cross-dressing rebound king Dennis Rodman, the Bulls have become the rock stars of American sport. Tickets for every match they play are sold out months in advance. Celebrities hang around outside the locker-room hoping for a handshake or just an acknowledgement.

And now Jordan has completed a season his coach has compared to a masterpiece by Michelangelo. His Bulls clinched their fourth NBA championship in six years at the weekend, defeating the Seattle Supersonics in the best of seven series, and Jordan became the only man in a single season to be awarded the Most Valuable Player award for the NBA Finals, the regular term and the All-Star Game. American sports fan will take quiet satisfaction in the fact that natural order has been restored. Jordan is winning and all is right in the world.

Much of the sport's current popularity is credited to the triumvirate of Magic Johnson, Larry Bird and Jordan, who virtually commandeered the NBA during the early 1980s. The youngest of three sons born to Deloris and James Jordan, both mid-ranking corporate executives, Jordan attended North Carolina, the powerhouse of college basketball. In his first year at the university he scored the 17ft jump shot — referred to ever since simply as The Shot — which won the college basketball championship in the dying seconds.

Jordan was a star already but not the brightest. It was only after he joined the ailing Chicago Bulls (as the third pick in the draft system by which university players are assigned to professional teams) that his full genius was recognised. Where most great players excelled in one particular aspect of the game such as passing, sharp-shooting or driving to the basket, Jordan could do it all. Seemingly capable of scoring points at will, his defensive play was as stifling as his attacks were devastating.

But more striking was the way he did it. Not only did it seem that Jordan could leap higher and further than his opponents but, once airborne, it seemed he could stay up there long after his mortal counterparts had crumpled to earth. In mid-air, as New Yorker writer David Remnick put it, "he seems weirdly relaxed, calm, as if there were no one special around and plenty of time to think through his next move, floating all the while." After one drubbing at the hands of Jordan's Chicago Bulls, an exhausted former NBA star Larry Bird declared: "If God was a basketball player, he'd be Michael Jordan."



His Airness . . . companies like Nike and Coca-Cola pay millions of dollars for Jordan's endorsement of their products PHOTO: TOM JENKINS

Jordan's extraordinary athletic abilities are coupled with a keen intelligence, a diamond-hard psyche and a voracious appetite for winning. When his team falls behind in a game, there comes a moment where he narrows his eyes, shakes his head and simply takes over. It is rare that he fails to erase any deficit.

HE IS demanding and frequently brutal as team leader, regularly upbraiding his team-mates on the court and off it. In his early years at the Bulls he took to referring to his team-mates as "my supporting cast", a display of arrogance mitigated only slightly by the fact that everyone else called the team "Michael Jordan and the Jordanaires". Pressed on what it was like to play with Jordan, former team-mate B J Armstrong is diplomatic: "If you can do something no one else can do sometimes it's hard to understand why people can't do those things."

The picture of an intolerant egomaniac that emerges from glimpses into the locker room are starkly at odds with the image of a good-natured, morally unimpeachable giant created by a thousand TV adverts. Strikingly handsome on top of everything, Jordan serves as a screen on which Americans can project everything they want from a sporting hero.

He guards his private life fiercely but the little that is known about it seems only to enhance the image: unlike so many other sporting stars he is apparently happily married and devoted to his three children. He doesn't drink to excess, take drugs or carouse the night away at celebrity hangouts.

The only chink in the Jordan armour is a reputed weakness for gambling. After the Bulls won the NBA championship for the first time in 1991, he declined an invitation to the White House, opting instead for a weekend's gambling with friends. Later it emerged that he lost more than $160,000 during the binge, some of it to a convicted cocaine dealer and a bail bondsman who was later assassinated carrying cheques from Jordan to the tune of $108,000. Questions about a possible gambling problem mounted in 1992 when a former golfing buddy published a book claiming that Jordan had run up a debt of $1.25 million on lost golf bets.

Jordan simply refused to talk to the press about his gambling and it was overtaken, anyway, the following year by a story which made any critical reporting seem callous. In August 1993 the body of his father and confidant, James Jordan, was found in his car on a North Carolina roadside. His killers, it appeared, did not target the older Jordan because of his identity but that was scant comfort. A few months after his father's death, Jordan stunned the sporting world by announcing his retirement.

Heartbroken fans comforted themselves with the knowledge that Jordan had signed off at the height of his powers. The recollection of his acrobatics and grace would not be clouded by memories of a faded, mortal athlete. However, in the end they got what they scarcely dared hope for — a Second Coming.

On the statue of Jordan outside the United Centre, a plaque declares: "The best there ever was. The best there ever will be." It's a preposterous statement, of course, but somehow it's hard to quibble.

Tennis Stella Artois finals

Jewel in the sun crown for Becker

David Irvine at Queen's

NEITHER of the last two Stella Artois Championship finals produced a service break. "But that," said the doom-mongers, "is how grass court tennis is now." Thankfully the tedious, serve-dominated pattern was broken with a splendidly positive match on Sunday as Boris Becker celebrated the 11th anniversary of his first title here by defeating his long-time rival Stefan Edberg 6-4, 7-6 in glorious sunshine.

It was a disappointing end to the Swede's spirited challenge — he had already defied the rankings and put out Goran Ivanisevic, Todd Martin and Thomas Muster — on his final appearance. Yet his other defeats by the German at Queen's in 1988 and 1990 were the prelude to his two Wimbledon victories, so he has no real cause to feel downhearted.

After the 92-minute match ended Edberg told Becker he hoped to see him on court again in two weeks. "No," said Becker. "Three." And while it might be stretching credulity to suggest these two could play a fourth Wimbledon final, the Swede's resurgence here has suggested he will be a threat.

It was a measure of the German's respect that he admitted he had to raise his game to register his 25th win in their 35 contests since 1984.

"You have been a rival, a friend and someone who has shared the spotlight with me for a long time," he said.

Becker has now matched John McEnroe's four titles here — although it took the American only six years. More importantly, the standard of play was a heartening reminder that attractive tennis can be produced on grass. Winning volleys outnumbered aces by three to one.

For the first six games there was little to choose between the two. In the seventh Edberg faltered and allowed Becker to edge ahead with a cleverly guided backhand pass. Edberg missed his chance to get back in the next game when Becker, whose serve had been strangely restrained, unleashed one at 123mph. After 35 minutes Becker was a set ahead.

It was equally tight in the second with the crowd at fever pitch as Edberg had a set point at 5-4 with a rare backhand winner. Becker's response came with his sixth ace. "Whenever I had a chance he would come up with a big serve," said Edberg ruefully. "That was probably the difference between us."

Stunned by two great forehand returns from Becker the Swede then lost his serve to love, only to level courageously in the 12th. But Edberg began the tie-break with his fourth double fault and, as he put it, Becker was then "off and away". A blistering forehand return gave Becker three match points. He needed only one. The 46th title of his career was sealed.

Sports Diary Shiv Sharma

Sportsmen honoured

ENGLAND wicketkeeper Jack Russell was bowled over by the MBE awarded to him in the Queen's Birthday Honours list last week. The 32-year-old, who has played in 45 Tests, has re-established himself in the England side after a spell on the sidelines and last year captained his county, Gloucestershire, for the first time while Courtney Walsh was on duty for the West Indies.

"The MBE eclipses all my cricketing achievements and to be honoured by the Queen is just very special," said Russell.

There are several recipients of the MBE this year from the sporting world, among them Wales and Everton goalkeeper Neville Southall. The 37-year-old is Wales's most-capped player and has represented his country more than 80 times.

Another Welsh hero to be honoured is Rugby Union legend Ieuan Evans. The Llanelli winger and former Wales captain is his country's record try scorer. He also scored the series-winning try for the British Lions in Australia in 1989. Former Great Britain star Billy Boston also gets an MBE as does world rally champion Colin McRae, who claimed the title last November. Snooker star John Parrott has been similarly honoured. Ryder Cup hero Sam Torrance has also been rewarded for his heroic performance in Rochester last year.

Ex-Olympic champion Chris Brasher, who founded the London Marathon, becomes a CBE, and the BBC's motor racing commentator Murray Walker has been awarded an OBE. Rodney Walker, chairman of Rugby League, has been knighted and fellow board member Harry Jepson receives an OBE.

LANCASHIRE squeezed into the final of the Benson & Hedges Cup after a thrilling, last-ball, one-wicket victory over Yorkshire at Old Trafford — the holders' fifth final in seven years.

Lancashire, needing 251 to win, were inspired by Warren Hegg, who led the run chase with 81 off 62 balls. But as wickets tumbled at the other end, the home side were left needing two off the final delivery. Peter Martin kept his cool and hit Craig White towards the point boundary and the batsmen scrambled home. Michael Bevan and Richard Blakey had earlier put Yorkshire into the driving seat with a stand of 167 in the White Rose's 250-5. Yorkshire, however, are leading the county championship table (see below).

In the other semi-final, Northamptonshire toppled mighty Warwickshire at Northampton. After the home side made 220 for 7, Warwickshire looked well on course as the partnership of Paul Smith and Dominic Ostler flourished. But when Curtly Ambrose removed Ostler for 33, and Smith (45) and Trevor Penney fell to run-outs, the writing was on the wall. Warwickshire, who lost four wickets for eight runs in five overs, were bowled out for 193, still 27 short.

Veteran John Emburey looked forward to a return to Lord's on July hoping to finish his playing career in style: "Going back to Lord's to play in another final will be a special event," he said.

ENGLAND'S women cricketers crashed to an eight-wicket defeat against New Zealand in the first of three one-day internationals. The home side managed only 139 for six in their 50 overs and the tourists reached their target with nearly 17 overs to spare. It was sweet revenge for the Kiwis after their World Cup final defeat by England three years ago. But the match will be remembered for the fall of a male bastion to women cricketers. It was the first time that women had been allowed in the pavilion at Lord's, home of cricket since 1787.

IT WAS a case of same again as the England selectors named the team for the second Test against India, beginning at Lord's this week. John Crawley, who was in the squad of 13 for Edgbaston, is injured but has not been replaced. The squad of 12 is: Atherton, Knight, Hussain, Thorpe, Hick, Irani, Russell, Lewis, Cork, Patel, Mullally and Martin.

STEVE JONES, who five years ago suffered a mountain bike injury that threatened to end his golfing career, sank the longest one-foot putt of his life to win the US Open championship. His par on the tough last hole at the Oakland Hills course in Detroit gave him a one-stroke victory over Davis Love III and Tom Lehman, who both bogeyed the 18th. Up in two, Jones barely touched his first putt, which rolled 12 inches past the hole. "Had it gone another inch I don't know if I could have holed it," he said before giving thanks not just for the win but for the fact that he could play again.

ORGANISERS of the San Marino Grand Prix at Imola face the prospects of the race being taken away from them next year unless they give a guarantee that there will be no repeat of the crowd invasion at the end of last month's event.

FORMER world boxing champion, Chris Eubank, has gained another title . . . but this time he wasn't in a ring but at an auction in London. Eubank, who strives hard to cultivate an aristocratic image, paid £45,000 for the title of Lord of the Manor of Brighton. The title, which allows the boxer to call himself Lord of Brighton, was put up for auction by Jackie Alstrop, who had won it in a newspaper competition eight years ago.

Cricket County Championship table

	P	W	L	D	Bt	Bl	Pts
Yorks (8)	7	4	1	2	22	21	113
Kent (18)	7	3	0	4	18	21	99
Middx (2)	6	3	2	1	12	22	86
Warks (1)	6	3	2	1	13	21	85
Derbys (14)	6	2	1	3	23	19	83
Essex (5)	6	2	1	3	22	19	82
Leics (7)	6	2	1	3	21	19	81
Sussex (15)	6	3	2	1	11	15	77
Som (9)	6	2	2	2	13	24	75
Surrey (12)	6	1	1	4	17	21	66
Glam (16)	6	2	3	1	19	12	66
Lancs (4)	6	1	1	4	16	19	63
Gloucs (6)	5	1	1	3	9	18	62
Hants (13)	5	1	2	2	15	15	62
Notts (11)	6	0	1	5	17	17	49
Durham (17)	7	0	4	3	10	25	44
Northnts (3)	6	0	3	3	16	16	43
Worcs (10)	5	0	2	3	9	16	34

Last season's positions in brackets

Euro 96 Group A: England 2 Scotland 0

Rousing change of tempo

David Lacey at Wembley

IF SUCCESS in major tournaments is largely a matter of waking up at the right moment, then England can be congratulated on their sense of timing. Just as the bad dream was threatening to recur, Terry Venables's team received their alarm call. They should not, however, expect a Continental breakfast in bed.

Having drawn 1-1 with Switzerland and beaten Scotland 2-0, the same result as in their previous meeting in 1989, England are more or less where they hoped to be after the opening week of the European Championship. They lead Group A because they have scored one goal more than Holland, so a draw with the Dutch would be enough to ensure that they stay top and remain at Wembley for the quarter-finals.

This encouraging state of affairs has been achieved despite the somnambulistic tendencies which characterised both their second half against the Swiss and their first against the Scots.

In a tournament where the goalkeeping has so far ranged from the comic to the merely competent, David Seaman has twice proved England's saviour. Having denied Grassi a late winner for Switzerland he saved a penalty from McAllister.

Elsewhere, a superior technique in approach has rarely been matched by the sort of finishing which has now brought Alan Shearer two excellent goals. And on Saturday, just when it seemed that even Venables must realise he had mistaken the fatted calf for the prodigal son, Paul Gascoigne scored one of the best goals of the tournament.

Essentially, however, England are where they are because their pace is at last being geared to McManaman rather than Gascoigne. When this happens, Shearer is much more likely to receive the sort of quick, early centres he needs.



Dane and out . . . Laudrup of Denmark takes a flier after a clash with Croatia's Boban. The holders lost 3-0 PHOTO: ROSS KINNAIRD

As yet England have not so much performed in Euro 96 as come up with a series of impromptu turns. In terms of football theatre, the British offering on Saturday was an end-of-the-pier show. But confidence in a football team is infectious and England have clearly got the bug.

They won on Saturday because eventually they remembered who and what they were. They spent half the match believing they were getting somewhere with patient possession football. But when foreign teams do this, they do not reduce the pace at which the ball is moved around the field. At Wembley the ball plopped dully from one pair of English feet to another when it was not being given away.

Scotland had even less pace but, because their movement was more intelligent up to half-time, they appeared to be performing at a higher tempo. After half-time, Venables took off Pearce, moved Southgate to left-back and brought Redknapp into midfield. McManaman, moved to the right to link up with his Liverpool team-mate, was a man revived.

In the 53rd minute Anderton, ignoring Sheringham's lone presence on the left, passed to Redknapp who in turn found McManaman. He drew the defence before releasing the overlapping Gary Neville. Neville's inspired centre evaded Hendry and Calderwood, and Shearer hurtled in front of McKimmie to head the ball past Goram.

Briefly all of England was afire. Then, with 13 minutes remaining, McCall gathered McAllister's cross-field pass and fed the ball square to Durie, who was brought down by Adams. So now Seaman had to face a penalty for the second successive Saturday, this time in the knowledge that England's future in the tournament might depend upon it. He deflected McAllister's kick to safety with an elbow.

Within seconds, Gascoigne got England's second with a stunning right-foot volley, low and wide of Goram's right hand.

Group C: Germany 3 Russia 0

Klinsmann inspires kinsmen

Richard Williams at Old Trafford

JURGEN Klinsmann returned in triumph to the national colours on Sunday. After missing Germany's opening victory over the Czech Republic through suspension, he pulled on the captain's armband and scored two of their three second-half goals against a Russian side reduced to 10 men after defender Yuri Kovtun was sent off.

The manner of their win can do nothing but enhance the Germans' standing as favourites. Absorbing the Russians' early efforts, they responded to the promptings of Andy Möller and increased the pressure in the second half. After their sweeper, Matthias Sammer, had opened the scoring, the Russians crumbled. More impressive going forward than in defence, Germany look capable, thanks to Klinsmann, of scoring a lot more goals in the coming games.

Defeat for Russia, the only team in Group C not to have won one of their first two fixtures, makes them virtual certainties for a flight home after their meeting with the Czechs. As well as Kovtun, they will be missing Viktor Onopko, who was booked for a second time in the tournament, and Yevgeni Bushmanov, who was injured in the first match and has already departed. A Czech victory would leave Italy needing to beat Germany on the same night to have a chance of staying in.

The Russian coach, Oleg Romantsev, was highly critical of his team. "Some of my players were bad," he said. "Others were worse. We had no fighting spirit. I'm embarrassed by our results in the first two games."

There are no such problems for Klinsmann. "We're very happy," he said. "We had a few problems in the first half, but we knew that if we scored the first goal we'd win the game."

● Croatia, playing in their first major tournament, became the first team to qualify for the quarter-finals with a 3-0 win over the holders Denmark at Hillsborough. The outstanding player was Davor Suker, who scored two goals and set up the other for his captain Zvonimir Boban.

Championship tables

Group A	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
England	2	1	1	0	3	1	4
Holland	2	1	1	0	2	0	4
Switzerland	2	0	1	1	1	3	1
Scotland	2	0	1	1	0	2	1

Remaining fixtures: Holland v England (Wembley); Scotland v Switzerland (Villa Park)

Group B	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Bulgaria	2	1	1	0	2	1	4
France	2	1	1	0	2	1	4
Spain	2	0	2	0	2	2	2
Romania	2	0	0	2	0	2	0

Remaining fixtures: France v Bulgaria (St James' Park); Romania v Spain (Elland Road)

Group C	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Germany	2	2	0	0	5	0	6
Italy	2	1	0	1	3	3	3
Czech Republic	2	1	0	1	2	3	3
Russia	2	0	0	2	1	5	0

Remaining fixtures: Italy v Germany (Old Trafford); Russia v Czech Republic (Anfield)

Group D	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Croatia	2	2	0	0	4	0	6
Portugal	2	1	1	0	2	1	4
Denmark	2	0	1	1	1	4	1
Turkey	2	0	0	2	0	2	0

Remaining fixtures: Croatia v Portugal (City Ground); Turkey v Denmark (Hillsborough)